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CÆSAR BORGIA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS."

CHAPTER VII.

> "A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
> In th' other was; this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
> With th' one his foes he threatened to invade,
> With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap,
> For whom he could not kill he practiced to entrap."—*Spenser.*

MESSER Niccolò followed in the steps of his companion at a more leisurely and careful pace; but such was the strength of the chain which bound the unlucky Orsino to his rock, that the rescuers had not succeeded in severing its links when he too arrived. It was of the kind used in fastening up in their stalls the mighty animals intended for the bull fights—a pastime which the Spaniards had introduced with themselves into Italy.

The Florentine took a leisurely survey of the whole scene, and of the person of the prisoner, which indeed was not unworthy of notice, for it presented many of the finer characteristics of the Italian race, deterio rated indeed from the manliness and vigour of the Latin, but retaining much of the symmetry and grace befitting the boasted descendants of Venus. The Orsino was a man in the prime of his age, and possessed a frame rather remarkable for elegance and proportion than for power, yet which was probably of much greater strength than might at first have been concluded, from the perfect harmony and adjustment of the parts. The features were strongly, but at the same time finely delineated, traces of ardent passions visible in their rapid workings, and ever-restless variety of light and shade; which yet, at pleasure, could sink into a marble repose, that mocked the scrutiny of the observer. The complexion, too, might be compared to that which marble takes when long exposed to the rays of a southern sun, that golden paleness of hue which we rarely or never behold in the north, now deepened to swarthiness by the dark sweat which bathed the visage of the exhausted captive. His long raven-blue hair heightened the cadaverous tint which suffering and dread had bestowed, and over which his sunken eyes, flashing with delirious excitement, diffused a strange light. His whole frame was indeed in agitation, the muscles throbbing, the palpitations of the heart visible through the mantle of flock cloth which he wore, his general costume being that of a Lombard merchant, which he had probably assumed as a disguise for his real quality. Surcharged with the electric fluid of the passions as was the nature of the Italian of the sixteenth century, still he had nothing of the mercurial vivacity of the Frenchman in him. His vehemence vented itself in thunder

storms occasionally, but for the most part smouldered under a calm aspect, differing equally from the pompous gravity of the Spainard, and which was not melancholy, and yet resembled it as twilight resembles moonlight. It was in this age that the Italians achieved that character throughout Europe which induced Shakspeare to make Italy the scene of some of his most vigorous and terrible creations, for there the passions of humanity seemed to have reached their hottest glow; the human intellect to have attained its subtlest polish—there the sun-struck passion of Romeo, and the refined fiendishness of Iago, were natural productions of an atmosphere so fraught with good and evil, with horror and beauty, treachery and cruelty so remorseless, love so absorbing as to resemble madness, and which only the delirious splendour of the imagination of that age, excited by the strange convulsions and revolutions which befel it, could have reflected into such terrible and yet magnificent distortions.

So much were the actors in the scene absorbed, that no one noticed the entrance even of so dignified a personage as the Florentine ambassador, except the jester, who had himself halted under the black natural archway which the piled rocks formed opening into the cavern.

"They have saved him indeed, the deadliest snake of the whole brood!" muttered the jester, half to himself, half to Messer Niccolò. "I will attempt no enterprize again on this day of the moon, for on it the blindest chance has foiled all wisdom and foresight! Yet stay! look, how his tongue is swollen too big for his jaws—water would refresh him. Methinks I will bear him some; 'twere a charity."

"And lest the cold wave should strike chill, you will season it with some eastern powder, which warms the stomach suddenly?" returned Messer Niccolò, with an inquiring glance, adding, in a somewhat deprecative tone, "But I see not any good policy in that—it is one of my maxims, that a prince who intends to crush his enemies, should not attempt to do it in many blows, but in one which shall concentrate the strength of many, for else he runs much risk of exciting a resistance which may baffled him. Never injure but where you destroy, or you but sow the dragon's teeth for your own destruction; therefore, until you can extirpate the whole Orsini family, I would not have you provoke them by the destruction of one of its greatest members, in whom its life-blood flows—its heir—for you can scarcely hope so sudden a catastrophe should hap without suspicion."

"It is another of your maxims, Niccolò, that whoever would keep a newly-acquired state, must root out the whole race of the expelled prince," replied the motley, musingly. "My power is only that of which I have deprived the feudatories of the Holy See."

"Without doubt you are the destined instrument to exterminate the petty tyrants of Italy, and once more to restore her unity." replied the politician. "It is also true that Paolo Orsino is one of the most powerful—nay, since the Colonnas were stripped naked—*the* most powerful of the church's rebels; still, I do not think the time is seasonable at this moment for his destruction."

"Niccolò, thou hast a better brain to devise, than heart to execute," replied the jester, somewhat contemptuously smiling. "But thou art ever mine oracle; and moreover, there is something whispers me that, like all the other mischances of my life, even this is working to my good. I may yet need Paolo to play against the proud coxcomb of

Ferrara—what doth this Bembo with his sharp nose cutting the air of Romagna?"

"I would I could assure myself on that thesis, sir," returned the politician.

"I will not give the Orsino to drink then—now, moreover, I must learn who hath betrayed me thus by suffering him to live to need a draught at my hands, or the tickling in his ribs of a sprinkle-of-mercy!" continued the motley. "But I much doubt whether Signor Paolo, who has cause to know me, who has met me in battle, where men's looks strike into each other's souls, may not recognize me even in this disguise. Anon, and I shall find it as difficult to hide me as the sun, were he to play at bo-peep with the world."

"Nay, sir; in this disguise, with those fiery red locks, that bepatched visage, those strange eyes, who could recognize the great duke of Romagna? And considering how little some do love you, who could suspect such folly in the subtlest spirit of the age, as to believe he would trust himself to its protection?" said Messer Niccolò.

"Nay, good lad, not altogether; these fellows of mine will not turn their backs on double their number," replied the jester, rather hastily, as if he liked not the covert sneer. But, at this moment, a shout of joy interrupted the dialogue. One of the massive links of the chain had yielded to a prodigious blow which Sir Reginald struck it with a sharp fragment of rock, and the prisoner sprang up, at liberty. His next movement was to throw himself on his knees before the crucifixion, and solemnly to vow the erection of a chapel to Saint Guidobald, as near as possible to the scene of his miraculous deliverance. Then, rising, he embraced his deliverers in turn, with the most vehement protestations of eternal gratitude.

"My castles, lands, revenues, my heart and soul, and those of my whole race, are at your devotion, noblest knights!" he exclaimed. "The life which you have preserved is yours, and there is nothing I call mine, excepting the love I bear my beautiful mistress, which I would not gladly part withal to lighten me of the vast burden of gratitude which will else overwhelm my soul."

"We shall not ask you to surrender that sole reservation among your treasures, my lord, more especially as it seems only a talisman of mishaps," replied the Hospitaller, with a sarcastic smile. "But your thanks are more truly owed to the compassionate Dominican monk who guided us hither, than to us, to whom it was merely an exercise and a sport."

"A Dominican!" exclaimed the young baron, with an appearance of much surprise. "Surely, then, 'tis my guardian angel, sent in that disguise by my sweet patroness, Our Lady of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, to whom I also vow threescore torches of Turkish ambergris at Candlemas."

"Of Santa Maria Maggiore!" muttered the jester. "Ay, forsooth, because Our Lady's portrait there so nearly resembles his beautiful mistress."

"It had like, for I do hear that incomparable piece of Leonardo's was painted from your beauteous mother, Madame Vanozza," said Messer Niccolò, in a whisper to his companion, whose whole frame vibrated as if struck with some jarring association.

"Do you notice,—did you ever notice, my best Niccolò, how little I

resemble either the Virgin of Santa Maria Maggiore, my mother, or the Vicar of Christ, my father?" he said, in an eager and hurried tone. "Well! I have heard it often whispered, (I am half convinced of the truth of it myself,) that I was exchanged at nurse; for, after all, the pope fears much more than he loves me, and I never had much brotherly affection for my kin, nor they for me, by Saint Peter's rock! and his holiness as good as disowned me when he made me a cardinal. I think some day to question the hag who nursed me; ay, and if need be, in a way that shall force the truth out, if it be anywhere in her withered old carcass!"

He spoke with a singular vehemence, and even fury, as if stirred with the remembrance of this imaginary wrong. Messer Niccolò looked at him with a keen and penetrating gaze; but he replied, as if not laying much stress on what was said, "Methinks it were no stroke of policy on your part, my lord, to prove this rumour fact, if rumour it be."

"You are mistaken, Niccolò,—Niccolò, for once you are mistaken!" returned the jester, in a lower, but still excited key. "By heaven! I would rather be acknowledged, at this moment, the lawful heir of my old foster-father Schiavone's poverty, than remain the monstrous bastard of a priest!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Machiavelli, gazing incredulously at the speaker, and subjoining in thought, "Can remorse or shame, in reality, enter this fiendish bosom?" But an idea, suggested by the dreadful reports afloat in Italy, occurred to him, and he continued, with a subtle smile, "But you will not tempt or force your old foster-mother to tell the truth until you are established in Italy as yourself, and not as a Borgia, monsignor?"

"Oh, thou brother of my soul! our thoughts are ever twins," replied the jester, in a tone of some displeasure, as if vexed that he had so far revealed his secret mind. "Therefore I can hide nothing from thee, were I even willing. But, come, let us keep the start of the mob, for I see they mean to lead their precious prize once more into the free air."

After the first enthusiastic outburst of joy and feeling, the Orsino had, it appeared, become again exhausted, and was now supported staggeringly towards the exit by some of his numerous deliverers. The ambassador and his companion immediately hastened on before, unwilling to mingle in the confusion of the returning multitude.

As they approached the end of the fissure on the river, the voice of the canon was audible, calling in an excited tone, but not venturing to explore what had happened in *propriâ personâ*. The jester amused himself with answering in a variety of ghostly and discordant cries, which were multiplied and made hoarse by the echoes of the rocks; the due effect of which appeared, when, emerging on the river, they found that the canon had disappeared.

"Methought he dared not encounter the substance of those sounds! methinks few priests dare, even of those which themselves make," said the jester, laughing sardonically. "But I can in no wise fathom this matter of the Dominican. It was my father himself who invited the Orsino to Rome, hard against my will, until I bethought me of the dangers that beset travellers in these times, and that with Paolo's the brains of the confederacy were knocked out. But how could his sanctity have such certain notice of my designs?"

"You are not then, my lord, of Signor Paolo's opinion, that heaven itself took so strong an interest in his affairs as to send one of the blessed to his deliverance?" said Machiavelli.

"If the heavens troubled themselves much about what is done on earth, methinks the world's business would be nigh bankruptcy," returned the jester. "But I deem, if all the saints in heaven were as contentious after an errand as the porters at St. John Lateran's gate, there is ne'er a prince nor lord in Italy, at this present naming, who is not too affectionately and zealously served by the devil to need their aid."

"Then, perchance, my Lord Paolo's good devil hath stood his friend on this occasion," said the Florentine, gravely. "Mayhap he prayed so earnestly in his tribulation, that it was thought expedient to leave him to be plucked in a time of less grace than this of the Jubilee, when heaven showers indulgences with both hands as liberally as girls throw the yellow asphodels at one another in the Campagna, in April."

"What if it be rather the work of my bad devil,—for I have one, that thwarts and ravels all my plans!" exclaimed the motley, with passionate and sudden vehemence.

"Do I live to hear my Cæsar say that of a man above ground?" said Messer Niccolò, with great curiosity.

"No, Niccolò, thou dost not—thou dost not!" returned the motley, hurriedly; and Machiavelli remarked that his features became of an unearthly purple paleness.

"My lord! you would not say, that ——" began the Florentine, when his companion interrupted him—

"Thou dost not believe in ghosts, Niccolò, dost thou—at all?" he said in a calmer tone. "Whether in the flesh, or out of it; or else thou dost oft jest daringly! But wouldst thou disbelieve in thine own eyes?"

"There is nought that I do less believe in; the cores of things, and not the rinds for me, my lord," replied the politician. "Had I believed mine eyes, I should have written word to my serene lords that your grace was making a brother of the Medici's nephew, this Orsino, and that consequently they should keep our drawbridges up in Florence as expecting an enemy."

"The confederates strain at nothing else; neither of us can trust the other; so that for either party to keep his forces we can only unite against some third;—but thou hast my word for it—the Venetians shall feel the earthquake first, if I am he who loosens it," said the jester. "But what saidst thou concerning the rinds of things? Is it not Lucretius who fancies spirits represent the forms of their once bodies as the flimsy onion peel its substance when stripped from it? But, being so, a ghost should preserve the exact appearance in which its carcass disappeared! They are not like players, that can shift their garbs at pleasure behind the black curtain, ha? What say you?"

"Pray you, my lord, explain yourself more clearly to a dull apprehension," returned Messer Niccolò, with an eye, however, which in its piercing earnestness gave no evidence of intellectual hebetude.

"I would say, for example," observed the motley, in a tone of dark rumination, "I speak as the thought flashes over my mind—that if my sometime brother, the Duke of Gandia, for instance, would

obligingly gratify my father, who whines so often over the fate of his firstborn, that was forsooth so beautiful and good that people blessed him as he went along merely for his fair looks, and all the women doated on him!—I say, if Francesco's ghost should take a fancy to present itself some night to—to Alexander VI., what form and what garb deem you he were likely to appear in?"

"To his father?" replied Ser Machiavelli, without daring to trust his eyes to meet the fiery gaze which he felt was fixed upon him. "Oh, fathers are a strange people! Certainly not with all those dagger-wounds upon him, and the slime of the Tiber streaming from his long golden curls, which I have heard his holiness fondly call his rays. But, if it consulted the parental taste, most likely it would appear as the blooming young Antinous he shone among all the youth of Rome that day he was made gonfalonier of the church, when he wore the white velvet habit trimmed with rubies, and rode the snowy charger bit with silver and pearls."

"I will shoe my horses with silver, but the Romans shall forget that pageantry!" returned the motley, vehemently. "But, for myself, I shall not very soon; for I remember, when I rode behind him on my silly mule, perked up in my violet cardinal robes, his horse bespattered me all over with mud, as he reined it suddenly up to salute his sister, Donna Lucrezia!—for I can scarce call her mine. I was in such a passion that I nigh choked in silence! I thought it was done with the purpose to affront me; for you should have heard how the rabble laughed."

"I did hear; for they laughed so loud that we heard it at Florence," returned Messer Niccolò playfully. "Then, when we took it up, the laugh went on to Mantua, and so to the king of France's court at Milan,—where they laughed too, no doubt, for they hated you then."

"They hate me now! but I care not who hates, provided men serve my purposes; nay, it pleases me to see my haters fawn upon me. What is power, but to sway men against their wills?" replied the jester; and, reverting to the strange topic which he had himself chosen, as if it amused him, he continued—"Let us say, then, that Francesco would put on his state-robes to visit his august sire; he would surely shift them to visit his murderer?"

"I should conjecture he would appear with the very look, garb, and gesture with which he died beneath the monster's blows!" returned Machiavelli, kindling out of his habitual tone of cynical indifference. "His countenance convulsed with horror, pain, and desperate entreaty: his nine wounds panting out the crimson blood of his youth, like young vipers gasping for food; his fair hair drenched and bedabbled; his beautiful face drained of its lovely colours, and whitening into stone! yea, with the very aspect of the sinless Abel, bleeding on his odoriferous sacrifice!"

"Lamented over by his wife—and sister, ha!" exclaimed the jester, with a wild and scornful laugh. "Well, Abel merited his fate, though not perchance at the hands of Cain, if divines now-a-days are right—but my poor brother! Alas, what had he done to anger any one, whose fiery temper was yet as manageable and full of all comely sweetnesses as the high-blooded steed of Arabia, so docile to the rein, so furious to the spur!"

"He was, indeed, a most excellent and well-conditioned youth; as

promisingly laden with fair qualities as an almond-tree with blossoms," returned Ser Machiavelli. "Peace to his soul, if he had one! He has been long enough in purgatory to burn out that worst offence he had—a too lavish affection for that which Plato did *not* call—the beautiful."

"But when we consider, too, that from his offence sprung his chastisement!" said the jester, with hypocritical suavity. "Some jealous husband, or revengeful lover, no doubt met him that fatal fourteenth of June."

"Or maddened father, or irritated brother!" said Machiavelli. "They told us in Florence that at the great feast which your mother gave to you on that day,—the next, and your grace (then cardinal) was to depart for Naples, to crown King Don Federigo—a masked stranger frequently applied to see the duke, and at length had access, and delivered him a perfumed letter at table. Whereupon he soon after pleaded some indisposition, and withdrew; and your grace (having preparations to make for your journey) went with him."

"We parted on the steps of the Palazzo Sforza; 'tis all true enough," said the jester, calmly. "And he, in his merry way, would needs have me give him absolution, (being a priest,) for that he was wending to see the fairest lady in all Romagna! I, as laughingly, alack! told him he must first do penance; and away went he, waving his hand, and singing in his gaiety, as it were in triumph. Perchance he meant, too, to have wished my sister Lucrezia good night, for he went towards the convent where she was staying until the divorce was pronounced which severed her from the Lord of Pesaro."

"And your grace never saw him again?" said Machiavelli, suddenly.

"Surely!——when we drew his corpse all streaming from the river, near Castel Santangelo, and also when we buried him in state, in his armour and gauds as gonfalonier," replied the jester. "I was obliged to ordain all, for his father took no notice of anything, but bolted himself in his chambers, and starved for three days; and would have starved himself to death but for Lucrezia's prayers and tears, and getting very hungry. And oh, what vows of reformation did he make! but his holiness is like Vesuvius, ever either raging with fire, or silent in snow."

"Ay, it is so, my lord, but surely you are the Titan whose throes within cause the mountain to heave," said Ser Machiavelli; "yet continuing our confabulation of the secrets of Orcus, in what guise does your lordship imagine the spirit of your noble brother *would appear to his murderer?*"

"As a black shadow, without voice, visage, colour, or form," replied the jester, turning with so strange an expression to Messer Niccolò, that but that he was a perfect diplomatist he must have started. "Yet, lacking all these means of enforcing recognition, still would he be recognised! The murderer of the pope's darling can be no coward; he might not fear this presence; still would it irk him more than the direfullest form, shake his soul with its silence more than by the most terrible imprecations; until he shall defy, madden, rave, rush at it sword in hand, and wake and laugh, and gnash his teeth, and know that it is only a darkness, and yet that is there, and will not away throughout time or eternity!"

"I marvel not you solace your vain revenge with such fearful hopes," said the Florentine; "since the murderers have so long eluded all search that 'tis past expectation they should ever be discovered, on earth at least. Alas! what feelings must be yours, my lord; you that were his brother, that played with him in childhood, that spent your flourishing youth together engaged in all manly exercises and joyous sports, budding and branching like two fair cypresses planted by the same hand in the same hour."

"No; but like two acorns, one of which by the mere accident of the sun shoots up and dwarfs his brother," returned the jester, bitterly. "But let all that pass. I must find the bottom of this strange matter of the Dominican. Miguelote dared not have thus trifled with my orders. Have I not heard thee say, Niccolò, that my lieutenant, Don Remiro, has received some kind of obligation from the sacred chamber lately without my connivance?"

"His holiness admired the rigidness of his justice so much, that he gave him a general indulgence for all the cruelties he has committed in his office," said Ser Machiavelli. "Moreover, his wife is some kindred to the Colonnas."

"How came I ever to forget that?" observed the jester, musingly.

"Nay, my lord, you needed a man of a nature so relentless in right as Don Remiro's," said the Florentine. "And has he not justified your confidence by routing out nearly all the robber-holes in Romagna, so that the peasants even sow corn as far as Spoleto?"

"And what is more, they reap it," said the motley. "When I made Don Remiro podestà, I told him that I would not have a rogue left in all Italy, if I could prevent it, but myself. Yet they tell me, he is as little loved as the fierce iron with which we have our wounds seared up; and if he has stood in the way of my will in this matter, I know the people would clap hands to see him come out on one of his own streaming scaffolds."

"Then, I approve the sending of him forth," said the ambassador, jocosely. "No man has a right to govern another, even to his advantage, against his will. But where in the name of marvels have we wandered?"

"Whither I have been leading all along, for I never forget business in pleasure, Niccolò," replied the jester. "I would have you send me my mute, Zeid, and this gigantic pine is a landmark by which you may guide him to my hiding-place."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLACK PENITENT.

"Nay, my lord, you will surely feel very melancholy to be left alone in this dismal gorge, especially after our ghostly conversation," said the Florentine, looking up the mountainous valley towards the torrent which they had left at some distance in the rear.

"'Tis very sad indeed to think of it; but the Duke of Gandia is better in heaven, and we have more room on earth," said the jester, mockingly. "Hasten, my good Niccolò, and send this fellow to me, but let them not note his coming; and let him bring my hounds with him."

"They are here; my lord," said Ser Machiavelli, pointing to the dogs, which, with dejected steps and drooping heads had hitherto followed their master in silence.

"Poor things! they are not accustomed to be so cheated of their rewards," said the jester, compassionately patting the heads of the savage brutes. "But there is no time to be lost, Machiavelli; I will sit and watch the bear in the skies until I have given Zeid his orders, and then rejoin the bear in the convent."

"But again, my lord, I would have you think well ere you devise aught against this gentleman," said Messer Niccolò, slightly shivering, and then wrapping his cloak around him as if it were the night air which chilled his blood.

"Rest content; I mean only to dispatch Zeid on a message," returned the motley, impatiently; and observing that he was chafed and out of temper, the Florentine bowed respectfully and withdrew. Retracing his steps with some trouble up the steep paths which led to the monastery, he could not refrain from pausing once on a projecting precipice whence he could easily distinguish the pine tree at whose root Cæsar Borgia had seated himself.

"Tyrant, murderer, fratricide!" he could not forbear from exclaiming aloud, as if to give the suppressed feelings of his soul vent. "But also destroyer of tyrants! be a king, that thou mayst make all form of royalty detestable, as thy sire is a priest, to make all forms of superstition terrible. Cement the shattered provinces of Italy in an ocean of blood, if it must be, but once more together. Live to make Italy *one*, thou shalt die to make it *free!*"

And, clutching the hilt of his dagger with a kind of convulsive gesture which was not unusual with him, the Italian republican of the sixteenth century strode on his way.

Before reaching the gate of the monastery, however, the personage of whom he was in search luckily presented himself. Excepting the ambassador himself, no one in the train beside this being knew the real rank of the jester; and there was no great stretch of confidence in his knowing it, for besides being an African Moor, and therefore scarcely at all acquainted with the language of Italy, he was one of the miserable victims of oriental cruelty and jealousy, and had formerly been a mute in a Turkish seraglio, his tongue being slit in a manner which rendered any attempt which he might make to speak an inarticulate babble. But discretion was a quality which the Borgia esteemed in his instruments, and this enforced silence made him acceptable to his European master, who raised him gradually to a post which obtained him in Rome the title of Il Strozzacatore, or the Strangler; but which in Cæsar's household ranked him as first runner to his grace. For the former office, although never ostensibly employed, and having apparently no instrument to perform his operations with ever about him, extraordinary stories were afloat as to his capabilities; for the latter, which answers in some respect to a modern king's messenger, except that the Moor always travelled on foot, and in straight lines, swimming rivers and crossing mountain and valley with equal facility, still more singular legends were believed as to his qualifications. Among others, it was said that he had frequently hunted the stag on foot, and had never failed to run down his prey without assistance either of hound or arrow.

The Strangler's appearance was such as might gratify expectation, considering him under either point of view. If a leopard stood upright on its hind legs, with its paws abjectly dropped in front, it would have been the figure of the Strangler, and its huge, round, bestial, hairy visage, black and brindled, with the same wild-beast expression of eye, would have daguerreotyped his countenance. In fact, he had little more than a rough resemblance to the general attributes of humanity, and one or two shades of its feelings; among which the most abject respect and obedience to his terrible master might perhaps be reckoned.

The few simple words which the Moor understood, enabled him to comprehend Machiavelli's order, and he hastened down the ravine with such rapidity that the Florentine almost imagined that he had doubled himself up, and rolled down like a dry bush of furze. Crossing himself, notwithstanding all his scepticism, he gladly continued his route through the convent gates.

The Strangler, by whatever means he reached a footing in the ravine, speedily made his way to the appointed spot, indicated by a lofty pine, which was entirely bare to its summit, where it was singularly tufted. He found his lord with folded arms walking restlessly up and down, on a strip of green turf beneath it.

"Zeid, thou art weary; my good dog, I now wish I had not diverted myself with seeing thee chase the hare in the snow-hills above," he said in a mild and somewhat cajoling manner. "But I know thou lovest me! Did I not beg off thy life, when Sultan Zem slashed thee once in the neck, and had raised his scimitar for a second blow?"

The slave acquiesced with a slight snort, like that of a horse when it perceives danger.

"Then thou must be Ronciglione to-night, wert thou twice as spent," continued Cæsar, changing his tone to one of command. "In the castle there thou wilt find the podestà of Romagna, Don Remiro d'Orco, awaiting my arrival. Take this ring as thy credential, and bid him on the very instant despatch Don Migueloto, with all the Spanish men-at-arms not necessary to keep the walls, to meet me as near as may be to this place to-morrow morning."

Zeid knelt, took the ring, and placed it on his head in token of obedience,

"Follow the course of the river to Narni; thou knowest the track thence," continued Cæsar; and the runner made a spring as if to dart forward on his journey, when his lord with a rapid clutch detained him.

"Delay not on thy journey so long as a hunted stag to lap in a stream," he said; and pointing to the moon, which shone serenely above, he continued—"In an hour yonder light will sink behind the hills; and when its last rim has disappeared I shall loosen my hounds on your traces, so if you pause to sleep, you know by whom you will be overtaken."

The Moor again bowed reverentially, as if the supervision indicated was a very proper and usual one, shot away like an arrow from the bow, and was almost instantly out of sight.

As it seemed with the intention of faithfully keeping his promise, Cæsar remained on the spot which he had selected for the interview, pausing for some time in deep thought, and then resuming his restless

pacing up and down, without noticing that the two hounds never failed to follow him, however short the trip and sudden the turn. And yet it was a scene and a night which might have diffused its calm even over that perturbed and terrible mind. The mountains towered around in a kind of transparent darkness, so bright were the Heavens above, and so soft the shadows which the moonlight threw among their rugged sides and aerial pinnacles. The distant roar of the cataract rather harmonized with than disturbed the blessed silence; even the turbulent river was there calm and undertoned, as if it feared to disturb the sleep of the mountains and forests around.

But Cæsar's step rather increased in fretful rapidity, and his eyes shone with more impatient sparkles, as he occasionally glanced up at the moon. At last he became weary of this exercise, and leaning his back against the pine, with his face to the fair planet, he seemed to watch it as if his gaze could follow or hasten its imperceptible movement over the sky. Sylla and Marius seated themselves on each side of their master, and appeared as if engaged in the same occupation, for certainly their red glistening eyes were fixed on the ball of light above.

While apparently the hounds and their lord were absorbed in this survey, the two former uttered a low whine, stretched their noses to the wind, and began to tremble in a very strange and unusual manner. Cæsar, after a glance at the dogs, looked in the direction whence it was evident they apprehended some approach, expecting to behold either a wolf or wild boar, or some other of the savage denizens; but, for some moments, even his vulture gaze could discern no object. But suddenly a black form about the height and breadth of a man, but with no distinct outline of one, appeared on the bank of the river, at some distance, looking towards the cataract.

Cæsar's visage grew for a moment stonily pale and fixed, and he clutched at the pine to support his tottering limbs; but the next instant, either his self-possession returned, or his terror took the form of defiance. He sprang forward several steps, and although he paused irresolutely, he shouted in an unwavering tone, "Speak! who goes there?—Friend or foe to the Duke of Romagna?"

"Hillo, echoes! hillo, ladies! play me none of your cheats to-night!" a voice was heard gibbering in reply; the mere sound of which restored Cæsar to himself. He continued to watch, but no longer with any alarm, the gradual approach of the dark traveller, who came along with singular slowness, as if he were a very aged man, and talking to himself all the way. But the fears of the hounds did not diminish; they crouched on the grass, and continued their low tremulous whine. The stranger approached without apparently noticing any of the group, and in any other age and country might indeed have been pronounced a terrific object. He seemed to be a very old man, for his figure was much bowed, and his gait feeble, supporting himself with difficulty on a staff; but his face and form were completely covered with a black mantle tied round the waist, and perforated with holes at which the eyes looked out, but which was else all of a piece. This was the garb of a Black Penitent, which was only enjoined to be worn on a pilgrimage by criminals of the greatest atrocity.

"Good even, father! whither wend you so late by night, and so lonely?" said the motley, in a cheerful tone, as if relieved from some secret apprehension.

"Lonely!—when the owl and the wolf hoot and howl at every turning," replied the Penitent with a wild laugh.

"Have I not heard that voice before?" said Cæsar, musingly. "Why, thou art come as if a wish could summon thee! Art thou not mine ancient master in the great art, Dom Sabbat, of Padua, who put fine thoughts in my head by showing me my fortune in a mirror of magic stone, and who, when the Inquisition sought thy acquaintance, left books and chambers in a blaze, and disappeared like the flame on pools where murdered men lie rotting?"

"Or like yonder tongues of fire on the hill-side?" returned the Penitent, extending an arm of singular length, terminated by a hand so fibrous, lean, and withered, that it resembled the branch of a fir-tree in winter, and pointing to the brow of a distant mountain which presented a brilliant phenomenon not unusual in those vcolcanic regions. The craggy side of the mountain seemed as if set at intervals with blazing torches thrust from the earth by demon hands, which appeared and disappeared in fantastic evolutions.

"But thou art he?" said Cæsar, after gazing with an instant's careless attention at the spectacle.

"I have been so for a long time," replied the Penitent, with a dark chuckling laugh.

"Yes, thou art old, and very old; and thou needest some comfort in these thy worn-out times," replied Cæsar, cajolingly. "I am not so poor and powerless to do my friends good turns as I was when we studied the cabala at Pisa together—and I love to encourage the sciences—therefore, my good Sabbat, if thou wilt come and sojourn with me, thou shalt have a tower in Santangelo, and practise thy forbidden art so nigh to the Inquisition, that thou canst spit at it from thy windows; and thou and I will make brazen heads that chatter, and devise antidotes, and study the plants that poison so prettily that 'tis a pleasure to die by them, and such like toys, which thou wert wont to love in the old time when I was thy so reverent and faithful pupil."

"Truly, your grace is no longer a younger brother," replied the Penitent, inclining himself forward as if to do homage to the accession of dignity in his pupil, but with a degree of mockery, "and I thank you for your noble offer; but it behoves men who have lived for fifteen hundred and odd years to think of dying;—and so they have compelled me to abjure the dark science, and have sent me to Rome to save my soul this Jubilee time!"

"Fifteen hundred years!—thou jestest, or art mad, Dom Sabbat!" exclaimed the Borgia, somewhat startled.

"Oh, you know not how long Heaven can hate!" returned the Penitent with wild vehemence. "'Tis many a thousand years since the great bonfire was kindled; and he who spat in the face of the Son of God when he bore the cross up Calvary still wanders alone through all time!"

"Yet come with me; I know thou hast many noble secrets which the church herself permits us to learn," said Cæsar, soothingly. "Have I not seen thee raise the dead in the person of that imperial phantom who offered me his sceptre?"

"What would it pleasure thee or profit thee to trouble him again—besides shaking the towers of Aix-la-Chapelle, which are already so old and tottering, to raise him?" returned the Penitent.

"But if thou canst raise the dead, canst thou not also lay them?—Canst thou not bid them back to their tranquillity?—why should they blot sunshine with their dark presence?" exclaimed Cæsar, with an impatient and fierce glitter of the eye, and knitting his hand convulsively.

"That is the church's office to exercise, not mine!" returned the Black Penitent.

"Tut, tut, I have been a cardinal, and I know what priests can do," said Cæsar.

"And stand the dead too in thy light?" returned the Penitent, his strange eyes flaring through their holes like flame, if flame could glow with meaning, with diabolical, sarcastic, and at the same time insane thought.

"Thou art deft at guessing riddles," said Cæsar, calmly. "It is not that I fear him—IT!—but it wearies me when so oft in the midst of banquets and splendid feasts, I raise mine eyes and behold it standing before me. But do not deem I fear it—I despised him living—I despise him dead!—I tell thee, Dom Sabbat, when I first beheld it, at the instant when, as legate of the holy see, I put the crown on the head of King Don Federigo in Naples,—I did not even start."

"You speak some feverish fancy, my son; the strongest of your recollections haunts you, which only a stronger can efface," replied the Penitent, with a short discordant laugh. "But you forget, boy, to slip the hounds, and the moon is far behind Monte Somma."

"Heard you my threat to Zeid?" said Cæsar, with a slight shudder. "But I never threaten in vain, or I should be no better served than my hot sire himself; so, whoop, hounds—after him, after him!"

He stirred the hounds with his foot, which still lay couching and panting on the grass, as if the presence of the stranger infused terror even into their savage natures. They whined, but would not move.

"There is surely a spell about me—but I am going," observed the Penitent, with his dark inward laugh.

"It is late; rest with me to-night in the Carthusian monastery above," said Cæsar eagerly; but the penitent shook his head.

"I am forbidden to rest under any roof—out of Rome—much more to profane consecrated stone and mortar with my presence," he said, in a derisive and yet profoundly gloomy tone.

"Then I will spend the night in converse with thee under this mightiest roof above!" replied Cæsar.

"Nay, for I may not pause, and thou art needed with the company. Dost thou not feel thy cheek sear, for they are talking of thee?" said the Penitent, taking his staff as if to resume his journey.

"But promise me at least that thou wilt visit me in Rome," said Cæsar, very eagerly. "Thou hast but to present thyself at Santangelo, with a token from me to Donna Fiamma, who honours science equally, and she will see thee lodged and attended more zealously than ever Merlin in King Arthur's court."

"Give me thy token; I have heard of the lady, and of her nourishing love for the art," replied the sage, after a moment's pause.

"I must give thee then my poison-emerald, which reddens when my drink is dangerous; for I have sent my signet on another errand," said Cæsar, slowly and somewhat reluctantly taking a small leaden box, about the shape and size of dice, from a hollow in the stick of his fool's bauble, which, nevertheless, he handed over to the Penitent. "And

when we meet again, Dom Sabbat, as thou canst no longer fear I should betray thee, either for lack of faith or wit, let me at least see thy face, which thou keepest ever so strangely masked and muzzled."

"Trust none, fear none," replied the penitent, gloomily. "But hark! they are calling thee, or what voices are those which make the rocks ring?"

"Farewell, then, till we meet in Santangelo," said Cæsar; and he stepped forward to offer his hand in parting. But the stranger contented himself with a fantastic salute, by waving his withered hands in the air at an extraordinary height, and hastening forward, almost instantly disappeared behind some projecting rocks.

Indistinct voices were now audible in the distance, calling "Zany, Zany," as if the ambassador had taken alarm at the long absence of his jester. The hounds sprang up with their wonted alacrity the moment the adept in the unholy science had disappeared; and remarking it, Cæsar endeavoured, but in vain, to get the dogs to follow even the shortest distance on his trace. They howled fearfully, but would not stir, until he took them back to the pine tree where the strangler had left him, whose scent they took eagerly, and followed with emulous swiftness. After listening till the light patter of their delicate feet was inaudible in distance, even to the fine organs of the Borgia, he turned and retraced his way to the Carthusian monastery.

CHAPTER IX.

"O Voi ch' avete gli intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto 'l vellame degli versi strani,"—*Dante.*

"O ye of subtle intellect, mark the doctrine hidden under the veil of these strange words."

Returning up the rocks, and imitating as he went very accurately the cries of a screech-owl, the jester guided Messer Niccolò, and two or three soldiers who were in search of him with torches, until they met. The Florentine affected to rate his fool severely for the trouble his lingering had occasioned; to which he replied, that he had been trying to get the great gold crown which hung in the sky, and whistled vacantly, until the soldiers, who turned back at a signal from Messer Niccolò, were at a distance.

"It is possible, after all, my lord, that the Dominican was sent by your father; for I hear that he met and warned Signor Paolo to turn back long ere he fell into his danger," said the Florentine.

"How should that be?—Banditti were not likely to make a confidant of our holy father," returned the jester, drily. "But in truth, I know not what to think on the matter. My sister's confessor is a Dominican."

"The famous father, Bruno Lanfranchi, that successor of Savonarola," replied Ser Machiavelli. "But wherefore should your sister——"

"Ay, the insolent monk, whose revilings should long since have obtained for him the justice of having his tongue plucked out by the root, but for Lucrezia's folly!" replied the motley, fiercely. "They control me in all things now—but my time will come."

As he spoke they entered the monastery, and made their way to the

great hall, in which they found the Orsino and his rescuers engaged in discussing the recent event, and such viands as the austere rules of the order permitted them to furnish. In addition, the canon had found in some part of his baggage several skins of excellent wine, some draughts of which had evidently much revived the late prisoner.

"I was saying, Messer Niccolò," he observed, as the ambassador took his seat, while the fool threw himself carelessly into his old place on the straw heaped round the fire, "that I do grievously misdoubt—that I know not by what means the banditti could have learned my intentions to cross the mountains with the slight escort whom they murdered when they captured me?"

"If only Alexander knew of your intentions, and not his detested son! Still the inference needs no cart-horse to draw, signor," said the Hospitaller; and there was a moment's general but most emphatic silence.

"Nay, sir knight, though you be my noble and most gallant deliverer, I pray you speak not thus!" said the Orsino, his countenance becoming of a livid paleness. "Lucrezia is as good as she is beautiful, and 'tis blasphemy even in madness to dream such hideous phantoms."

"You are fortunate in thinking so, my lord," said the knight, very coldly.

"Her charities are boundless! There is not a beggar in Romagna but has tasted of them," continued the young baron.

"They had need be, to cover such sins, uncle Niccolò," said the fool, with a vacant look, as if of enquiry, at the Florentine.

"Beware that these soldiers hear not our prattle, Lord Paolo; they serve the duke," said Ser Machiavelli, with real uneasiness.

"Nay, the worst of my English is a match for the best of yon mixed scum!" said Le Beaufort, scornfully. "And the thieves are mostly asleep in their litters, and truly, being chiefly salvages, they can understand but little of what we speak at this distance."

"Sooner than wed this lady, were she Dame Venus herself," exclaimed Le Beaufort, who had been musing for some minutes, a very unwont practice with him, "I would wed the fiend's eldest daughter, with damnation for her dowry!"

"Were she even that, and Death the high priest who should solemnize our bridalty, I would to my grave with rapture, if only her beauty shared it with me," returned the passionate Italian.

"She must needs be beautiful!" said the canon, with a glance at the Hospitaller.

"Perchance the sire and son *then* made signs to each other in this affair of your betrayal, Signor Orsino?" said the unmoved chevalier,

> "For in the rose there was a wasp
> Which stung his nose to smell—to smell,
> And then he blamed the rose—the rose—
> And flung it in—a well,"

improvisated the jester, with a sarcastic and yet vacant expression, as if he lost sight as he went on of his own meaning.

"No, no, sir Knight!—indeed such treachery were impossible!" exclaimed Messer Bembo.

"But hath *he* been thrusting his hand in among the thorns too,

that he complains so bitterly?" continued the Zany, gazing still more earnestly on the priestly knight; but suddenly turning a look of stony stupidity to the Orsino, who for the first time was regarding him with attention.

"Light of Heaven! what is impossible to the Borgias?" exclaimed the Hospitaller, without heeding the canon's deprecating look. "For what cause do men report that the unfortunate Duke of Gandia was murdered?"

"There is a Roland for an Oliver—Cæsar is Duke of Romagna," said Le Beaufort laughing, but not with his usual cheer.

"Rome was founded by a fratricide; why, uncle, 'tis the very man to restore her?" said the jester, with a sudden sparkling of his diamond eyes as he glanced at Messer Niccolò.

"Of a truth, and Rome is as full of thieves and vagabonds as ever it was in that chieftain's palmiest day," said the ambassador, with a forced smile. "Signor Orsino, you are aware that it is not the policy of my serene lords to make peace between your faction and the duke; but surely his affairs being at such a pass and low ebb, he could not but have every motive to act sincerely and fairly by you, who are the chief agent in this reconciliation?"

"Moreover," said the Orsino, eagerly snatching at this straw, "in proof of his sincerity, Cæsar betrayed to me the secret dealings of those gentlemen of Bologna with him, the Marescotti, who were willing, from their hatred of the Bentivogli, to surrender the city to him."

"He betrayed them because he thought they had not power to keep their promises," said the relentless Hospitaller.

"Then is he a very shame of knighthood, a base disloyal chevalier!" exclaimed Sir Reginald vehemently.

"Dare you tell him so in Rome, Sir Knight?" said Machiavelli, with an uneasy smile.

"Yea, or in his native hell!" returned the young knight. A slight gesture from the Zany cut short some reply which Messer Niccolò intended to have made. "Nay ye cannot blame some eggs for hatching crocodiles," the former observed, with his strange unmeaning look presenting its usual contrast to his pregnant words.

"I do grieve to hear ye talk in this heedless manner, gentlemen," said the canon; "for indeed you must needs involve our holy mother, the church herself, in this scandal which you throw upon her supreme minister on earth; yea, sap the foundations of our blessed faith, for can that religion be divine which has a monster of abominable wickedness for its representative on earth?"

"He was elected by simony, and therefore but usurps his seat until the thunder drives him out of it," returned the Hospitaller with vehemence.

"Or the confederacy of the Roman barons, who I do hear plot some such security to themselves," said the Florentine ambassador.

"The vengeance of Heaven has already overtaken his electors, and even by his agency, for their sin against the Holy Ghost," continued the Knight of St. John. "Cardinal Colonna is in exile, Julian della Rovere, Ascanio Sforza, Savelli, are stripped of their possessions, and have fled from Rome for their lives; the old Cardinal of Capua was poisoned; Cardinal Orsino and the Archbishop of Florence will be

destroyed in time with the rest of their name, Signor Paolo!—Cardinal Michele died very suddenly—but then he was old and rich."

"And yet it may well be that Heaven . . . that is—only so violent and terrible a spirit as that of his sanctity could restore the grandeur of the church, and her plundered inheritance, and therefore Heaven may have suffered his elevation," said the canon, somewhat staggered.

"Nay, 'tis perchance, the devil's master-piece, to poison the source that men may refuse to drink of the stream, or to set them on digging wells of heresy for themselves and their children to drink destruction at," said Messer Niccolò, with a subtle and as it were inward smile.

"A lawyer, a soldier, and a priest!—is that the receipt to make a devil, uncle, for he hath been all by turns?" said the Zany.

"And adjudged so great in all!" replied the Florentine. "Surely there hath been infinitely worse said of him than he deserved; 'tis his immoderate love of power, and of his children, his desire to aggrandize his name, his vast and furious passions, which have driven him into such monstrous acts of tyranny, which are yet so well directed that they can scarcely be accused of injustice. Which of his victims has not deserved his fate?"

"But how accuse you the cardinal of simony, when, at the time of his election, no saint in Heaven ever had so high a reputation for all divine and human virtue as he had on earth?" chimed in the canon.

"Hideous hypocrisy!" returned the knight of St. John. "But I am willing to admit that his son is the worse demon of the two, and that he stimulates the angry old man to his furious acts; for until Cæsar acquired influence in his counsels, Rome was governed as if by the Areopagus. Nay, even now, at times, they say, he hath fits of remorse, and would halt, but for the torrent which urges him on! Alexander is a mad tiger, but Cæsar is a cross between the tiger and the snake."

"Noble knight, I would advise you, for your goodly person's sake, let not the walls hear you whisper matter like this in Rome," said the ambassador, very earnestly.

"In Rome my deliverer will be under my custody; and we Orsini have bearded the pope and Cæsar both in it!" said Signor Paolo, with a haughty flush of his pale cheeks.

"I know your family is very powerful, my lord; but you speak it strangely for a vassal of the Holy See," returned Messer Niccolò, coldly.

"If there be one species of wickedness, this Cæsar hath not committed, by'r lady, I know not what name he gives it in confession!" said the young English knight. "In my land we should have smothered him at his birth, had he shown his soul in his visage!"

"Why strangled ye not your king then, Cæsar's pattern, Richard Crookback?" said the canon, drily. "Shone the sun ever on a blacker miscreant than he?"

"Speak not against King Richard, or, by the mass! cry you mercy, sir canon! but you know not that 'twas that brave king who made me a knight, on the morning of Bosworth field, and gave me the broom from his own bonnet for a cognisance!" exclaimed Le Beaufort, warmly.

"Marry, and what good feat of arms had you done, being, as I take

it, then scarcely a dozen years old?" said Ser Machiavelli. "Tell me, I pray you, sir, for I know that king did little without a reason."

"My father, brother, and their following withdrew, in the night, to join Richmond, that is now king," replied the knight. "But I, who knew nothing of Richard's misdeeds, and loved his valiant chivalry, secretly left them and returned to his camp; which, when he knew, he swore by St. Paul I was worth all my kindred, and shouting, 'Oh, mon Beaufort, seras *le* Beaufort,' he drew his sword and knighted me, with so hearty a stroke that my back ached for a week after,—when the poor king himself was nigh rotten in Leicester Abbey."

"In very faith, brother Reginald, a notary might make a fair penny of the list of the Cæsar's crimes," continued the Hospitaller, with unslackened heat.

"Crimes imputed, sir, it were more fit and just to say," returned Messer Niccolò, speaking also with much warmth. "But what hath been proved against the Borgias? Are the accusations of their bitter enemies, whom they have dispossessed of unjust and insolent usurpations, to be taken for gospel? Alexander endeavours to restore the rights of the Church over her vassals; they resist—he crushes them—he is therefore a tyrant! The princes of the Church rebel against their sovereign—he banishes their persons, and confiscates their wealth—he is therefore an oppressor! His eldest son falls by the hand of a secret rival, and therefore his brother has slain him, and oh, horror of horrors, animated by what unimaginable jealousy!"

"The sons-in-law of the pontiff are slaughtered one after another, and men hint there is a reason for it," said the Hospitaller, ironically imitating the tone of Messer Niccolò. "The Bishop of Selta is poisoned, and country folks dream that he perished for daring to falsify Cæsar's denial that he had brought the bull with him to France which dissolved the marriage of King Louis with his cousin, the cripple, and gave him the buxom widow of Brittany to spouse. They war down the chief barons of Rome, and utterly ruin them; turn their arms against the feudatories of Romagna, and then people have the simplicity to think they mean to erect their own tyranny on the ruins of the common liberties!"

"Some old voluptuaries die suddenly, and therefore Cæsar has poisoned them!" said Messer Niccolò, with a degree of pettishness, which even his practised dissimulation could not suppress, in his tones.

"Nay, young ones, too!" retorted the resolute Hospitaller. "The Grand Signor offers three hundred thousand gold ducats for the life of his rebel and fugitive brother, Sultan Zem; and even in the very camp of the King of France, who did so lovingly intend to use him in his crusade against the accursed Turk, he perished, by poison."

"And therefore follows it of course that the Borgias did it? If Bajazet would give so great a price for his brother's death, could he find no other hand nor means to procure it?" said the Florentine.

"Cicero's question regarding a crime whose perpetrator is unknown were a fair touchstone—*Cui bono*, to whose advantage was it?" returned the Hospitaller. "Who but Cæsar inherited the young Turk's treasures, his seraglio, and all the plunder which he had borne into Italy after the failure of his rebellion?"

"The state is the lawful heir of all foreigners who die without leaving any other, and it pleased the sacred chamber to transfer its rights

on monsignor the Cardinal of Valenza, as he then was," interposed the Orsino.

"You mean, my lord, that it pleased the Cardinal of Valenza to have it, and the protonotary, Giovanni Battista Ferraro, to sign it over to him in the name of the sacred chamber," returned the Hospitaller. "The cardinal of Valenza! a sweet churchman, truly, that stole a dedicated nun from the cloisters, and one too that bore the noblest name in Rome, a Colonna."

"You shall pardon me, sir; the Orsini yield to none; our charters are the oldest which the church ever granted!" said Signor Paolo, with an asperity, which was perhaps as much occasioned by the disparaging tone of the religious knight's observations upon his promised bride, as even the fierce hatred and emulation which had existed between his race and that of the Colonnas for many ages. "Moreover, 'tis well known that it was the pagan sultan who lured that hapless damosel to her destruction, eternal and temporal."

"Nay, that was only the pretext which that chivalrous Turk allowed to be used, to varnish Alexander's refusal to seize and punish her as the canon law enjoins," said the stern Knight of St. John.

"Messer Bembo, I pray you tell me what punishment that may be?" said Sir Reginald, turning to the ecclesiastic with an expression of some interest.

"Her punishment would be immuration; that is, she ought to be bricked up in the convent wall, and in the cloisters where the sisters walk, that they may not soon forget it," replied the canon, gravely. "But you do not often hear of these sentences being properly executed, to the great relaxation of discipline."

"Then all honour to Pope Alexander, and I drink his health a thousand times, that would not suffer it!" exclaimed the hearty young English knight, swallowing a deep draught of the canon's wine.

"Methinks, gentlemen, the night being far wasted, and this conversation likely to bear no good fruit, it were time we hopped up on our perches," interrupted Ser Machiavelli, with a feigned yawn. "Signor Paolo, you most of all need rest."

"But I would not have it last too long," said the Orsino, starting from a reverie into which he had fallen, and looking palely around at the sleeping soldiery, and the silent Carthusians, who had yet been listening with the eager interest which only men so long secluded from the world take in its affairs. "Who knows," he continued, in explanation of the somewhat singular observation, "who knows what these wild soldiers of the Borgia's may have overheard or project?" And his eye fell with a puzzled and profound earnestness on the countenance of the fool, who had for some time nodded and dozed on his lowly couch.

"I will watch, then," said Sir Reginald, "and, lest I fall asleep, will stride up and down the hall till I see as many shadows on the wall as there are moonbeams on the windows."

"Brother, we will watch turn about," said the Hospitaller, gravely smiling, "or we shall have thee dropping from the saddle to-morrow."

"That will be much the best," said the canon, who loved his ease and safety almost equally. "And but that I am nigh dead with the jolting of my mule, I would let none of you share the vigil with me, for you are young and need rest, God knows." So saying, he adjusted

himself as comfortable a couch as he could achieve out of the materials at hand, and finally fell asleep on it, without learning with any nicety the issue of a controversy which arose between the Orsino and his two deliverers, the former of whom insisted on taking his turn in this seemingly superfluous watch. But so powerfully worked in men's imaginations the extraordinary anecdotes of the Borgian subtlety and cruelty, which had formed the staple of the conversation, that no one seemed to perceive anything ridiculous or excessive in the precaution.

LONDON BRIDGE.

By Arnheldt Weaver.

> "Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery
> Swift to be hurl'd,—
> Any where, any where,
> Out of the world."—*The Bridge of Sighs.*

I was crossing London Bridge one night during the last winter, when out of the severe heaven blew the coldest wind that ever in my remembrance had visited our latitude. Few persons were in the streets, though it was comparatively an early hour. Even the mendicants had deserted them; but there was here and there to be met with, one of that class of unfortunates, who are despised by the self-righteous,—but whom the real Christian pities with a compassion that is as large as the universe.

I thank God that there was a Thomas Hood. Who else could have written "The Bridge of Sighs?" Clarkson and Wilberforce are names that the world has ploughed into its history—messiahs of the negro race. And that of Hood shall be as memorable to the repentant magdalen: and the good angel who wraps his wings around the fallen female that drops a tear for her lost virtue,—shall,—if wit, if kindly feeling for all humanity, if faith in human progress and generous exertions in behalf of human suffering should die out and drop from the memory of man, preserve that name coeval with the endurance of the race for which he wrote and strove.

I was crossing London Bridge on the night to which I allude, and was meditating upon Hood's poem. There, beneath me, rushed the dark waters of the Thames, flashing in the light of the bright stars. Beneath and upon each side they rushed, bearing to the sea—what tidings from this great metropolis? Suddenly there was a cry, a thronging of many persons to one spot. Eyes looked strangely out of human heads, and people held their breath with singular fear.

A young female had cast herself from the bridge into the river. Boats below, there—lights and boats—to rescue a fellow-creature, a poor despairing girl. Oh! for God's sake, save her. Save her, that the future may be better to her than the past. Save her, that she may know that not God only, not alone the angels, but that man also knoweth and doeth mercy.

I climbed upon the bridge and looked over into the dark abyss of waters. The Thames, as seen at night, is possessed of features

peculiarly its own; the lights gleaming from the various craft that, either stationary or in motion, occupy the river's edge; the dark masses looming through the shade like living creatures, huge in bulk, and undefinable in outline; the red glare issuing from furnace fires, and casting its lurid reflection on the tide. I have noticed these at other times, but upon this occasion I had no eye for them,—only below I gazed with straining vision, that tried to pierce the obscurity that hovered like a fog over the surface of the river. There was great stir beneath, of men searching in boats for the rash girl whose faith in the compassion of her fellows had been all trodden out.

> "Spurned by contumely,
> Cold inhumanity,
> Into her rest."

They found her, and landing at the stairs on the Southwark side, carried her into an adjoining hotel. Instantly the doors were besieged: there were human faces in crowds, and never shall I forget the expression that dwelt upon them all. Only upon that occasion, and since, in my dreams, have I beheld it. Elsewhere nothing like it. Men *have* hearts, and when they see borne into a dwelling the corpse of a young girl, who with her own hands has severed the thread of life, they cannot choose but wear their awe-impressed souls upon their foreheads.

I was one of the few that, half by force, half by entreaty, obtained admittance.

They deposited her upon the floor in a side apartment. Immediately the carpet was saturated with the water that streamed from her apparel. A medical man was present. She was dead, quite dead, he told us.

When the light first fell upon her features, I thought that I had never beheld such Grecian beauty in a face of human flesh. It was like the ideal which haunted the sculptors of old Athens. But so pale, the marble which sprang into vivid life beneath their chisels was not whiter, was not colder.

She would never breathe again. I fell to thought as I looked upon her, and wondered what her history might be—

> "Who was her father?
> Who was her mother?
> Had she a sister?
> Had she a brother?
> Or was there a dearer one
> Still, and a nearer one
> Yet, than all other?"

* * * * * *

On quitting the hotel and proceeding on my way, oppressed with terrible thoughts of wrong and crime, I was conscious that I was closely followed by some one. I found that his steps kept equal pace with mine, never went faster, never slower. Step for step, the frosty pavement rang with the tread of our feet until we had reached the Town Hall, Southwark. I was about to cross towards the other side, when I felt myself touched on the shoulder. I turned and beheld a man, whom I had noticed in the room, and had observed him take in his own one of the hands of the poor drowned creature. I fairly

started at the sound of his voice, so husky and unnatural. "That girl, sir; that girl,"—he said, with singular abruptness.

"Yes; shocking," I answered, annoyed at the interruption. "I must hurry home. It has made me feel ill."

"And me also," he returned, "VERY ill. You—you pitied her, did you not?"

"Can you ask? I trust I am not heartless. It is so horrible for any one, but especially for a female,—a young female, too, to be driven by desperation to commit suicide."

"She a suicide?" the stranger retorted angrily. "You are mistaken. She was murdered!"

I looked at him with surprise. We were standing beneath a lamp. I saw into his eyes—down deep into their hollow sockets. He had a hold upon me from that moment. He was the Ancient Mariner, and I was the wedding guest. Say what he would, I could not choose but listen. His presence was as a spell.

"She was murdered!" he proceeded. "Call a policeman. Give me into custody."

"You—you!" I stammered; for I could not articulate distinctly. Overpowered by some singular charm, I seemed bereft of speech.

"Hearken!" he said. "For a man to be a murderer, it is not imperative that he should have laid violent hands upon his victim. When I tell you that, but for me, that poor girl would now be seated at her father's board, happy as a blithe bird, do you not see that I am her murderer?"

I attempted to dispel the illusion which was cast around me. "Yes," I replied, with an effort, "I perceive your meaning. You have been very, very guilty!"

He laughed; for he, as well as I, knew the strait I was in, and how I was fascinated by his basilisk eye.

"Let us retrace our steps," he said.

I complied, though I would as soon have accompanied Pluto to the infernal shades. We returned, side by side, in silence to the hotel.

The crowd outside had not dispersed, but, on the contrary, had grown more dense. Voices traversed the whole assembly, and every new comer lost all sense of the cold night in the sudden awe which seized him when he had learnt what the concourse meant, and what a sad spectacle the stars had so lately beheld. My companion pushed his way through the multitude, and I followed him. The human mass closed instantly behind me, and left me no retreat. I was compelled to go onward.

We entered the hotel, no one seeming to offer any opposition, and once more I found myself in the room I had previously quitted, with the body of the self-slain girl before me.

My companion advanced and took one of her hands in his own, as I had noticed him to do before. Falling upon his knees (the spectators made way for him to do so), he bent over the corpse, and addressed the poor girl, as if she only slept.

"Mary," he said, and his voice on this occasion seemed human and full of feeling, "speak to me, love; why have you done this? To-morrow would have been brighter than to-day. It always is."

I know not what was his impression, but I confess to an expectation that the dead girl would, by some movement, indicate her knowledge

of his presence. It was very foolish, but such was my belief. I was breathing a preternatural atmosphere, and was, as one in a trance or dream.

All present were much moved. From a feeling of delicacy, they restrained their curiosity, and withdrew a few paces further from the corpse, that they might not seem to intrude upon the grief of the speaker. I loved them for the action. Looking at my companion, I saw that tears were falling in torrents from his eyes, and that they glittered like diamonds upon the dead girl's face, which had previously been wiped and cleansed of the slime and muddy water of the river.

The spell was dissolved, and I was released from the singular fascination which had before enthralled me. I remember that I was accosted by several individuals, who had noticed that I had entered the room in the company of the man who was kneeling by the side of the corpse. They desired to know the meaning of what they beheld. I professed ignorance. I would not repeat what he had told me. I left him to act as his own conscience impelled him.

Suddenly rising, he said, addressing all present, "Is there any one here who will send for this girl's father?"

There were numerous answers in the affirmative, and a youth volunteered to go himself, and fetch him. My late companion took him aside and communicated the necessary instructions.

I resolved to remain and witness the sad scene which I expected was to follow. I remember that there was much moving to and fro, much going and coming, rapid change of faces, frightened looks of appalled human beings, suppressed sighs, and long-drawn breathings, as fresh individuals entered the room, and beheld the ugly sight upon the floor. I remember, as I stood apart, that every thing wore a phantasmagorical appearance, and seemed to pass under my review like the swift succession of objects in a magic lanthorn. There was one object which never moved, never shifted its position; inert, striking a chill by its very presence, the centre to which all eyes were turned, its silence illustrated a fearful history, which I would have given much that all the fine, dashing men about town had been there to read.

One hour passed before the youth returned, accompanied by the father of the deceased.

He was a man turned of sixty,—a grey-headed man, with whom time, as well as the world had dealt roughly. I subsequently learnt many particulars of his history. I shall not relate them. He had reared a family of eleven children. Seven he had buried honourably and decently. Three were still living, and the other had occasioned the panic of that night.

The youth who had fetched him from his home had been silent respecting the event which had happened. When he entered the room, wondering for what he had been withdrawn on that cold night from the comfort of his fireside, those who were present, knowing who he was, formed a circle around the corpse of his daughter, so that the horrid sight did not meet his eyes. But my late companion stood apart, in full view of the doorway, and upon him the old man's glance rested immediately. He started back, like one who has trodden upon a serpent.

He was bewildered. The crowd without the hotel, and the crowd within, puzzled him. What could it mean? Why were so many per-

sons assembled? And why was *he* sent for? The sight of the seducer gave him a partial insight into the actual state of things. He looked wildly around him. His attention was arrested by the circle of individuals, whose object was betrayed by the position which they had assumed. He rushed towards them, forced his way through them, and, with a despairing cry—fell lifeless upon the body he had pressed to his bosom in its infancy.

There were many eyes in the apartment. Few—few among them that were not dim at that moment, and glistening with such tears as men but seldom shed.

He did not move. They raised him. He looked strangely, and mumbled words that had no meaning in them. HE IS NOW IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

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In less than a month afterwards I saw *that man* again. I was walking beneath the Quadrant in Regent Street, and near to the door of a gambling house of notoriety. He was standing at the entrance of this "hell." There was a youth in his company, whom he was evidently inveigling—upon whose ruin he was clearly bent. He saw me, and recognised me in his turn. I would have flown to the youth's rescue; and he knew that such was my intention, for he kept me at bay, fixing upon me those wonderful eyes, whose basilisk glances had held me in thrall upon the former occasion.

I saw how the youth strove and strove; and with all the might of filial love, (for, as I afterwards learnt, he had a mother to support,) endeavoured to resist the fascination of this man's company. Great hopes of gain, and thereby of the acquisition of means to purchase increased comforts for his parent, operated upon the victim's mind, and he allowed himself to be drawn into the snare. They entered the gambling house together.

I entered it also.

I was never a lover of games of hazard, and I know not at what venture we played (for I also joined them); but I remember that I lost a considerable sum, and that the youth, who carried his quarter's salary about him (he was in some government office), quitted the "hell" with, as he asserted, only one shilling in his pocket. I have heard Calvinistic preachers dwell upon the tortures which the damned undergo; I have seen pictures in which fanciful painters, delighting in morbid and revolting subjects, have endeavoured to pourtray them in the endurance of those agonies; but not the forbidding eloquence of the preacher, nor the rash talent of the gloomy painter, ever left such a direful impression on my mind, as did the parting glance which that youth cast upon the room, and upon the man who had seduced him to his ruin.

He hurried from the house. I followed him hastily, but he fled—fled like the wind. I was unable to keep pace with him. I saw him in the distance enter a druggist's shop.

It would appear, from a subsequent event, that the druggist refused to serve him with the article he demanded. I saw him quit the shop; and, intent upon following him, I had but one present design—that of keeping him in view. It was growing dusk. He took the way of the Strand, thence onward to Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's

Churchyard, and Cheapside. Intervening objects were constantly hiding him from my sight, and at last he fairly escaped me.

I was again, in my way homeward, upon London Bridge, where the din of the vast metropolis was rushing from all quarters to one centre. While I gazed again upon those dark waters—in whose bosom what wild, turbulent passions have been stilled—what terrible despair has found its rest!—I thought of *that man*, of his basilisk eyes, of the sad grave of the wretched girl whose ruin he had wrought. The cold snows of winter were now freezing over the earth which covered her. Suddenly, as on the former occasion, there was a loud cry, and a thronging of all persons to one spot. A youth was in the river. He had sprang from the centre of the bridge, and the tide which was flowing rapidly out, was bearing him beyond the reach of aid. His body, they said, might be landed at Rotherhithe, or it might get clear of all obstructions, and, in that case, would be cast up at Greenwich.

I turned away overpowered with nausea. The image of the youth, whose ruin I had witnessed on that afternoon, flashed upon my mind: it went to my heart that I had been present at the scene and had not prevented it. I cursed the tempter. I almost feared his power over myself at some future period. I shuddered when I reflected on the fascinating influence which he possessed.

I mingled with the crowd; they were sad men all. Some women were amongst them, and *they* wept. A child had lost his brother, and ran to and fro seeking him in terror; his shrill voice calling upon his relative rent the air. I gladly escaped from the confusion of the whole scene, and hurried homeward. At the foot of the bridge, on the Southwark side, and near the hotel into which the body of the dead girl had been carried, I once more encountered *that man*.

I shrank from him in violent disgust. He advanced. He took my arm. I could not resist. I knew, although I did not venture to look at him, that his eyes were fixed on me. I felt the power of their glances. I perceived that the same spell was again laid on me. His breath came hot against my cheek, and I heard his voice hissing in my ear.

"I am very sad," he said; "I have been again guilty. Another victim! That poor young man! What will his mother do? He was her only support. Do you not pity me? Do you not *hate* me rather? I am not the less a murderer because the law has no power over me."

I shook him off with a violent effort, and calling a cab, bade the driver, as I entered it, urge his horse to its utmost speed. By this method I effected my escape.

I subsequently exerted myself to discover the youth's mother, but without success. Very lately I heard that she ended her days—dying of a broken heart—*in a workhouse.*

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One more tragic recollection of London Bridge, and I have done. On a dark midnight, in the month of March, two men thus conferred, whispering, although they were alone—alone with the Great City and its lamps—alone with the night and the clouds:—

"His father, on his dying-bed, spake to him, as it might be, thus," said one of these men, a sexton and grave-digger, addressing his companion: "'Your sister will inherit all. In case of her death, or in the event of that which is more to be feared than death, that dreadful

malady which has been for generations in our family, your cousin will inherit. If *he* should die also, the money and the land will be yours.' And that was what they found in the will, when they came to open it."

"And the cousin *is* dead?"

"Yes, he has been dead some months. The sister is where I told you."

The other shook his head incredulously.

"It is true—or may I be a corpse to-morrow, if it isn't."

"What! shut up in a vault along with the coffins, and that for several weeks past?"

"Yes."

"And she has made no noise? kicked up no dust? Why, how old is she?"

"Turned eleven. Her mind is weak. And our threats of punishment are more terrifying to her even than the dead and their coffins!"

"'Tis very horrible!"

"We shall make something handsome by it. Do *you* say it is horrible? you, who have ——"

"Hush! I can do *that*, what you were going to say—but to shut up a child among coffins ——! And she is not mad yet?"

"No; and 'tis plain that she never will be. She is used to the situation now; and all her terror is that she will be beaten, if any stranger should discover her. When we take a fresh coffin in, she hides herself like a boy robbing an orchard."

"What is it, then, that *I* am wanted for?"

The answer, whatever it was, was whispered in a lower tone than even the foregoing conversation.

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It was quite true what they had spoken. There is a church in London, of which, with reference to its locality, we will here say nothing. Underneath its floor—underneath the pews, in which the living assemble, the dead for upwards of a century have made a temporary rest, waiting till the sexton has chosen to disperse their bones, by selling them to the bone-crushers.

You can look at broad noon-day through the iron gratings by which the light of God enters this dismal vault, and behold coffins piled one upon the other in heaps that are almost innumerable. At night the moon glimmers faintly on them. The ray of the farthest visible star pierces into that charnel. They lie all in one direction. Here, the feet—there, the head; and you can fancy the shroud—even the folds of the shroud—the rosemary, and the cold clammy corpse within.

At night also, the dark walls of this dismal vault gleam with a phosphoric light. Drops of water that are of a blood-red hue by day, that trickle constantly from roof to floor, shine in the dark with an unearthly brilliancy. The fetid atmosphere deposits these ugly evidences of human decomposition.

Oh! what a horrible thing for a child to be constrained to make its home in this storehouse of the dead, into whose recesses the living are constantly stooping and diving, sorely laden, but departing empty-handed, when they have deposited the new and glittering coffin by the side of that which arrived yesterday. What an appalling destiny for a poor child, a meek and timid girl, not yet twelve years old, to be im-

prisoned day and night—a human fungus, growing in the damp, slippery moisture of this charnel vault!

Alas! this poor child, thus incarcerated—thus consigned to a most revolting fate—dares not peep from the interior of her living tomb through the rusted bars of iron, to catch one glimpse of the serene and beautiful sky, dares not hurry to this grated aperture when she hears the halting step of a passenger, who, more curious than his fellows, darts a shuddering glance within.

She would be beaten if she ventured to make known her condition. Such is her fear. She dreads the lash, poor thing, for she is ignorant that the law would protect her, that the first word syllabling the horrid truth to the public ear, would cause a crowd to collect around the dungeon which confines her; that a thousand hands, and strong, manly, muscular arms, would be outstretched to rend away the iron bars, to force the entrance across whose threshold she does not hope to pass.

In the furthest corner of this horrible abode, hidden from view by a pile of coffins, the child sleeps—sleeps and dreams, not of the dead, as one would imagine, she is too used to *them*,—but of the living, of the living that crowd the streets and public places, of children that wind their arms around each other's necks, and hurry off to play; of mothers and sisters, of the sun, of birds, of flowers. *These*, the child dreams of, when midnight falls upon the city, and a twofold midnight on that loathsome, harrowing den.

In the solid wall of mouldering mortality, a recess has been formed by the removal of four coffins, a hole, a stye, scarcely bigger than a dog-kennel, the floor of which is littered with humid straw, and *that* is the child's home, apartment, and bed.

Is she not a type of thousands of young children who are consigned, almost from infancy, to that brute condition, that hopeless ignorance, which is worse than death, coupled with a premature tasking of their infant strength, producing disease, debility, early and incurable deformity? What thousands of young faces, that should be sunny with the smile of childhood, wear nothing but a perpetual gloom! The factory, the coal-mine are *their* charnels. *There*, death, and not life, is ever present with them; the 'death of all the pleasures which are theirs by right of their tender age; the death of the moral sentiment; the death of affection; the death of hope; even the death of the undeveloped soul.

For these children, as for our poor child dwelling in the charnel, every object is the coffin which encloses a corpse. There is no sun, no moon, no summer, no carpet of perpetual flowers, no laugh, no rejoicing. For the boys there are no young maidens; no sweethearts for the girls. A pall is spread over every object in nature. From the dome of the magnificent firmament to the silent growth of the corn at night beneath the stars, every thing is dead for these little innocents.

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Three days after the conversation recorded above, the sexton and his companion upon that occasion, entered a boat at the Middlesex stairs of London Bridge. They were accompanied by a young female child, whose exuberant joy attracted the attention of two or three bystanders—myself among others. We thought she was pleased at the prospect of sailing on the river, and said as much to each other. Poor child! it was the broad daylight, the smell of the fresh air, the sight of human

faces, the delight at being restored to liberty, that caused her impulses of exhilaration.

When she was seated, the men pushed off the boat.

"It isn't what I like at all," muttered the sexton. "But we must go through with it. She won't go mad. It's no use trying *that* on any longer. If anything would have done it, those coffins would. Pull away; we shall get an opportunity presently. Mind," he added, "we shall have to swim for it."

"All right," answered the other.

We watched the boat as it glided over the water. A steam-vessel, one of the numerous craft that ply upon the Thames, was bearing rapidly down, and the little boat seemed making straight towards it.

"Those fellows will get capsized, if they don't take care," said a spectator of the scene to his companion. "See, the steamer is bearing right down upon them."

The rowers did not appear to heed their danger, or were unable to avert it. The passengers crossing the bridge, attracted by the noise and cries of warning that issued from the deck of the steam-vessel and from various other quarters, rushed to the parapet, and looked forth upon the river. I pressed forward likewise, and was barely in time to see the boat disappear.

The sexton and his companion were drowned, as well as the little girl. The newspapers gave an authentic account of the catastrophe, and laid the entire blame upon the steamer. It was known shortly afterwards in London, that a young spendthrift had come into the possession of a large fortune, through his sister's death.

OCTOBER.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

THE floral crowds of summer-time are dead,
And hush'd the voices that above them rung,
And gone are all the pleasant winds that sung
Their elfin music in the trees o'erhead;
And vanish'd are the many scents that shed
Tokens of sweetness the wide air along;
And every little meadow-bud that clung,
Child-like, around its mother earth, has fled.

A grand repose, immutable and deep,
Hangs o'er the still woods and the meadows bare:
The cold cerulean waters feel no breath
Ruffling the glassy calmness of their sleep:
The leaves scarce move; and in the placid air
The old year lies a dreaming of its death.

GLIMPSES OF GERMANY, WITH A GLANCE AT FRANCE.

BY A TRAVELLING SATELLITE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

WHEN comets take their royal road through the heavens, a long bright train of light is left behind to mark where their course has been. When the kings and queens of this little speck called earth make royal roads in their sudden and erratic travels on its surface, they too shed an unwonted lustre on their way, kindling all into life and enthusiasm as they pass along. If ordinary monarchs, even, thus dispense the rays of their magnificence as they move, and leave their track still illumined with the recollection of their presence;—to the Queen of England this mighty power of attraction has been vouchsafed to a degree never enjoyed by even the greatest potentates before. Her sex, her reputation, the grandeur of her empire, the talismanic power which the very name of England has over continental minds, all these combined to render the visit of our Queen Victoria to the continent an object of interest so commanding as to draw to one great focus all the elements of grandeur and effect of which the courts and the people of the five great kingdoms through which she passed were capable. There was even a degree of the romantic in the magnificent courtesy with which she was greeted by princes, and the hearty, loyal, and chivalrous welcome she received from their subjects.

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So much for a beginning; a flourish of trumpets to attract the reader's attention. Though it is very grandiloquent, it is quite true; but as it is not easy to keep up that sort of thing long—stilts are troublesome crutches—I shall subside at once into the ordinary chit-chat style; because I am not going to weary the reader with a new account of the queen's late tour, (he must have been bored enough already by the newspapers,) but merely mean to use up a few stray memoranda, jotted down hastily without connexion or arrangement, some of which may and some may not be quite *apropos* to her Majesty's movements. At the same time, a few of the sights we saw were so remarkable, so unique, so unlikely to be ever seen again, that they will bear yet one more passing reference, notwithstanding all the newspapers have said of them.

Kings pay their compliments right royally, whenever it is their pleasure so to condescend. The whole series of scenes prepared for her Majesty by the King of Prussia, the King of the Belgians, the King of the French, the King of Bavaria, and above all by the dukes and dukelings of Coburg and Gotha, what were they but a continuity of graceful compliments? And on such a magnificent scale, too! reviving the reckless profusion of splendour which characterizes the middle ages, when all the power and wealth of kingdoms were staked to win a lady's smile. This was really the great and peculiar feature of the queen's tour. The Rhine scenery, exaggerated as the praise is that is bestowed on it, can be seen at any time. The lions of Antwerp or Cologne, or any other of the many towns visited by the queen, are ready at all seasons to absorb the money of the travelling English. Vast concourses of people, triumphal arches, troops and bands of

music, and royal personages, and receptions at railway stations—these can be had in England; nay, the queen must by this time be tolerably *blasée* of such sights in her own country; and all that was done of that kind in Belgium, Prussia, or Germany, was but a repetition of what we are here so familiar with. But the two grand illuminations of the Rhine were what perhaps no one will ever see again. To prepare such a sight for the queen was a proof of fine taste in the King of Prussia —to repeat it would deprive it of half its fascination. Troublesome as it is to be a travelling satellite of Queen Victoria, that sight of the illumination at Cologne amply repaid me for all I had, and that all have to undergo whose fate compels them to attend on the queen. Such a combination of the grand and the beautiful was never before attempted, and certainly it could never have been realized. Long may the princes of the earth be in amity to give and to receive such compliments! Apropos of compliments—one of the neatest, nay, the most elegant national compliment I ever heard was paid through my insignificant self to the whole British nation. It was on board the vessel coming from France after her Majesty had left Treport; and the gentleman who paid it,—I wish I could associate his name with his compliment,—was a Pole in the service of Louis Philippe. We were somehow or other talking of the favourite opera, "Les Diamans de la Couronne," some of the prettiest airs of which we were singing as we leant over the side of the vessel in the moonlight. Presently, our attention was attracted by the exquisite effect, phosphorus-like, of the light reflected on the water in the white foam of the quick-shifting waves. Each eddy sparkled with phosphoric light, till the sea seemed brilliant with myriads of diamonds. The Pole, with an instantaneous courtesy, pausing in the midst of an air from the opera already mentioned, pointed to the sparkling ocean, and cried "Voilà les Diamans de la Couronne Anglaise!" And it was said so gracefully, with so much true respect for the great nation it honoured! The scene would have given a French journalist a fit of the jaundice.

Talking of French journalists, they were almost as much the rage at Bonn as the royalties who were assembled to do honour to Beethoven. Almost the first question asked by a new-comer to the town was, "Which is Jules Janin?" And the same as to some other *feuilletonistes* who were supposed to be there. Well, like a great many other things that are talked much about in this world, the French journalists are best at a distance. Jules Janin is a sort of bourgeois dandy, with a great deal of consequence, and very little conversational wit to support his claims. He has mortally offended the whole German nation. Think of the exquisite coxcombry of the writer (none but a Frenchman would have dared to commit such a piece of impertinence), who could commence an article with the assertion, that the French had first taught the Germans to appreciate Beethoven! As well might a monkey spout Milton. But nothing is too absurd for a thorough-going French journalist. Putting aside all the nonsense they wrote about the Beethoven festival, (which by the way was a poor affair—all empty show, tinsel, and melo-dramatic display,) the way in which they collected together and republished all the calumnies they could hear or invent against the Queen of England, was utterly unworthy of the high and responsible function which they usurp. Regardless of probability, they printed every thing they heard. Not

active enough to keep up with the queen, they followed in her wake, and published, with their own ingenious additions and comments, the gossip of the *table-d'hote*. I will jot down one or two stories they tell, (or will tell as soon as they hear them, which is the same thing,) in order to give them a flat contradiction. You will observe, that they are all directed against the queen as a woman, and reflect personal discredit on her, as attributing want of courtesy, and a disregard of the ordinary decencies of life. To be sure they have this excuse—that the Germans (some of them only—as a nation they would be ashamed to slander a lady) tell those stories over their pipes and beer; but the French used to be the defenders of the sex, not their traducers.

Story the first:—You will remember that when the queen first arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, there was a grand preparation to welcome her. There was the King of Prussia, and a grand procession of noblemen and gentlemen to escort her to the cathedral, and so forth. Well, among the rest, there were drawn up to receive the queen, a bevy of the prettiest girls in Aix, (and no place produces lovelier,) all dressed in white, with ivy wreaths and chaplets. Now Queen Victoria is remarkable for one quality—extreme consideration for those who, on public occasions, come forth to see her, or who make preparations for her honour. The story told in connection with these girls at Aix, is, that Her Majesty in passing them treated them with marked contempt and disdain! And this is told as an instance of the innate and natural rudeness of the Queen of England. The affair is almost too ridiculous to mention; but it is gravely talked about, and the whole story commented on as true, and circulated in France, by people whose rank in Germany, and whose position in France, ought to make them ashamed of such folly. It was a remarkable fact, that not only did the queen treat these pretty girls of Aix with marked kindness, but she seemed to draw the attention of the King of Prussia to their gay and graceful appearance.

Story the second:—It is stated, that when the Queen of England arrived at the palace of Bruhl, the King of Prussia had invited a considerable number of the first noblemen and people of the kingdom to meet Her Majesty at supper. This is the custom of the country: and were the King of Prussia in England, he would be met by a similar company at Windsor, only that the supper would be called dinner. Well, the tale-bearers say, that as soon as the queen found that these noblemen and gentlemen were invited to meet her, she took it "in ill part," was highly offended, and absolutely refused to meet them. It is added, that she and the prince, with the King of Prussia and some of the suite, supped alone, leaving the noblemen to make merry with each other as well as they could under the circumstances. I am really ashamed to mention such absurdities as these, nor would I, except to laugh at them, but that scarcely an Englishman who has followed in the wake of the queen can have failed to hear these tales told as truths. I am not quite sure that the French papers have got hold of this story; but, knowing their tricks so well, I don't think it amiss to anticipate them. There is no more foundation for it than for the other story they trumped up about a quarrel between the Queen of England and the King of Prussia; or their elaborate fiction of a coolness between Lord Aberdeen and Prince Metternich, when the two statesmen were lavishing compliments and favours on each other.

Another story, much more rich than the others, is that when Queen Victoria arrived at Stolrenfels, the King of Prussia had caused to be hung up in her bedroom, portraits of the Prince of Wales and the other royal infants. The *raconteurs* add, that Her Majesty was so affected at the incident, that she rushed up (or down, as the case might be,) to the King of Prussia, fell on his neck, (rather a difficult thing to do, considering their relative height,) and, bursting into tears, kissed him affectionately, and daughter-like! How this squares with the stories about the quarrel with the king does not appear quite clear; but I myself heard the tale gravely related by a German nobleman of high rank, who had heard it from some other equally gullible person. It is better, however, that these stories should be invented and circulated to meet the demand on the lie market, than that there should be any attempt at giving a political turn to the queen's visit. A more purely friendly, social affair could not be. No doubt the Aberdeens and the Metternichs tried to oppose each other in the most friendly way in the world; or, perchance, their views may be so alike, that they were glad of the opportunity of disclosing them to each other; but, that the queen's tour had any immediate political object, I do not believe; nor is my unbelief the less strong because Messieurs the French journalists assert the contrary so stoutly and so ingeniously.

I am positively afraid to read what I have been writing—I know it is sad rigmarole; but then you must remember that my function is not to write. I am not apt at stringing sentences together, or making "points;" nor have I any design in what I write beyond putting on paper the passing thought of the moment. No doubt all we saw in Germany was *couleur de rose:* everything was dressed up in holiday garb for our amusement, and in our honour; but still it could not be all fictitious; the honest Germans are too slow to be able to ape enthusiasm at a moment's notice. Nor could all the semi-pastoral scenes we saw at Coburg be improvised for the occasion. The family-like way in which princes and people live there, and at Gotha, is positively delightful. There is no ostentation—no show—no sulky grandeur; the people and the duke seem born and sworn friends. I never was more agreeably surprised than by what I saw in the duke's dominions. We have been accustomed to look on the queen's German relations as a set of poor and hungry creatures, who were looking to their more fortunate relations in England for a share of the rich spoil they get from John Bull's liberality; no such thing. The Duke of Saxe Coburg is a man of immense wealth; lord of a territory teeming with the richest products of the earth, and master of an independent revenue, over and above the wants of the state, which places him in this respect almost on a level with the sovereigns of England. Politically speaking, he may not be important, but in everything else that makes life valuable he is rich indeed. Among the many novel sights we saw in his dominions, the children's feast of St. Gregorius was the prettiest and most unique. I am much mistaken if we do not find the habits of royalty at home much altered by the effect of the example there set. The curse of royalty in England is that it is kept too much apart from the people. Queen Victoria is doing much to remove this evil; but still she is too much surrounded by state and ceremony when she goes among the people. At this feast at Coburg she was, perhaps, for the first time, a partaker in quite a new kind of royal life—dining and

taking part in rustic amusement in the presence of thousands of people. This was the other peculiar and remarkable feature in the queen's tour. All the particulars have been fully given in the papers; the moral of the thing is what I wish to refer to—that the more princes and people are brought into contact, the more the former are beloved and respected, and the more are the latter civilized.

In Belgium much the same kind of manners prevail; there the king and queen mix with the people, as friends and companions; and the Queen of England must here too have had the contrast between English and foreign court customs forcibly brought before her. Another change in this panorama of five weeks brought her to her old and affectionate friend, Louis Philippe; here the same amiable freedom of intercourse between king and people was renewed. I could not help thinking that the scenes through which the queen had passed in Germany had prepared her for a great change even in her own habits—that court ceremony and etiquette had become still more valueless in her eyes than ever. If something of the kind had not been going on in her mind, would she so readily have fallen in with, and so heartily have enjoyed, that ludicrous adventure of the bathing machine? Of all the grotesque sights I ever saw, that, taken with its associations, was the most perfect of its kind. And to see the agonies of the respective suites, compelled by etiquette to follow their royal leaders, and obliged to scramble (no, wade) to the shore as best they could. And to see the merry style in which the crowds who lined the shore greeted these new royal aquatics; the roars of laughter from the shore, and the peals of the same that every now and then rang out from the bathing machine. A year ago, no two sovereigns of Europe would have done such a thing; but these royal visits and royal festivities are working wonderful changes in royal personages, and through them, in the people themselves. The English people particularly are imitative in their social relations. They do what the court and aristocracy do, at least as far as they can. The fashion of exclusiveness was set by the court and aristocracy; it was followed by the people, till the ambition of each grade in society, down to the lowest, was to be exclusive towards the grade below it. If the court, seeing the mischief done by this to the national manners and character, shall think fit to adopt a different course, the people will soon follow, and England will be relieved from one great disgrace under which she labours. English sterling qualities, with a dash of foreign freedom of manners, would make a character not to be surpassed in the world, either of men or of books.

Where will Her Majesty whirl us to next? St. Petersburg? Dublin? Berlin? Vienna? It is a paltry weakness of mine, but I really should like to date a despatch from Moscow. I believe Napoleon had the same little failing.

Φ.

JAMES SHEPHERD, THE JACOBITE*.

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

> "Force only can maintain
> The power that fortune gives, or worth does gain."
> COWLEY.

"FOUR o'clock! Twilight is coming on. I can see to work no longer. I am faint, tired, exhausted! My master is gone out, and will not return till night. I have worked hard all day, so that he cannot, in the fruits of my labour, detect the exemption I now seek from toil. Besides, Mr. Scott is a good man—not a tyrant. He is a Jacobite; and in that single word I include all virtue, moral and political. He is a true Scott of Scotland, Would *I* also were Scotch!"

Having said this, James Shepherd laid down the palette and pencil with which he had been emblazoning a coat of arms on a coach panel, and stretched himself along a bench in the workshop. But though the recumbent posture eased his limbs, he felt no inclination to slumber. Bodily quiet brought on, in a tenfold degree, mental activity—a very tumult of thought on one all-absorbing subject, – the inalienable right of the Stuarts to the throne of these realms. Poor, misguided, enthusiastic boy! His heraldic studies were merciless precursors of his fate.

The month was February. As he lay, the shadows of evening grew deeper and deeper, casting a gloom against the long line of windows that formed one side of the workshop. But this gloom was light itself, compared with the brooding shadows of his mind. James Shepherd was the victim of his own insane predilections. Living in a time when the kingdom was almost rent asunder by political factions, his inconsiderate but generous spirit linked itself with the weaker party, and espoused the cause of the pretender, James Francis Edward, son of James the Second, and called by his adherents, James the Third, King of England.

Shepherd was a solitary youth, little more than eighteen years of age. From his infancy his bodily health had been feeble; but his spirit was strong, and his imagination dominant. Like many persons of morbid physical temperament, he was fond of reverie, and lived in an ideal world. He was ready to endure any torment, yea, martyrdom itself, rather than renounce an opinion which he might deem to be founded in honesty; and he had unluckily conceived that the Hanoverian accession was brought about not only by treason to the people of England, but to the lawful dynasty of the Stuarts. This besetting notion derived fresh strength from the genealogical studies to which his occupation as a painter of escutcheons impelled him. Pedigrees, ancestral honours, and the claims of family descent, were to him sacred things. To violate them was worse than sacrilege.

* This unfortunate youth, whose name has passed into history, was the victim of a political delusion, not common in persons of his age. Had he lived in these days of judicial clemency, his punishment would have been that of the boy Oxford.

James was born in Southwark. When only five years old, he lost his father. In his studies at a school in Hertfordshire, young Shepherd made so much progress as to conciliate very strongly the favour of his uncle, Doctor Hinchcliffe, who removed him to a better academy at Salisbury, where he remained three years—three fatal years, during which time his destiny was sealed. The rebellion which immediately followed the accession of George the First, and which had so sanguinary a termination, was, of course, the all-absorbing topic of public discourse, and was earnestly discussed by Shepherd's schoolfellows at Salisbury, many of whom favoured the pretender's cause, especially as the rising in the North had in it all those elements of romance so captivating to young minds. Shepherd thus became an ardent Jacobite, and greedily perused all the pamphlets which at that time were secretly circulated, and which vindicated the doctrine of legitimate succession to the throne. In this idea he indulged to the exclusion of all others, and it became at length a monomania,—

"The fatal shadow that stalked by him still."

On quitting the Jacobite school at Salisbury, Shepherd was, by his uncle and friend, Doctor Hinchcliffe, apprenticed to a Mr. Scott, a coach painter, in Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate, where, as we have seen, he addressed himself industriously to his business, and to those heraldic studies which, though of value to him in his calling, fixed on his mind, with greater intensity, the one prevailing and destructive idea.

At the time when this narrative opens, James Shepherd was, as we have said, between eighteen and nineteen years of age. During the preceding year, an affection had sprung up between himself and a Scotch girl who visited at his master's house. Jane Wilson was, like Shepherd, in her teens—a fair-haired lass, pretty in person and quiet in manner, but veiling by external composure an enthusiasm akin to that of her boy-lover. Her greatest charm, however, in his eyes, consisted in her being a confirmed Jacobite.

Turbulent and distressing were young Shepherd's thoughts as he reclined on the workshop bench where we left him. Even Jane could not long divert his meditations from the overwhelming thought which haunted him day and night like a spectre. He conceived that his life was not his own, but that he was by all obligations, divine and human, bound to devote it to his king, James the Third. In his case, the prospect of martyrdom brought with it no glory; it was merely a stubborn duty, involving not the slightest merit in performance. His prince, he thought, had every claim on his services, even to death; and he would resolutely meet death whenever it should be necessary.

"Dreadful, indeed, are the times," ruminated he as he lay, "dreadful!—Usurpation is in the country hand-in-hand with savage cruelty. Of what must that man's heart be made who could see unmoved three ladies of high birth prostrate at his feet, and with tears and convulsive cries supplicating for their husbands' lives! But nothing can touch the tyrant's heart—nothing but steel. Ah! why cannot my arm thrust the blade that shall avenge the murder of Derwentwater and Kenmure, and the humbler victims starved to death in prison? I'll do it! My own blood will no doubt be made to flow even while his is gushing forth. What of that? I'll do it! Jane, my best beloved, I shall

thee; but we shall meet in the tranquil courts of Heaven, where no usurpers are, and where might is not right."

Motionless as a statue did Shepherd recline, contemplating the means by which this mad project could be carried into effect. In his diseased mind, its manifest atrocity was invested with the hues of virtue; and no consideration on earth could dissuade him from attempting it. But how should he—a friendless and unknown boy—set about so daring and perilous a scheme? As a preliminary step, it was necessary that he should see the pretender, who was in Rome—that the prince should be concealed in England at the time of the meditated assassination of George I.; and that the abettors of the Stuart cause should be ready to take advantage of the confusion which would follow such a deed. How was all this to be accomplished? Shepherd had not money sufficient for a voyage to Italy; he knew not how he could obtain an introduction to the so-called James the Third, neither was he personally acquainted with any of the influential Jacobites in England, who, he feared, would not readily admit into their confidence a stranger and a boy. Though thus perplexed, he still cherished the horrible idea, and summoned to his memory the names of several nonjuring clergymen of whom he had heard, and who must of course be hostile to the existing government. He thought that his secret would be perfectly safe in the breast of one of his own party, especially if that one were a minister of religion, a nonjuror, and a sufferer in what he esteemed a sacred cause. Shepherd was himself devoutly inclined; he had read in the Bible of the smiting of wicked kings, and he remembered that the bulky champion, Goliath, was destroyed by a shepherd-boy, with a sling and a stone. "Even thus," thought he, "shall the unjust mighty perish!"

Poor youth! he had brooded over this matter till reason was entirely gone. He knew not that his legitimate king was George I., who had been advanced to his lofty dignity by the best of all possible right—the national voice. Had the pretender succeeded in his mischievous design, it could only have been by invasion and conquest, and thus *he* might fitly be called an *usurper*, as holding by force that which belonged to George by indefeasible claim. Had he been instructed in the true principles of our constitution, James Shepherd might have been saved.

At last the name of Mr. Leake, a nonjuring clergyman, occurred to him. "I will write to that man immediately," exclaimed he, starting up, "and then I shall have taken the first step. I will pledge myself to attempt the act, and he shall find I will not recede. My heart is already lighter."

Having procured paper, pen, and ink, he wrote the following letter:—

"Sir,—From the many discontents visible throughout this kingdom, I infer that if the prince now reigning could be by death removed, *our king*, being here, might be settled on his throne without much loss of blood. For the more ready effecting of this, I propose that if any gentlemen will pay for my passage into Italy, and if our friends will entrust one so young with letters of invitation to *his majesty*, I will, on his arrival, *smite the usurper in his palace*. In the confusion, if sufficient forces may be raised, *his majesty* may appear; if not, he may retreat or conceal himself till a fitter opportunity. Neither is it presumptuous to hope that this may succeed, if we consider how easy it is to cut the thread of human life; how great confusion the death of a

prince occasions in the most peaceful nation; and how mutinous the people are,—how desirous of a change. But we will suppose the worst—that I am seized, and by torture examined. Now, that this may endanger none but myself, it will be necessary that the gentlemen who defray my charges to Italy leave England before my departure; that I be ignorant of *his majesty's* abode; that I lodge with some Whig; that you abscond; and that this be communicated to none. But, be the event as it will, I can expect nothing less than a most cruel death; which, that I may the better support, it will be requisite that, from my arrival till the attempt, I every day receive the Holy Sacrament from one who shall be ignorant of the design.

"JAMES SHEPHERD."

"To the Rev. Mr. Leake."

"That will do," said Shepherd, folding up the letter and sealing it. "I am now irrecoverably implicated, just as I wish to be. At this present moment, I enjoy a serenity to which I have been long a stranger. I will now go forth, and leave my letter with Mr. Leake. *He* will never play me false. Of that I feel assured."

Shepherd then left the workshop, and went towards the dwelling-house, that he might change his clothes previously to going with his letter to the residence of Mr. Leake. As he passed the back parlour, a well-known voice accosted him.

"James, James, you're leaving work earlier than usual. How glad I am! I've been waiting an hour to see Mrs. Scott. She will be in soon. Come into the parlour and sit with me."

"Ah, Jane, is it you?" rejoined Shepherd, still remaining in the little court-yard, and talking to her through the window; "you know what delight I take in your company; but I have business on hand, urgent business, and may not delay, no, not even for you, dear Jane. I am going to my garret to dress myself. Good bye, and God bless you, dear Jane!"

There was something in the tone of voice in which he spake—something in the expression of his features—and a certain significance in the manner of his valediction, that stimulated the curiosity, and aroused the suspicion of Jane Wilson. She hastily left the room, and came into the open space.

"James," said she, laying her hand on his arm, "you look ill at ease; pale, agitated, scarcely yourself. What go you about? I fear for you, James. These are troublous times. I know the feelings that actuate you, and I share in them, as you are well aware; but I should die of grief if any disaster happened to you," continued she, hiding her face on his shoulder. "There, you have now a maiden's secret. No secrets should be between you and me. Let me, therefore, know what is the affair which has so transformed you that at first the visage of James Shepherd seemed to me almost that of a stranger."

The youth looked earnestly at her, and tears stood in his eyes, as he replied.—

"Question me not, dearest Jane. What now engages me, appertains to myself alone. Suppose I am ill, and that I seek medical aid; or that I am troubled in mind, and need spiritual consolation; or that Doctor Hinchcliffe has sent for me. Think what you will, but do not hinder my course. Jane, dear, best-beloved Jane, you are more precious to me than my heart's blood; but do not stay me. I will hasten

back, and see you again, if possible, before you go. Give me your hand, Jane—let me kiss it. We shall meet again—be assured of that. Trust in me; more than life I love you. For the present farewell! Nay, do not turn away your face. Farewell!"

So saying, Shepherd gently disengaged his hand from that of his companion, entered the house, and ascended the stairs to his own room, when, having arranged himself in his best garments, he sallied out to leave his letter at Mr. Leake's.

Mr. Leake was seated with his family at tea when Shepherd's strange communication was delivered. The clergyman, though a conscientious nonjuror, was too honourable to be concerned in a plot which was to end in the desperate crime of assassination. He was, moreover, a timid man; and never having, previously to the present time, heard of James Shepherd, he was not without a suspicion that the letter was a snare contrived by the emissaries of government to entrap him.

"I am a suspected person," thought he, "and this is a scheme to ruin me. I can secure my safety in no other way than by taking this letter immediately to a magistrate. If the authorities seek to ensnare me, I shall thus foil them at their own game; and if any mad-brained desperado be really aiming at the life of the Hanoverian monarch, why the sin must be on his own head. I have clearly no alternative but to give information to a magistrate."

The poor deluded Shepherd had not left Mr. Leake's house a quarter of an hour before the latter was on his way to Bow Street, where his information was thankfully received. Officers were sent to the clergyman's house to be in readiness to apprehend the writer of the epistle whenever he should again present himself, which was on the following morning. His person was not known; but on his requiring an answer to the letter he had left the preceding evening two constables appeared, and he was apprehended.

This was a dreadful moment to Shepherd. Without having been able even to attempt his great purpose, he was manacled and hurried off to a prison. But he bore himself bravely, resolutely. He looked with scorn on his captors, and his wan face had no other expression than indomitable pride.

For the first time, the boy had stolen from his work in the busy hours of day. Mr. Scott knew not whither he had gone. James had imparted his secret to no one. Noon came, and still he did not return. His master, who much esteemed him, felt greatly alarmed. But who shall paint the distraction of Jane when she heard of his absence, and still more on learning that he was in custody, and had been examined at the office of Lord Sunderland on a charge of high treason!

Shepherd, however, had made up his mind to the worst. He confronted his accusers, before Lord Sunderland, with perfect composure; avowed himself, without hesitation, the writer of the letter; and only lamented that fate had interposed between his design and its fulfilment. He declared that, for the last three years, it had been the cherished object of his contemplation. Having admitted this, he was reconveyed to prison to await his trial.

In the interval which elapsed between his committal and his appearance before a jury, which was to decide his fate, James was kept in solitary confinement. Access to him, under any pretence, was strictly prohibited. In vain did the poor Scotch girl supplicate ad-

mission. The gates of the prison were closed against her, and she was sent away despairing and broken-hearted. But Shepherd's spirit did not quail. He would not disgrace the cause for which he knew he was to die. In his mistaken enthusiasm, death was preferable to life under usurpation.

Had not his mind frequently reverted to Jane, the youth would have exulted in his approaching martyrdom; but when he thought of her, his spirit fluttered and fell at the prospect of the misery into which he had plunged her. Even this dismay was, however, overcome by self-congratulation that he would perish for his lawful prince.

On his trial, Shepherd proudly disdained to make any defence. He at once acknowledged the truth of what had been deposed against him; and declared that, by dying for his principles, he had attained the summit of his ambition. The jury gave a verdict of "Guilty;" and when the culprit was asked why sentence should not be pronounced on him, according to law, he drew himself up haughtily, and said, "I cannot hope for mercy from a prince whom I will not own." He was accordingly condemned to be hanged.

It was a harsh and drizzly morning on the 17th of March, 1718, when the unfortunate enthusiast set out on his last pilgrimage in this world. The progress from Newgate to Tyburn was long and tedious; but a serene and happy smile played during the whole time on poor Shepherd's countenance. Some few persons were bold enough to bid God bless him as he passed the crowded windows on his road; and even those whose timidity made them dumb, sympathized with sorrow in his fate. He did not, however, anticipate that he was *not* to be the only actor in the tragedy about to ensue. Had he known this, his firmness must have given way. How often does Providence mercifully hide from our sight approaching terrors!

The prison ordinary and a nonjuring priest of the name of Orme were in the cart with Shepherd, engaged, during the whole procession, not in affording spiritual consolation to the culprit, but in acrimonious disputes with each other as to certain tenets of their faith. These indecent wranglings were continued even on the scaffold, to the hindrance of the executioner's office. Some thought the time was purposely prolonged in expectation of a reprieve; and one panting, trembling creature was there who, seeing the contest between the clergymen, dared to cherish a faint ray of hope.

At length, the ordinary quitted the spot, leaving Mr. Orme to pray with the malefactor. After Shepherd and the priest had gone through several religious exercises, Orme, with a loud voice, gave the youth public absolution; for which daring defiance of government he was taken into custody on the spot.

The executioner now advanced; there was a breathless silence: the rope was fixed, and in an instant James Shepherd was seen swinging in air. At this moment, the spectators were still more horror-stricken on hearing a piteous shriek from one of the stands. A rush was made towards the place, where a young girl was found gasping in the agonies of death. Her power of utterance was gone. A slight quivering of the limbs indicated the final agony, and she soon ceased to breathe. Life must have departed from her nearly at the same moment as it left Shepherd. Her body was conveyed to the nearest tavern, where, ere long, it was owned as the corpse of Jane Wilson.

A TALE OF EAST INDIA LIFE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

BY J. H. STOCQUELER, AUTHOR OF THE "HAND-BOOK OF INDIA."

One of the strongest proofs that can be afforded of the prevalence and force of the aristocratic principle in English society, is to be found in the deference invariably paid to *good blood.* The peer is not singular in his anxiety to exhibit a high descent, and display a 'scutcheon untarnished by the misconduct of an ancestor, or the accident of an ignoble connexion. Every country gentleman, every citizen, every member of the liberal professions, delights to trace his origin to a proud and honourable source; and if he cannot commence the family pedigree with the visit of the Norman conqueror, he is not at all displeased to be able to speak of his great-grandfather the Bishop, or even his grandfather the General. Mothers with dowerless daughters, and sons who have only their wits to depend upon for advancement in the world, will be content to seek for the former a comfortable establishment without much regard to the birth, character, or social position of the man to whom they consign their child; but a son's marriage is always a subject of fearful domestic anxiety. He may degrade his family by a humble alliance; he may forget that the blood of all the Snookses courses through his veins, and in a moment of passionate enthusiasm espouse an unpresentable Tomkins, whose portion is only derivable from a successful speculation in figs. But there is still one consolation left: the girl is the result of honourable wedlock. John Tomkins *père* was duly called in the parish church, and no one saw "just cause or impediment" why he and Mary Briggs should not be joined together in holy bands. Were it otherwise—if it should so fall out that the son and heir of Duffy Snooks should give his hand to one whose parentage had never received the sanction of the law,—the family honour is blighted—the shield is blotted, disfigured, stained irrevocably, and the "anxious mother" can no longer hold her head erect in the pew of the parish church.

This tenaciousness of family consequence—amiable it may be, and politic it certainly is—characterizes, as we have said, all classes of the English, but nowhere does it operate so extensively as in our colonies and East India possessions. *There*, a man's marriage becomes almost a national question: his family, absent in the mother country, are seldom made aware of his matrimonial intentions until too late to interpose a remonstrance or offer a friendly caution; he tells them by one mail that he is in love; and the next, perhaps, announces that the knot has been irrevocably tied. But his fellow-men on the spot see with concern his disregard of the paramount claims of legitimacy and purity of blood, and revenge themselves on what they regard as an outrage on national honour, by a coldness and contumely which they extend to even the second and third generations. Neither education, nor talents, nor conduct, nor wealth, secure to the youth who has sprung from an Indian source, on the mother's side, that degree of consideration which is awarded as a matter of course to the pure descendants of Europeans: he is looked upon as a living type of the in-

continency of the emigrants from the West; he is a connecting link between the white man and a race he disdains to recognise as his equal in the scale of humanity. He is, in short, a person who, for good reasons or bad reasons, should be "kept down," let his individual merit be what it may. But habitual contumely, however much it may, in a general way, brutalize its objects by lowering them in their own esteem, has not the effect of degrading the Eurasian East Indian country-born, or half-caste*. Proud of his parentage on the father's side, he claims to be treated as a European, whom he imitates in costume and pursuits, and of whose acquirements he obtains a smattering by a course of such education at one of the local grammar-schools as the bounty of the government or the European community, or a vague sense of duty on his father's part, may open to young persons of his grade of life. And be it said to his honour, that in his after career he rarely disgraces his teachers or dishonours his paternal origin. He takes pride in cherishing good principles and sober practices, assured that these alone will enable him to boast of his father the Colonel, or his father the Judge, without exciting contemporary ridicule. Sometimes it is his lot to be sent to England at a very early age, for the benefit of a higher kind of education than is generally attainable in India. Personal fondness for his offspring, a conviction that scholarship and good training may serve the boy in after life, if he be not destined to inherit a fortune, or help him to adorn it if he *is* to be a legatee, will induce the father of a Eurasian son to go to the expense of consigning him to some tried friend or well-conducted establishment in the far West; but the result is fatal or otherwise to the youth's happiness, according to whether he remains in England or returns to the scene of his childhood. *Here*, we are not disposed to scan very narrowly the birth, parentage, and complexion of men whose conduct and demeanour entitle them to a friendly reception in society; but in India, as before observed, the highest qualities are insufficient to set off the individual who wears "the shadowed livery of the burning sun." Hence, on his return to his native country, the Eurasian finds himself suddenly and almost unaccountably placed beyond the pale of society; and his natural sensibility, stimulated by education, is thus outraged to a most cruel degree, and often to a fatal issue. A tale, illustrative of this fact, occurs to me just now, and I am not aware that I can do better than relate it, with the double view of entertaining the reader of "Ainsworth's Magazine," and inducing the European in India to evince more consideration for the feelings of the educated Eurasians than is at present extended to them.

Edmund Merton was the son of a major in the Bengal army who, being stationed for some years in a part of the country remote from the great towns in Upper India, had formed a *liaison* with a female whose occupation was that of a nautch or dancing girl. This female became the mother of my hero, and as she and her companions appeared to the major to possess very few qualifications for the task of rearing his heir, he resolved, as soon as the child had reached his fifth year, to separate him from the tenants of the *Zenana*, and send him to a relative in

* This latter term is repudiated by the class, and its use regarded as an insult. The term *Eurasian*, first employed by the penultimate Marquis of Hastings, when Governor-General of India, is perhaps the most appropriate, combining as it does the titles of the two quarters of the globe.

England for his education. His relative, a cousin, having no family of his own, felt himself at a loss to rear so young and helpless a charge, and therefore committed him to the care of a maiden lady, who eked out a decent existence at a village near Totness, in Devonshire, by playing custodian and teacher to half a dozen of the tenderest youths of both sexes. With this lady and his companions the child was happy. His gentle disposition and pretty black eyes, added to the presumed helplessness of one so far removed from his parents, made him the pet of the guileless beings. One of them, Emily Bertram, a fair girl exactly his equal in years, especially attached herself to him, regarding the little Indian with the interest which an affectionate sister extends to a younger brother. Six years of the childhood of Edmund Merton were passed under the roof of Miss Worthington, and they were years unclouded by either sickness or family misfortune, or any of the bereavements which ever and anon cast a gloom over the existence of infancy. Major Merton, who in due course rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, was punctual in his remittances to his cousin the merchant, who as regularly transmitted the stipend to Miss Worthington, receiving with the stamped acknowledgment a favourable report of the progress of little Edmund. When our hero attained his eleventh year, however, it was deemed expedient by his guardian to transfer him to an academy where a higher class of education was obtainable than that which Miss Worthington professed to give. He was accordingly sent to a school in Yorkshire. Bitter was the separation between the poor boy and his little companion Emily Bertram—they had "grown together,"

> "Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
> But yet a union in partition,
> Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

But they hoped and expected to meet again soon, and, with the elasticity common to young hearts, the grief of the parting was soon forgotten.

Years rolled on—Edmund Merton was as happy with his new as with his late schoolfellows, for they liked his bland and unassuming manners, and instead of regarding his colour as a reproach, they deemed it, with the generosity common to youth, an appeal to their sympathies. He was a comparative stranger, and therefore entitled to friendly consideration. With the master of the school Edmund was likewise a favourite, for to his tractability he added a quick capacity, which saved the pedagogue a world of trouble, and gave our hero good places in the several classes to which, with his years and corresponding acquisitions, he advanced.

Pass we over the details of his school life. Edmund remained under the care of Dr. Parkinson until he was nineteen years of age, and had by that time attained a high degree of proficiency in all the branches of polite learning proper to a good position in society, and essential to further advances in the higher grades of life. He had scarcely passed his nineteenth birth-day, however, when one morning a carriage drove to the door of Stadbrook House, (the name of the school,) and an elderly gentleman alighted and desired to see Dr. Parkinson and Edmund Merton. This visitor was no other than old Mr. Merton, the guardian of the youth. Fourteen years had not passed over his head without leaving their traces in his silvered hair and furrowed

cheeks. He had had his share of personal cares, though the dissolution of the bonds of love had formed no part of his affliction. He had "had losses,"—men in whom he trusted had failed to large amounts—a clerk in whom he confided had plundered him of heavy sums. To solace the decline of life, with the affection of one on whose gratitude he had, unknown to the party himself, established a claim, was now the object of the venerable visitor. He thought, by making Edmund Merton the inmate of his house and his confidential friend, he should find a compensation in old age for the disappointments and vexations that had embittered the prime of life. And in making this transfer of the youth from the school to his domicile, he was but carrying out the wishes of Edmund's father, who, dying in India, a few years previously, had, by will, bequeathed the bulk of a tolerably handsome fortune to his son, enjoining the executor and guardian, his cousin, to withhold from Edmund the free use of the property until he had passed two or three years under his own eye, subject to the discipline of the counting-house.

Mr. Merton was gratified to find his charge had grown into a fine young man, and that his mind had undergone a due degree of cultivation. Edmund, on his part, was pleased to learn that he was about to commence the world under favourable auspices. A few hours, and the carriage rolled over the streets of London, bearing him to Finsbury Square, where his protector and future host resided. A few weeks, and he had seen enough of the great city to satisfy present curiosity. He was now installed in the office of Mr. Merton, who followed the business of a merchant and ship-broker, and though conscious of the possession of a handsome independence, his well-regulated mind suggested to him the prudence of acquiring fixed habits, and profitably consuming time in the pursuit of a not uninteresting business.

For two years our hero conscientiously pursued the vocation of a clerk, rising early and working each day until a late hour; he became a proficient in book-keeping—no one could enter or clear a ship with greater expedition—no one was more ready with appropriate replies to business applicants. In short, Edmund Merton had made himself as necessary to his friend and guardian as if his very bread had depended upon his diligence. One afternoon, in the summer of 1825, as he was closing the accounts of the good ship *Marquis of Granby*, and writing letters for despatch by her upon the morrow, a lady entered the counting-house, and enquired of the clerk who had charge of the passenger branch of the shipping business, whether she might safely prolong her stay in London another day without losing her passage by the *Marquis of Granby*. A reference was made to Merton, for he alone could tell when the vessel would actually sail from Portsmouth. The lady addressed herself to him. For the moment, Merton could not answer. Her beauty had powerfully arrested his attention—the softness of her voice had bound him as with a spell—and what rendered the enchantment more potent still, was a vague presentiment that he had seen that face and heard that voice before at some remote and now forgotten period. Pausing before he made reply, he ventured to ask the lady's name, and whether they had not met in by-gone days. The question operated upon her with electric effect—the features and complexion of Edmund Merton at once suggested his identity, and he, to his inexpressible delight, again clasped to his heart the idol of his

infancy, the beautiful Emily Bertram! A thousand strangely conflicting emotions at once seized the bosoms of the pair—a thousand questions were asked and answered—a thousand kind expressions were exchanged. But the real question at issue was forgotten—was the vessel likely to be detained? Could Miss Bertram stay another day? She could not—the ship was proceeding down the river, and by the following evening would be in the Downs. A hurried farewell was the result of the official reply.

That night was the first night of torment Merton had ever known. Sleep forsook his pillow; his pulse throbbed; his heart beat high: his brain was racked. The keen sensibility of his nature had been aroused. Love, ardent and ungovernable, had taken possession of his soul, and the hope of inspiring a corresponding passion had been fortified by the recollection of early interchanges of affection. But what availed it all?—what was to be done now that the precious jewel with which the *Marquis of Granby* was freighted was actually on the way to a far distant land?

Love is an ingenious counsellor: he supplies expedients to his votaries when all the schemes suggested by ordinary ingenuity have failed. Coming to the aid of Merton as the clock of the nearest church struck four, he whispered that there was yet time to proceed on board the outward-bound vessel, and exact from the beauteous object of adoration, and cause of restlessness, a pledge of future regard—if not something more. With characteristic energy, Merton sprang from his couch, and hastily dressing, sallied out of the house; and proceeding to an hotel in the neighbourhood, quickly obtained a post-chaise and four swift horses. Not a moment was lost—whip and spur were vigorously applied, and in a few hours Merton found himself at Deal. Rushing to the beach he obtained a boat, and commanded the men to row towards *the Marquis of Granby*, which at that moment had weighed anchor, and was filling her sails for the down-channel trip. Vigorously the boatmen plied their oars, and in a few minutes Merton stood on the quarter-deck. Emily was in her cabin: without waiting to be asked, Merton ran below and entreated an interview. Her own feelings were too much in unison with his for denial. Surprised, but not displeased, by his visit, she reciprocated all the passionate outpourings of his full heart. Would she become his wife if he followed her to India? Would she cherish during the voyage a recollection of that brief interview? Would she build her hopes of the future upon her recollections of the past? Her rapid answers were all in the affirmative. To quit the vessel with him, then, was, if not impossible, at least, imprudent: she would consider herself pledged, and he would speedily join her in India. Merton, in a perfect ecstacy of hope, left the ship, which then, favoured by a six-knot breeze, approached the South Foreland.

In the brief interview which had taken place, Merton learnt all the circumstances which led to the departure of his early love for India. It appears that, when at school, she had formed an intimacy with a girl who had married a member of the Bengal civil service; and this person, upon Emily's becoming an orphan, had offered her a home in Calcutta, if she felt disposed to avail herself of it. Emily had no other resource,—she readily accepted the kind offer, and had engaged a passage in the *Marquis of Granby*.

Four months had now elapsed. The ship that bore Emily Bertram

had safely reached Calcutta, and she was soon installed a guest in the magnificent palace (for the Calcutta houses are more like Italian *palazzi* than English residences) of Mrs. Flammenbury, the civilian's wife, and had received the homage of half the *élite* of the town.

And how had Edmund passed the same period? Greatly to the grief and consternation, and much against the earnest remonstrances of Mr. Merton, he had taken a passage in a fast sailing A 1 trader announced "to sail immediately." He did not attempt to remove his property from the custody of his old patron, for it was his purpose to return to England as soon as he should have espoused the beautiful Emily Bertram. He therefore merely took a sufficiency with him for present purposes, and in a few days he was fairly on his voyage in the good ship *James Pattison*. Calms and contrary winds were not, in point of fact, much more rife than usual; but, to Edmund's ardent imagination, they appeared to be prolonged beyond all ordinary limits. At length, within a month after Emily's arrival, the *James Pattison* entered the Ganges, and as she slowly sailed up that portion of the noble river which skirts the sylvan suburb of Calcutta known by the name of Garden Reach—a locality which transcends in verdant beauty the umbrageous vicinities of Isleworth and Richmond,—Edmund pictured to himself the boundless joy which would distinguish the meeting with his future bride.

An hour or two later and the ship was anchored abreast of the superb town of Calcutta. Edmund did not wait to land his luggage, but springing into one of the handsome covered barges which wait upon vessels immediately upon their arrival, he was soon ashore, and, ensconced in a palanquin, on his way to Garden Reach. The novelty of the scene—for even to Edmund, a native of the soil, long absence had made it novel—did not divert his mind from the one engrossing topic. Neither the stately buildings; nor the busy, sable population; nor the strange scenery, of surpassing arboraceous richness, had the slightest attraction for him: his senses were enwrapped in one delicious anticipation. In less than three quarters of an hour he had reached the gates of the compound—a Lilliputian park—in which the house stood, and in a few minutes more he had entered the cool and spacious vestibule where sleepy servants, squatted on the marble floor, awaited the summons comprised in the words *Qui hye!* Sending up his card, he was ushered by one of the domestics into a large and handsome saloon, used as a dining parlour. The punkah—a broad fan suspended from the ceiling—was instantly waved over his head by an unseen agency; but the zephyrs which it put in motion were insufficient to cool the fever of his brain. After a longer delay than he had anticipated—a delay which served the purpose of giving birth to some undefinable apprehensions which covered his teeming fancy, as it were, with a pall, he heard the rustle of a female dress. In an instant he was on his legs, and at the door of the apartment, to greet the object of his idolatry. An elegant and stately woman, on whom climate had only just begun to stamp a delicate pallor, met him at the door, and, advancing into the room, motioned him to a chair, at the same time bidding her servant to leave the room. It was Mrs. Flammerbury. Edmund was amazed. What could it all mean? Why this stately reserve where he had looked for hearty welcome? Where was Emily? —was she ill—absent—or—? He asked at once a hundred incoherent

questions, but received no reply until he had ceased to interrogate. Mrs. Flammerbury then commenced something very like a set speech, in which she intimated that, unconsciously, perhaps, Mr. Merton had placed Miss Bertram in a cruel and unlooked-for position, from which it was his duty as a man of honour to extricate her, or leave her the sad alternative of acting for herself irrespective of his wishes and feelings. Edmund, parenthetically, protested against the insinuation that any part of his conduct would bear a construction inimical to his honour. The lady continued. "He (Edmund) was probably not aware that, however recklessly Englishmen in India rushed into alliance with ladies of colour, English girls had not yet so far forgotten their obligations to society as to form matrimonial connexions with persons of his complexion. Such unions were not tolerated in Anglo-Indian society, and Miss Bertram had only assented to Mr. Edmund Merton's advances, in ignorance of the insurmountable barrier which prudential considerations had established, &c. &c. Under these circumstances"—the fluent lady proceeded—"Miss Bertram casts herself upon the generosity of Mr. Merton. She was sure he would not expect the fulfilment of a hastily formed contract which could only lead to perpetual misery—but that if he did ——."

Up to this moment Edmund had listened in a kind of stupified amazement, but now he could restrain his pent-up emotions no longer. Bursting into a flood of tears, he gave vent to the most passionate ejaculations, now denouncing his own ignorance and folly which had led him so far in a vain pursuit—and now anathematizing the artificial distinctions which had converted a marriage promise into something like a crime. Not a syllable of reproach did he breathe against her whose want of resolution had now cast him into a slough of fearful despond; his generous nature rather excused her as the innocent victim of a system of which they had both been ignorant. Recovering from the paroxysm into which the dreadful intelligence had thrown him, he rose to take his leave, simply asking whether he might not see Emily Bertram for a moment, to assure her of the constancy of his attachment, and to bid her farewell. This privilege was denied him. "*Miss* Bertram," said Mrs. F., "thinks it would spare the feelings of both parties if no meeting took place"

Slow and sadly did Edmund Merton retrace his steps to the river's brink, to rejoin the vessel that had brought him to the abhorred shore. His pride and his love had received a terrible shock. He had learnt, for the first time in his life, that he had been born with a stain upon him more offensive in the sight of the oligarchies of British colonies than the "original sin" which is the heritage of all God's creatures. He had been "discarded thence" where he had garnered up his heart —and his only fault was that his skin was tawny! It was a cruel and overwhelming visitation.

In the Captain of the *James Pattison*, Merton had ever found a kind, a frank, and intelligent friend. To him, therefore, he unbosomed his griefs, and sought consolation and counsel. The Captain had frequently made voyages to India, and was sufficiently well acquainted with the strange constitution of society, to be able perfectly to comprehend the process of reasoning by which Emily Bertram had been induced to swerve from her pledge. He knew that, bred up as Edmund had been, it would be a source of daily mortifications to him to remain in Calcutta;

and find himself, a young man of fortune and good education, debarred the society of his mental equals; he accordingly advised his instant return to England, and to that end introduced Edmund to the captain of a small vessel that was on the point of sailing to Liverpool. Edmund at once removed his luggage, and in a very few days turned his back upon India, not, however, without addressing a letter to Emily, in which he upbraided her perfidy, spoke of the deep wound she had inflicted on his peace, and wished that she might find, in another, as fond a husband as he would have made her. He reminded her of the happiness of their early days; and in closing his letter bitterly quoted the beautiful apostrophe,—

> "Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
> ——— ——— the hours that we have spent,
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time
> For parting us O, is all forgot?
> All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?"

Two months have elapsed, and the little barque has rounded the Cape of Storms. Time, and the delicate attentions of the pretty wife of the old seaman, have done much to soothe the irritated feelings of Edmund Merton, and he has now resumed, in a great measure, the cheerfulness by which he was ordinarily characterized. He is returning to the land of his adoption, and to the bosom of an enlightened circle, who recognise none of the distinctions arising out of the accidents of birth. But an event occurs which has a material influence upon his future career. The captain is taken seriously ill—there is no competent medical adviser on board, and death soon terminates the mariner's earthly sufferings. The chief mate assumes the command and direction of the ship, and it now becomes Merton's duty, in his turn, to offer the interesting widow all the consolation her bereavement has suggested.

The human heart is strangely constituted. It admits as readily of the rapid ejection of one object by the introduction of another, as if there were the same neutralizing virtue in new affections that the blood finds in counter medicines—

> "All love may be expelled by love,
> As poisons are by poisons."*

An illustration was supplied in the present instance. Merton soon forgot the cruelty of Emily in the society of the widow, and the latter, before the ship entered the Mersey, at the conclusion of the voyage, had consented to accept the hand of the interesting passenger, as compensation in full for the loss of the affectionate skipper!

We have too much respect for the homes of decent married people, to think of obtruding upon the public a detail of the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Merton passed their lives. We have reason to believe that Merton gave very few occasions for serious Caudle lectures; and Mrs. Merton performed all her duties, even to the stocking Merton's quiver with a small supply of arrows, in a most exemplary manner, during the first six years of their union. Indeed we should close our tale with the charming picture of domestic felicity their lives present, did not strict poetical justice require that we should follow the fortunes of Emily Bertram, and exhibit in their true colours all the unhappy consequences of yielding to a strong and unworthy prejudice.

* Dryden's "All for Love."

It was on a fine night in the middle of August, 1832, that Merton, who had been dining with a friend at Kensington, was returning along the pathway which skirts Hyde Park, when he was accosted by a female who appeared rather disposed to solicit alms of the stranger, than propose an offensive traffic. The general demeanour of the woman caused Merton, whose heart was always alive to generous impulses, to slacken his step and listen to her. She walked by his side for a short distance—the voice was familiar to his ear—the gait was not altogether foreign to his eye. Presently they reached a lamp-post, when stopping to take out his purse and afford her aid, he suddenly beheld in the stream of light the well-known features of Emily Bertram! Great was his grief and astonishment at this sudden rencontre. He had supposed her to be living in affluence in India, the honoured wife of a Senior Merchant (as the superior servants of the company were then called), for he had seen her marriage announced. She recognised him as readily as he discovered her, and with less reserve than she would have shown in prouder days, revealed her sad history. It involved a tale too often told in India—of selfishness, ambition, passion, remorse and disgrace. Emily, instigated by her *burra bebee** friend, had given her hand to a gentleman very much her senior in years, who had a large income and a handsome establishment. Her heart she reserved for a later suitor—a captain of dragoons. The *liaison* was discovered; banishment from her husband's house, followed by a formal separation, was the immediate result; her paramour refused to receive her—society turned its back upon her, and she was only too glad to receive from one who had tasted her hospitality, when in affluence, the means of returning to England, a prey to the undying worm. She had landed only a fortnight previous to her meeting with Merton; no one of the few friends she had would admit her, and beggary, or something worse, was the only source of subsistence open to her. Merton shed burning tears over her narrative—gave her the present means of existence, and appointed to meet her in Hyde Park the following day, intending in the mean time to consult with his wife as to further arrangements for her welfare. On reaching home he told the whole story to Mrs. Merton, who, out of the fulness of her sympathy for the erring sufferer, proposed that their house should afford her an asylum.

The next day Merton proceeded from his residence to the appointed spot. Emily was not true to her engagement. For an hour he waited in expectation of her coming—but she came not. He was leaving the Park by the bridge across the Serpentine river to retrace his steps homewards, when some policemen, followed by a ragged crowd, emerged from the house of the Royal Humane Society, bearing a human body upon a board. "Poor thing!" ejaculated an old woman who formed part of the curious assemblage, "tired of her life, I dare say." The words arrested Merton's attention—he addressed himself to the police officers and begged to look upon the face. His curiosity was gratified—Emily Bertram was the hapless suicide!

* Great lady.

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS.

Eine Tour durch Belgium, im Iahre 1844, *aus dem Tagebuch des Grafen A. von Gurowsky.* Bei D. PHISTERER, in Heidelberg, 1845.

THE Count Adam Gurowsky, whose name is familiar to the German world from a late controversy which he has had with General Uminsky in the public press, and since, by a general excommunication of his countrymen at Posen, is one of those Poles who took office under the Russian government, and who some months since made a precipitate retreat from Cracovy. The reasons for his sudden abandonment of his post seem to have been sufficiently urgent, for he tells us, in the opening of his volume, that he "had narrowly escaped an *involuntary* journey to the far East," meaning Siberia. His story seems, however, to have been no secret to the Prussian authorities, for he adds "that he was conducted out of Aix-la-Chapelle by gens-d'armes." What the political reasons may have been for his flight, the count does not explain; but he says, "For fifteen years I have had much to endure —have passed a life of suffering; but various as my career has been, I can, with a quiet conscience, look back upon it. Not that I am proud, in the most stormy moments, of not having been accessary to any acts of bloodshed—but that my hands have been unsoiled with gold—and that, in spite of all temptations, my life and thoughts have remained pure." The Count Gurowsky's fate, if such be the case, whether through his fault or ill fortune, is no enviable one. A Pole by birth, and a Russian by adoption—he is repudiated by both—and he, in this volume, takes his *revanche* on either nation.

Of his own countrymen, under the head of *Grafomanie*, he says, "What in Belgium, as well as other lands, excites astonishment, is the monstrous number of counts that are found among the emigrants. It would appear that Poland produces nothing but counts; and yet, foreigners object that the history of Poland speaks of a democratic nobility hostile to all titles, and cannot conceive whence such a sudden elevation of rank has sprung—the more so, as the Committee, which has been sitting at Warsaw for some years, for the purpose of officially searching into such claims, has recognized very few as authentic. About the end of the seventeenth century there was a law passed, forbidding, under severe penalties, such an assumption. Under the dominion of the House of Saxony, many heads of families, during their travels abroad, which then were general, thought proper to give themselves the title of Count, or to receive it from the complaisant foreigners. As, at that time, the Polish tourists belonged to the powerful and rich classes, and took with them large suites, and heavy bags of gold, and were thus enabled to outvie the native nobles, they admitted them to their own rank. Even before the entire fall of Poland, in 1794, some but not many families were, in public documents, ennobled by the neighbouring German princes. But after the great catastrophe, the Court of Vienna, in order to gain over adherents, gave to every magnate living in that part of Poland which fell under Austrian rule, (who was of old but a *Wojewode*,) or who filled any high

office, the title of Count; but only personally and for life. This, many of their descendants continued to assume. Out of this grew, not a right, but a pretension." And to prove how very few families really are entitled to claim the distinction, he cites that of the *Potocki*, more distinguished, perhaps, than any other by the high posts about the Court they have filled; and who yet were only, in 1742, by the favour of the Emperor, elevated to that rank. He adds, causticly, "that most of the titled Poles, who are met at every step in the hotels, do not belong to the above named historical category, but are either self-created, or waiter-created counts." Count Gurowsky's nobility is. of course, unquestionable. Of the Russian travellers, after justifying the severe *Ukase* of the Emperor against absentees, he says, not very flatteringly, "If we fall in with them, we cannot help remarking how young and old, of whatever grade of society, instead of going to see what is worth seeing, pass their time in gaming or other houses; and how the ladies go about from one dressmaker to another, and how all of them, when they enter a bookseller's shop, never inquire for anything but novels. What sort of enlightenment or improvement is to be derived from such travelling, and how much more usefully they might be occupied at home, naturally suggests itself."

But it is time we should remember that we are in Belgium. Spa was the first place in which the Count made any stay. He says of it, "I had represented to myself this far-famed town as better built, with wider streets, and of greater elegance. Eclipsed by its numerous rivals on both banks of the Rhine, and almost excluded from the tours of the fashionable world, that in swarms pass on to the privileged robber-dens, where the green cloth, under the pretence of benefiting the *Communes*, daily adds victims to victims, and falls upon to plunder them, as once did the bandit knights from the neighbouring mountains,—Spa, instead of its former renown and bustle, presents yet to the stranger the evergreen of its thickly-wooded hills, and offers to him an agreeable retreat, cheap accommodation, and a friendly welcome." It was in Spa that the Count found his brother and sister-in-law, the Infanta of Spain,—whose elopement made so much noise in Europe, and who, by-the-by, were married at Dover. The portrait of the Princess, as drawn by the Count Adam, is a very flattering one—so flattering indeed, that it appears overcharged. He says, "Whatever poets have conceived of the ideal, of the beautiful, and sublime, is found united in the Infanta.—She is a being gifted with all that is noble and great, with a strength of mind that would do honour to a man—an energy of character, such as few men possess, and yet without injuring the charm of the tenderest womanhood. A depth of understanding combined with a singular presence of mind—a soul open to the purest impressions, place the Infanta above most of her sex, as she, by the elevation of her mind, is raised above most of the members of her royal house. With a wonderful insight into the human mind, she has preserved the purity of her soul. With the most lively disposition, she never wounds the *amour propre* of any one by a word, or its intentional accentuation. Poetry and the fine arts fill up the leisure hours of the Infanta; at such moments she gives full scope to her feelings, and pours them out in fiery, passionate, poetical effusions—or yielding to an irresistible impulse, reveals, in rich and affecting tones, and

snatches of song, the harmony of her soul. At length having extorted the obedience of her yielding pencil, with the speed of thought she gives birth to impressions, recollections, landscapes, and figures which she has seen, or created out of her exuberant fancy. That the external appearance of the Infanta is in graceful accord with the inward harmony of her soul, need scarcely be added. There is no *petitesse* in her, no affectation, or straining after effect, and with genial *many-sidedness* adorning the sanctuary of her home, she spreads around her a magic circle that enchants all who approach her. When she leaves Spa, her image will remain graven on all hearts, her name be honoured and blessed. There was no cottage where she had not brought consolation, no misery which she had not sought to alleviate."

A fortunate man, that emigrant Count, the cadet of the House of Gurowsky, seems to have been! Among the bath guests we are also introduced to the Prince and Princess of Capua. The tourist says, after speaking of this equally strange marriage, "About ten years have flown over the head of the princess without having effected any visible change in her classic and regular features, and her imposing beauty cannot fail to produce a deep impression. The married pair lived retired, and only associated with the prince's niece, the Infanta, and her husband, Lord Dinorben, and a few aristocratic notabilities. But ten years have passed over the noble Princess of Capua, and over the rage of her crowned relative, without having diminished it.

"It is easily conceivable that the King of Naples, deeply indignant at the step his brother took, should still refuse to recognize his sister-in-law's claims; but it is an indisputable truth, that the prince was ill advised by his friends, in throwing himself into the arms of the *English public*, the *minister* and the *parliament*. By the aid of their combined powers, the prince thought to force from his brother that which, not by defiance, but by family influence, might have been brought about. He forgot that every private individual would, with a proper pride, have indignantly spurned the interference of a foreign parliament in his family affairs." Before we go further, we must here remark, that Count Adam de Gurowski seems to have been strangely mystified regarding the affair of this marriage. He may be now informed, that the English public have taken little or no interest in it—the minister less—the parliament none. The Princess of Capua has never been received at court; nor can the marriage, according to the laws of Naples, be considered as other than a *morganatic* one. The count goes on to say, "The king, by this conduct of his brother, has been led to exercise towards him an unnecessary severity—keeps him in exile; this, though cruel, is not unaccountable, but it shows in the king a cruelty without a name, to withhold from the prince his revenues, though he may lay by their amount for his use hereafter—to subject him to every privation,—the pressure of want, and all its burthens and consequences, and render him a victim to the greediness of usury.

"The swarm of British birds of passage, with their *somebodies* and *nobodies* (the last naturally the mos numerous)," continues the count, "and their viaggiatory misses, that pounce down on the Continent, was not wanting at Spa, and as the saints and blues are ever sure to meet together, so Spa had a specimen of each. There was a Lady Long, who writes holy novels, and holds religious discussions at balls with

attachés, else a good-natured woman, and in England and France distinguished by her writings, high fashion, and elegant anecdotes,"—(*quære* who this Lady Long can be,) "and a Mrs. Maberly, whose works are full of moral and high feeling. This Mrs. Maberly was, during Guizot's embassy, once in London, as a blue, placed next him at a dinner party. Her first question was whether M. Guizot had ever written a novel,—and when he gave a negative reply, she advised him by all means to have the courage to try, adding, that it was not such a difficult task as he might think. It may be supposed that the *amour propre* of the leader of the Doctrinaires was not much flattered. And yet full many of his opponents had rather that he should write romances than see them carried out in politics—for his love for England is no romance"!!! The count, like most Russians, seems to look with an evil eye on the good understanding between France and England. The tourist, among other well-known public characters, mentions also the Carlist General Balmazeda, who was detained there by illness on his journey to St. Petersburg. "His name," he says, "is fearfully notorious in the annals of the Spanish civil war. A right Spanish, dark, haughty Don," he adds, "is General Balmazeda, a character such as poets, from Calderon to Victor Hugo, have depicted them." He speaks very openly—without the slightest reserve—of his cruelties. —'Yes,' said the general, 'I have made examples of pitiless severity, but my grey-haired father, my mother and sister, were barbarously forced out of their homes with the butt-ends of muskets, and cruelly murdered. Then I smothered in my breast every feeling of compassion.—Revenge and blood were my watchwords. My enemies will not forgive me—but from their party I ask for no forgiveness.'

"The general would not hear of the marriage of the Prince of Asturia with the young queen. This were, he thought, a round-about expedient unworthy of the cause, for accomplishing its ends. It would be a virtual abandonment of his rights, paid for with so much Spanish blood; or if by treaty and marriage he should, from a prince, become king, and by these means establish his rights, and bring into power his adherents, it would be unbecoming in him so to overreach his enemies. Don Carlos, or the king, as he called him, ought, in the general's opinion, to put his trust in the arms of his faithful subjects, and wait for a favourable moment to strike the blow, which, according to him, could not fail to come. Perhaps these ideas are not consonant with the political state of Spain, but they are noble and manly. When the general spoke about the last occurrences at Bergiera, his eyes sparkled and his words were streams of fire. It would be a vain attempt to describe the impression they made on his audience. Like the hollow moaning of the hurricane, they sent forth the utterance of a thrilling anguish, from the wildly agitated breast of the intrepid man. In the eyes of the distinguished publicist, Herr L., of Aix-la-Chapelle, who was present at this conversation, I saw tears of emotion, and Herr L. is no friend to the traditions of absolutism—actually a thick and thin Progresista. The health of the general is undermined, indeed, by passionately glowing hate, eating care, longing for home, eternally annihilated hopes, Though he may with confidence rely on a worthy reception at St. Petersburg, the climate there will operate as destructively on his consumptive and broken constitution, as his campaigns against the Christinos."

Of the Brussels *Harte Velu* the count does not seem to entertain any very high opinion. He says, "One sees that affectation is their prevailing atmosphere, that they have no individuality of character, but have formed themselves in foreign models. For this reason," he adds, "the graceful is not their *forte*," and he does not think they possess a talent for conversation, or an *esprit de jouité*.

There are many deep and excellent observations scattered through these pages—none more so than the following, under the head of *Lions*. —"The warlike ancestors of the present European nobility were also *Lions*, only that they had different fangs and claws, that could not be hid by *Gants jaunes*. True to the present fashion, instead of wearing swords and carrying spears, they sport handsome shirt-pins, and instead of a coat of mail, know how to make a good *tie*. Not by such *lionism*, not by *steeple* chases, and such things, can the nobility regain its lost pre-eminence. But it would seem that by far the greater part of the European nobility only show their superiority by such unworthy and low pursuits. If our progenitors, true to the elements of their times, sought their renown, and found it in arms, war, and chivalry, and self-denials, so it now becomes *us*, under changed circumstances, by a cultivation of mind in conformity with the progress of mankind, to distinguish ourselves by the development of great ideas, and a creative energy, in order to remain true to the tradition of our pre-eminence. By such means, in accordance with the requisites and demands of the present epoch, the nobility might infuse some warmth into this cold machine-phrase world. The noble should not support himself alone on his coat of arms, but accomplish acts for the welfare of the people, such as real chivalry enjoined, and the masses would then again do justice to their traditional badges of honour, and those who bear them, and would trust in and follow them. The people begin already to have their ideas cleared up respecting the philanthropy of the steam-sprung mighty, and leaders will be ever necessary. The noble has previously allowed others to take the lead of him in acquirements, and yet it was he who for hundreds of years took the lead. Now the people stand above him, and rightly so, for talent and education are the highest nobility. With perverse obstinacy and levity the noble has done his utmost to drive on the destructiveness of the age. In the stagnant and weedy pool of materialism he expends his powers and loses his honour, and goes down into this morass without enwrapping himself, as he is sinking, in the sturdy manliness of his ancestors."

A large portion of the count's book is occupied with speculations on the growing and crying evil of the times, pauperism, and its causes, but for which, like other political economists, he seems to suggest no remedies. The Belgians do not seem more exempted than other nations from this curse of manufactures and civilization. He observes, "The Ardennes, like the οι πολλοι of other countries, has to struggle up to famished old age with oppression, poverty, and the toilsome dragging on of daily labour. He is equally a prey to the covetousness of the rich, the factory-lords, and other sons of speculation. The curse of the *Sic vos non vobis* is ever prominent under all the forms of social life —Adam's curse; which as soon as he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, had already begun. I have heard the poor citizens or inhabitants of Spa, as well as the peasants of the Ardennes, that surround it, universally express this sentiment:—'If one is sure of fire-wood in

the winter, and a store of potatoes, one is happy and secure.' The Polish boor says the same; the Bohemian and Silesian weaver; the Saxon, Hessian, Westphalian, Rhenish, day-labourer. We have the same sentiment in later times from the once rich Flemish; in short, it is everywhere a repeated echo, from Ural to the Atlas, wherever there are men. The rich live, the poor starve. Misery, therefore, prevails in all longitudes and latitudes, climates, religions and political institutions. Misery and potatoes! To this have philanthropy, the political economists, and philosophy, brought the world! Want and hunger is the pressing cry, which is sought to be smothered with potatoes. Not for 'their daily bread' do the poor cry, but potatoes!"

Of Liege the count says, "Whatever the manufacturers require in rough materials for their employ, is furnished by the Ardennes' iron and coal. In what manner, however, these materials (and it is to be hoped in part only) are employed, is proved by the fire-arms which are fabricated for those over the seas, especially for the African coast trade. These, according to orders, are to burst after five or six shots, else the article is destined to form part of the manufacturer's stock in trade —is not vendible.—Industrious industry!"

Speaking of the clergy, he says, "It was to me an unaccustomed sight, and an unagreeable one, and my catholic *esprit de corps* was shocked everywhere, and at all times, to hit upon priests, on whose brows might be read no apostolic humility, but arrogance and a proud consciousness of their power. I speak not of the church, but of railroads and diligences, and what was worse, to find them in gaming houses, and animated spectators of races, in the dress of their order!"

Under the heading of Forts, the count gives an excellent anecdote: —"At the building of a new fortress, the officer in command said to a Jew, one of the labourers, 'Now this fort, when finished, will put an end to revolts outside.' 'Suppose, however, those inside should revolt,' retorted the Jew."

At Bruges, he makes the following apostrophe:—"O cotton wool! thou universal and all involving material! For thee there has been, for more than half a century, more blood shed than for any other idea of the old or new world. For thee is the earth and its people stirred up. Cotton, thou Alpha and Omega of our time; thou turnest the negro in America, and the white man in Europe, into slaves; thou hast dominion over nations and kings, the press and diplomacy; all live but through thee, and for thee! How can we wonder or complain of the insensibility of the age. All the channels to the human affections are stopped up with bales of cotton!"

At Ostend the count speaks of King Leopold:—"In a narrow street I observed coming out of a five-windowed, two-storied house, an oldish gentleman plainly dressed, and his clothes of a very old-fashioned cut. Right and left, he, without intermission, saluted those he met, and which greetings were returned with more cordiality than respect. His haggard, elongated features expressed German *bonhommie*, not without talent, but at the same time a tolerable dose of true British spleen. In answer to my inquiries, I learnt that this was the King of the Belgians, and that the modest house was his and his family's summer palace. The king is fortunate in understanding how to make so easy his thorny *constitutional* throne, and retaining his good humour under the oppression of *ennui*. King Leopold is set over spirits so unruly

and discordant, that it required as much art as policy in him to preserve the necessary calm and endurance, and to be esteemed as he is. Many a time and oft has he had to sacrifice his personal inclinations to ministerial constitutionalism. Such was the case with his favourite aide-de-camp, Gen. von N., whom the minister dismissed in the royal ante-room. So was it with the cavalry general, Count von L., a brave active soldier of Napoleon's time, and who, in spite of the wish of the king, and the order of the day, which had received the king's signature, on account of his aristocratic birth, was by the plebeian minister placed on half-pay. By such means, constitutional royalty loses the only ground that justifies its existence, whose prerogative it is to defend and promote the welfare of all; if it fulfils not this, it sinks down to party. Belgium," he adds, "has only the name of a kingdom, for the king has less power than the president of the United States." It is clear from these remarks, that the count is no friend to constitutional governments; indeed, the whole tenor of his work—his one sided view of Belgium and its institutions, and his fulsome praise of the Emperor Nicholas, shows this; but he cannot "help confessing, that in no country in Europe have the freedom of the press and equality become so much the fundamental principles of the state." No small praise.

This desultory volume, spread out by a river of margin to a size which exempts it from the censorship of the press, is, as may be judged, rather a political pamphlet than a hand-book of Belgium, and his descriptions of Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Mechlin, and Ostend, are of little use to the traveller. His knowledge of the fine arts is very limited. He finds no picture of Rubens to commend but a Dead Christ at Antwerp; of its port he says, "It is the haven of the Continent—there is none so great—so secure—so thoroughly fit for the *frightful* (furchtsamen) trade of the Continent. If we add to this, that it is the central point, from which the railroads diverge, its destiny menaces that old *coquette, Lady Thames*"!!!

It is natural to suppose, that the count, like all Belgian tourists, should have visited the plains of Waterloo. It is a thrice-told tale, but his account of it is original. He says, "Almost all the inhabitants of the village of Waterloo are cicerones. An Englishman who has, since the battle, resided there, and who was in the action, is on that account, and because more of his countrymen make pilgrimages to it than others, in most esteem. In order, however, to guard against a one-sided view, I associated with him another guide, a young man, who, in the year 1815, was fourteen or fifteen years of age, and at that time employed in the *Ferme Mont St. Jean.* With these companions, and Jomani's map and description, I sought the plain of grim recollections. My Belgian was body and soul made over to French renown; he hated, like a true son of the Continent, the *Insulars*, but most of all his rival, who reaped a better harvest from the field than himself. The altercation between them began with the taking up of the positions. The more we got into the thick of the action, so much the more dark and threatening were the looks of the two hostile representatives of history. But it is impossible to describe the rage of the Englishman, when the Belgian pointed out to the hollow way, which right from the monument, some hundred yards long and a foot high, lay in front of the English lines, and where he declared the Man of the Allies, as he called the Duke of Wellington, had, with the regiments of guards, laid down be-

hind this breast-work, thus protected from the balls of the French; adding, that it was only at the retreat of the old guard, that they sprung up and precipitated themselves on the already overpowered. At this blasphemy my Englishman was speechless with wrath and indignation, and at length declared that my presence alone prevented him from splitting the sconce of the blasphemer. He said this in English, and the other replied, "*C'est pourtant cela,*" without being at all aware that his French skull was threatened. His opponent did not really mean what he said, for the Belgian looked as if he could have broken any two Englanders over his knee. We approached the end of the drama, and the narrative. The event of the battle was all on the side of the Englishman. Here, however, the Belgian called out to me, "*Ne lui croyez pas, Monsieur, jamais les Anglais ne seraient Vênus à bout des Français—C'est les Prussiens qui sont les vrais vainqueurs, et les Français sont morts comme des saints et des braves.*" This anecdote is amusing, but the tenor of the count's book is anything but cheerful. Count Gurowski is, however, an exile and a wanderer, and can, as he says in conclusion, "strike no chords on his heart that do not vibrate painfully."

The work is written in German, and the style keeps pace with the looseness of the materials; it is, however, though untranslateable, worthy of attentive perusal; the production of an active, inquiring, though somewhat of a Machiavellish mind, of a man the want of whose services must be a loss to the autocrat.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

THERE are moments when the heart,
Shrinking from its bitter part,
Wearying of its course of pain,
Finding all things false and vain,
Cares but to forget the past,
Die in peace—and rest at last.

Sometimes—o'er calamity
The Spirit riseth proud and high;
Conscious of its enduring might,
It struggles to the onward light,
All shapes of agony defied
By its unconquerable pride.

Strange are these moods—but stranger still
How some can, by their own free will,
Soaring above the storms of Fate,
An inward Paradise create,
From which calm home of sure delight,
They smile to scorn the world's despite.

ST. SILVESTER'S NIGHT.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MADAME DE CRESPIGNY.

No country in Europe is so famous for its superstitions as Germany; a land of forests and mountains, full of the ruins of castles and fortresses, which have been the witnesses of scenes of bloodshed and rapine, the abodes of so many bandit-thiefs and petty tyrants, who waged war with each other, or with their oppressed serfs; there is scarcely a part of it, from the *Swartz-wald* to the Hartz, that has not its legend, kept alive by tradition, or recorded by the romance-writers or poets; and these not only of olden but modern times. In England, all the interest in our legends is gone by. The pressure of the day, the destitution and misery of the so-called lower classes, awakening even from its lethargy bloated wealth, absorbs all other contemplations. But Uhland, Rückert, and Körner, owe their popularity to such themes. Germany lives only in the past. Perhaps it would have its Dickenses, its William Howitts, and Hoods too, were it not that the press is shackled. And that reminds me where I am, under the eye of Heidelberg Castle.

Who has not heard of Heidelberg Castle? the old seat of the Palatines—a mountain of stone—once a town in itself, capable of containing within its walls an army, frowning defiance on its enemies, but vainly, for it has been frequently besieged and captured—devastated by the Bavarians—ravaged by Melac—blown up by the sanguinary Tilly—and finally destroyed by lightning; and now the most extensive and picturesque ruin perhaps in the world—its *Ritter Saal* one of its wonders still. It may be supposed that so spectral a pile is not without its legends; but the story I am about to treat of is no legend. Ten years have scarcely transpired since the occurrence took place, even the name of my hero is no supposititious one. He was well known to a young physican now residing here, his cotemporary, and member of the same Cöre in the University; and the cicerone of the castle has enabled me to fill up some details with which he was unacquainted, and if I could connect them well, I think I could prove to my readers, that reality surpasses fiction—life all romance.

It was on St. Silvester's night, and near on the stroke of eleven, for the curfew, warning all *Kneipers*, had ceased tolling, when three students, who had since sunset been drinking large potations from out the ample beakers before them of that favourite German beverage, beer, were seen seated in the *Hirsch-gass* Hostel. *There* had been held an *allgemeine*, or general assemblage of the Cöres. The table, which extended from one end to the other of the vast desolate-looking lofty room, or as much of it as a single lamp in the centre, whose light was dimmed by thick clouds of smoke—tobacco-smoke—could show, bore signs of having been lately occupied, for huge stone flagons, and ample *choppin* glasses, in admired disorder—some full—some empty—some half filled—others upset or broken, were scattered over the surface of the floating deals. The chairs too kept no regular line,

but formed groups in all directions, and many of them upset, others broken, betrayed that harmony had not reigned in the assembly, but, on the contrary, bore incontestable marks of those differences that universally attend such meetings, and mute testimony to the excesses that had characterized this occasion. There is nothing more grim than such a spectacle. The mind reverts to what has been, even goes beyond the reality: it peoples the place with Banquo's ghosts, and suggests that the morrow is pregnant with scenes of blood that have been engendered by intemperance and debauchery. But the trio I have mentioned were in no moralizing mood, nor engaged in such contemplations. The *Kleeblat*, or *Trefoil*, as these students were called, from their being constantly together, hanging like the three leaves of the shamrock on one stalk, belonged to the same club, and were what is denominated *corps burshes*, fellows of the corporation, and worthy ones, for though they had roared their songs louder than the rest of their brethren, and drank deeper of that Lethean flood, and though, unlike Socrates in the Symposium, after the celebrated drinking-bout, they were neither of them in a fit condition to give a lecture or attend one, could not be called intoxicated.

It was, I have said, the last day of the year. From time to time the report of pistols was heard from the town, half a mile distant, by way of rejoicing at the approaching death of the old year, or welcoming the coming of the new one, and an occasional fall of sparks from an expiring rocket outglared the dim light of the flickering lamp. But I must not forget my triumvirate;—one was a Freiherr, a ruby-faced bloated Silenus-looking beardless youth, with his coat off and sleeves tucked up to show the muscle of his arm, which he was in the habit of constantly caressing; the second a Graff, who would have been a distinguished ornament of Frederick the Great's body-guard, remarkably dandified after the student fashion, with long ringletted black hair hanging over his shoulders, a coat elaborately embroidered, and who prided himself on a beard that might have done honour to a Persian. Of the third, the hero of my story, it is necessary that I should speak more in detail. He was about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, for students do not go so young to college as with us, of a very emaciated frame, a face pale and wan from late hours, devoted to hard study and excessive drinking, and which appeared yet more ghastly from the quantity of flaxen hair which covered it, and presented to my mind some resemblance to the flower vulgarly called "Devil in a Bush." He was the son of a rich wine-grower near Worms, renowned for its congress in old times, and now for a vast gloomy cathedral, that occupies as much space as half the town, a pile that seems properly conscious of its former greatness, and proud of the *prestige* that hangs over it. But Worms is at the present day not without a name, for it is here, under the shadow of another church, that the grapes grow from which is made the celebrated *Liebfrau milch.* Wine and a church!—what an antithesis! Both, however, equally belong to my tale. Rappert, for such was the name of my hero, had been brought up to associate them together, though not very religiously, for the proverb "The nearer the church the further from God" was not inapplicable to him; and none of the Cöre vociferated with greater emphasis those parts of the students' songs that depict Heaven as a Moslem Paradise. His thoughts now had turned on Worms; he had

received that day a letter from his father, taxing him with his wild and extravagant courses, and another from one more dear to him, full of evil omens; and he confounded, with no very clear intellects, the church, and love, and wine.

He had made all these that evening the subjects of discussion, the first last; and the rubicund Freiherr, who was in a jeering humour, and as merry as Rappert was inclined to be lachrymose, said, slapping him on the back,—

"Thou talk of a church!—Why thou hast, to my certain knowledge, not been within the walls of one since thou hast passed thy five *Semesters* here in Heidelberg, nor do I think thou hast often paid thy devotions in that great doomed mass of *pretension*, which you so much bepraise, the cathedral at Worms. I saw enough of it from the steamer as I came up the Rhine—a skeleton thing it is—the ghost of the past."

"Remember," interrupted the Count, with mock seriousness, "this is a night of solemn warning, an ominous night, and perhaps at this very moment thy name is being whispered in the church porch, for thou knowest that the names of all those fated to die, or worse, during the next year, *are* whispered there every *Silvester's Abend* to fair questioners, anxious for the welfare of those they love.

"Eh, Rappert!" added he, changing his tone to one of familiarity, "hast thou any such? Come! confess, old fellow."

The eyes of the person addressed were gloomed with an unusual expression of melancholy at these words, but he would have thought it a sacrilege to divulge to his companions, at such a place, and on such an occasion, what was passing in his mind. He therefore said, for all reply—

"'Ominous night!'—'Whispering in church porches!'—mere vulgar superstitions; as education advances, a belief in such forewarnings grows weaker and weaker, and would have been long worn out altogether, but for romance-writers, like Hoffmann, a half madman when sober, and quite one when drunk, as he generally was. But who now-a-days reads his fantastical and diabolical tales?—his *Doppelganger* and *Goldene Topf?* One would think, to hear thee, that thou hadst become a second Anselm."

"Sacrilege, downright sacrilege," responded the last interlocutor," thus to speak of the divine Hoffman.—Who reads them? You might as well ask who reads Shakspeare's Macbeth. But last night, after I left the *Kneipe*, I devoured a *märchen* very appropriate to this season, and quite as stirring as any of his, entitled *St. Silvester's Abend.* Know'st thou that story?—It is as true as that thou hast not emptied thy glass this half hour."

"Tale for the nursery," answered Rappert, with a sneer. "None but weak minds can be affected with such idle fancies."

"Come, come, old boy," shouted the Silenus, "Thou art pot-valiant to-night. All men who disbelieve are at the bottom superstitious. And thou wouldst, like a bully, bluster to hide thy fears. To me, a church is a familiar object, and I look upon that grim anatomy in St. Peter's, that skeleton of old Time with his scythe, as unconcernedly as I look on thee, old death's-head! What wilt thou bet now, that thou visitest at this witching time of night—this very night—St. Silvester's—a church—alone, mark ye?"

"Aye," chimed in the Count, "after the regular traditional and *alt*

Deutche way, with a torch in each hand, to light thee to see the ghosts, or they thee, half a ghost as thou art. Thou knowest that before cold reason and philosophy had quite extinguished all the sparks of imagination, the belief in spirits was universal, nay, there are books that contain a *formula* for invocations. Spirits do not come without being called. Why should they? It can be no pleasant office to execute, no very agreeable task to issue forth out of the dark, damp, wormy ground, to revisit the living—scenes that present a sad contrast to their present abode. The light of the sun, would be too much for them—*that* they could not support, or venture into its beams; and even at night, though they haunt the churches, doubtless they never trust themselves in the open air, for the moon and stars, aye even the faintest glimmering of either, must make them unwilling to return to their charnel-houses. Hamlet's father felt this, for he appeared not very well satisfied to be conjured up, unquiet ghost as he was, even by his own son, to bear witness in a case of murder. How then would those strangers to the invoker treat him, if forced to gratify his impertinent, his insolent curiosity? Fancy now, for instance, one of those old tremendous warrior-Palatines ranged along the façade of the castle chapel, looking like the tyrants of the world—Barbarossa, for instance, bursting the cerements of the grave, and advancing towards thee, his eyes like burning coals, and his armour girt with blue flames, fancy him now brandishing his crimson blade—eh! Rappert! what say you to an interview with old red-beard, Rupert, the founder of the University, braining you with his mace, or *Otto Heinrich*, the builder of the *Ritter Saal*, hurling his globe at thy sconce?"

"The beer has addled thy head," said Rappert; "I would stick one of my torches into his face, and singe his beard for him.—Ha, ha, ha!" There was something strange and hollow in this laugh, and as it shook the empty room, an echo louder and deeper than the original intonation vibrated in three repetitions. Rappert looked round, he thought some drunken student, who had escaped observation, was mocking him.

"There spake old Twopenny, as Shakspeare says," resumed the Graff. "But, Rappert, fancy thyself in half an hour in that old chapel in the castle court.—Pope Julius III. called it the most magnificent in Germany, and so it might have been in his time; but now it is a damp, deserted, windowless, desolate-looking place, only fitted for witches to hold their sabbath in—fancy thyself there, I say,—the wind whistling through the balustrades of the long gallery, once filled with the brilliant beauties of *Carl Ludwig's* court, howling about its vaulted roof, or playing, in its grim gambols, with the wormed altar-piece, till it flaps and rustles like a tattered sail in a storm. The figures on the canopy, undulating with the undulation of the blast, nay, even the very saint in it, indignant at your sacrilege, with his hands uplift in prayer, as if to call down upon thee the wrath of Heaven. That wind will be anything but an Æolian harp, Rappert. Thou shrinkest at thine own echo, thou would'st shiver with more than cold, at every gust, and conjure up in them the mumbling of ghosts, and the wailing of unearthly voices!"

"Thou hast not recovered from thy nightmare, after reading Hoffmann's trash," said Rappert. "If I could find a church open, I would prove to you both that I am no slave to such childish phantasies."

"To the proof," with a loud laugh of exultation, broke forth the

boisterous Freiherr. "Here are torches enough, and as to a church, why, what canst thou desire better for thy purpose than the said chapel, of which our friend has given so flattering a picture?"

"But, before you venture, Rappert," added the Count, "beware! remember what the poet says of the chapel."

> "Selbst die Todten die in Tiefen
> Grunde der Capelle schliefen
> Reisst die muth aus ihren gruften."
>
> "E'en the dead, that in the deep
> Bottom of the chapel sleep,
> In their wrath may round thee sweep."

"There the doggrel lies," objected the Freiherr, "for under the chapel is the great tun, and if I had to invoke any ghost, it should be that of the dwarf and fool, who was allowed out of it twelve bottles daily of the old Rhenish."

"But," said Rappert, after a pause, and stung to the quick by the taunts of his companions—"how is that chapel to be got at? The porteress, even if we could wake her, would not, at this hour of the night, open it for love or money, much less—for I must be alone—trust me with the key."

"As to money, I take it we have not enough among us to make it worth her while," rejoined the first interlocutor; "there is, however, no need of keys or pew openers. Thou canst climb pretty well. Art sober enough, by the aid of two lights, not to break thy neck among the ruins? thou knowest the way. After the exploit, thou shalt go by the name of the *Ghost Seer*."

"Ay, Rappert, go by all means," said the other; "I shall be curious to hear thy adventures. I wish thou wouldst oblige me, when thou art about invocating the spirits, to call up the page who leapt out of the princess's window, and left the print of his footstep on the terrace. I should like, of all things, to learn what kind of a chap he was; and take particular notice of his foot, what sort of a boot he had on; I'll have a pair made after the model. The league boots in Chamisson's Peter Schernihl were nothing to them. That *was* a love-leap! The jealous Palatine would have had no need of his *oubliettes*, three stones under the chapel for him. Ay," with a mock theatrical air, and uplift hands, he added, "who knows how many a poor unhappy victim of jealousy, revenge, or hatred, pined in those subterranean dungeons; how many a miserable captive died there of hunger, or met with a violent or untimely death! Tradition speaks of hollow groans, faint shrieks, stifled cries, being heard in this part of the ruins. Nor should I be surprised if some of the tortured should mix with their inhuman torturers, and make in the chapel a company as numerous and motley as appeared to Nicolai."

"A truce to your fooleries," exclaimed Rappert. "Hark, the clock of St. Peter's strikes the half-hour—if I am to go, there's no time to be lost."

"Right, Rappert!" drawled the Graff. "If thou art not in the chapel before the watchman has done braying on his trumpet, Twelve—the charm will be gone—the labour lost—our words vain.—Twelve o'clock! there is something awful and sepulchral in every expiration. It is the curfew of the last day of the year. It is an ominous and momentous period, that grim Twelve. The world is sensible of a change, and as the

sounds fade away, the dead must rejoice over it in their graves, as so much the nearer to their resurrection. And then, who can tell if that trump be not to thee a knell

'To summon thee to heaven or hell?'"

Rappert, who had been listening with impatience to this rhapsody, now rose from his seat. As had been said, there was no want of flambeaux, for there had been that evening a procession of the students, and several torches lay scattered about the room; two of them were picked up by the *Graff* and *Freiherr*, lighted, and the trio sallied forth and soon reached the banks of the Neckar and the ferry. The red fisherman, a well-known character in the University, was more agreeably occupied than in waiting for a fare; but his punt was at her moorings. They staggered into it, and paddling across, landed opposite to the castle. The night was dark and gusty; the wind, a sharp north-easter, the prevailing wind at Heidelberg, that follows the course of the river through its precipitous gorge, and spends itself in all its fury on the town, whistled shrilly, and from time to time, as it eddied along, whirled up the driven sleet into their faces. The streets were full of revellers, reeling home from their debauch, who saluted them with an occasional shot from their pistols. But they were soon left behind, and the friends might be seen climbing up over stock and stone, though steep and broken, an ill-defined path, the nearest approach to the castle. A deep snow had fallen since the evening set in, and garmented in large folds the stunted pines and yew trees, that seemed like so many shrouded spectres, the whilst Rappert's companions bawled forth snatches of Cöre songs, the burthen of which was love, and contrasted grimly with the scene and the occasion. In these Rappert did not join. They gained the summit of the hill, and moving rapidly along the terrace, and the causeway, a colossal work raised on arches, reached the main entrance to the castle. The portal was closed that hid the draw-bridge, portcullis, and massy gates from view; but on the square tower that overhung the Vosse were seen, by the red torch-light, the the two gigantic warders, carved in bold relief—true German hogs in armour, who, leaning on their tremendous Andrea Ferraras, seemed, as the torches flashed on them, to frown defiance on the sacrilegious night wanderers. But they were bold as the heraldic lions that stood between them, and leaving these behind, arrived at the Elizabethan gate, a monument of the love of the *Kurfurst* Frederick V. to his wife, the sister of the ill-fated Charles of England.

"That daughter of an evil race," said the Graff, "*would* be a queen, and dearly did the *Kurfurst* pay for her pride and ambition. She too died a miserable death, and who knows, Rappert, but that she may make one of the ghastly assemblage in the chapel, for she was the most devout of women, that queen of Bohemia, and may well kneel at the altar for forgiveness for the miseries she brought on the Palatinate—heaven may forgive her—this land never."

"Another thing, Rappert," said the *Freiherr*, "there is a painted Capuchin in wood, as large as life, in the old confessional box in the chapel*, which, by a strange mockery of the rite, some Lutheran Palatine has placed there. Now you may confess to him, and—"

* It is a mark of very bad taste in the Grand Duke of Baden, to allow this puppet to remain in the chapel, to the scandal of all good Catholics.

"A truce to these scoffings," said Rappert, in a tone of ánger.

As he spoke, the clock of the castle struck the three-quarters. They stood for a moment on the terrace of the garden that overhangs the city, now huddled in gloom, though here and there its churches were dimly outlined by the occasional flash of a pistol, or bursting of some firework, in honour of the night. Here the two bearers delivered each his torch to Rappert, and the double glare, being more concentrated, lit up the magnificent ruins of the truly Italian palace before them, which he was to enter, and thread his way through the labyrinth of broken arches to the chapel. He gazed awhile on the two figures niched in the basement of the edifice, canopied with ivy, now matted in snow. He remembered the words of the poet, who says they were placed there,

"Ob nicht came Tag der Rache,"

that

"No vengeance should assail by day."

"It holds forth no menace of scaling the place for other purposes, and makes no allusion to night," said Rappert. "There is no evil omen in the line." Saying this, he bade adieu to his comrades, and groped through a broken mass of stone-work into the ruins. "*Gute nacht,*" shouted, with one voice, the pair, as Rappert disappeared. He made no reply, but proceeded slowly and cautiously on his way. He knew well the localities, for he had often trod the narrow path that winds through shrubs, that have forced their roots into the interstices of the masonry, amid the intricacies of the pile, but that path was now covered deep in snow, and it required all his circumspection to avoid slipping; and a single false step would have plunged him fathoms deep into an abyss.

His parted friends stood meanwhile watching his progress, which they could mark by the occasional flash of the torches, and once by his figure appearing through one of the windows, in bright relief, on the summit of the palace—thence he had to descend into another and more ancient ruin, and pitchy darkness then covered the spectral edifice.

Leaving Rappert to find his way to the chapel, we will remain with his brother students. They walked for more than half an hour backwards and forwards, expecting impatiently his return—but he came not. As the snow storm raged furiously, and did not seem likely to abate, they at length determined to go back to Heidelberg. Scarcely, however, had they passed the gate leading into Old Town, when they fell in with the castle porter, returning, not very sober, from a merry meeting, and having announced to him the occurrence, persuaded him, though most unwillingly, even with a bribe of twenty-four cruizers *drink gelt*, all they had between them, to let them into the castle, in order to search for their lost friend. The old man, after some delay in his house, found at length his keys, and a light; and after opening door after door, drew back a massy bolt; the iron-bound portal grated on its rusty hinges, a blaze of light glared through the opening, and in rushed the students, the porter reeling in the rear. And Rappert,—he was found posted erect against the wall fronting the gallery—his hair stood on end—his mouth was wide open, and his eyes, almost starting from their sockets, wildly fixed—the still burning torches had dropped from his hands, ex-

tended to their full length, and the fingers were stiff and parted. He appeared perfectly unconscious of their presence, made no sign of recognition—his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth, for he uttered not a word in reply to their questions,—and was at length drawn, like an automaton, by force, from the spot.—Horror had chained up all his faculties—reason had lost her seat.

* * * * * * *

This unfortunate victim of a midnight frolic has been from that hour confined in the lunatic asylum of ———, where no hope has ever been entertained of his recovery. He has never had any lucid intervals, by which to offer a clue to the events of that night. He mostly preserves a sullen silence, and will remain for hours in the same attitude in which he was discovered—his eyes fixed in stony stare on vacancy. There are times, however, when he raves wildly and incoherently, and points with his moving finger as to something pictured in his imagination, the reflex of some object or objects which he had seen, or fancied he had seen, on St. Silvester's night. Was what he saw real or imaginary? He was a bold and resolute youth, such at least he was considered in the University, had a contempt for danger, for he had fought more duels than any man in his club, and had the character, as he shewed by his language and conduct that night, of being divested of superstitious terrors. Did he see any thing real or imaginary, I repeat? A Swedenborgist, who is familiar with and believes, not only in a world of spirits, but in their power of revisiting the living, would affirm that Rappert had seen an actual apparition. The great Swede, for great he was, and one of the best of men, relates with a thorough conviction, and a sincerity that shows he was at least no imposter, his frequent communication with spirits, classes them into degrees; and his disciples contend that as there is a chain of perfection from the stone to the plant—the worm up to man—so that beyond him there are infinite gradations of existences, a link of beings, each more highly and intellectually gifted than the last, leading up to God. Admitting the force of this argument, a difficulty still remains to be contended with—their power of communicating with us. But that spirits are free to enter such a communication is subject to no doubt, for liberty is the very essence of a spirit; and "Divine Omnipotence itself could no more divest a body of its qualities, than a spirit of liberty; a spirit without liberty would be no longer a spirit, as a body without extension would no longer be a body."

As to the form in which spirits may appear, surely it is most natural to imagine, as their identity would be lost, that they will, though in a glorified body, retain that to which they were attached here.

As for the Wolfian system of Monads, the doctrine that a spirit has neither length, breadth, nor height, reducing it to a particle smaller than dust, a mere atom, nay even resolving it into a mathematical point, such an idea of the spirits or souls of men is no very magnificent one. But not to dwell on this absurdity, though long since exploded, once received in Germany, we come to another inquiry,—Can spirits be invoked—compelled to appear? Will they, if "called from the vasty deep, come?" We fully believe in the efficacy of prayer to avert evil or effect good. Our church acknowledges that there is a

sovereign virtue in faith. May not then a belief deeply rooted, and fondly cherished in the mind, conjure up, though treated by others as imaginary, *real* objects to view, bearing some analogy to our temporal concerns, where a determination and fixedness of purpose almost invariably leads to success? So, also, may not the invocation, which accompanied by practical virtue in the good is supposed to bring a guardian spirit near, by vain mockery and unholy daring bring an evil spirit under some terrific form to the prodigal?

We dare not, we must not, dive into things forbidden; perhaps our first parents sought disobediently and impiously to know what was not intended for them, and fell thereby.

But a truce to such vain and idle speculations, which must ever end in doubt and darkness. I leave it to others who have made their study the anatomy of the human mind, one of the deepest and most important of all subjects, to endeavour to solve the riddle in which the fate of Rappert is involved. I shall only say, that a solemn lesson may be taught by his history,—how vain and sinful it is to trifle with such mysteries, to endeavour to penetrate lightly and irreverently the secrets of the grave—to profane by an unhallowed rite, and at a solemn hour, the most solemn of the year, a consecrated spot, a place venerable by time and decay, and haloed round by devotion! Verily we may say, in the words of the Psalmist, "He had his reward."

MAVOURNEEN.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

I.

THE Sun that is clouded will brightlier shine
  When the veil of Earth's vapour has filtered away;
So the face touched by sorrow will look more divine,
  When the pearl-drops of grief are dissolved in Joy's ray.
Though life is a desert of trouble and woe,
  Yet, still there's a spot on its waste that is green;
And wherever the courses of passion may flow,
  That green spot shall shine—it is *thee* MAVOURNEEN.

II.

Oh, what is the world but a wide spreading sea,
  Where changes for ever enruffle its breast?
Yet still to the haven of Hope do we flee,
  And smile through the storm, for we feel we are blest.
Yes, blest is my heart—for I know thou art true,
  And through my soul's faith is thy constancy seen;
The heart that adores thee, love, never can rue,
  For its port is thy bosom—my own MAVOURNEEN.

III.

Give to those who are daunted by trouble, the tear,
  As Evening bespangles the flow'ret with dew:
For a moment refreshing its leaves, till the sere
  Its fragrance destroys and its beauty, love, too.
But to him who can look on Despair with a smile,
  Nor let one glance of sorrow escape his eyes' sheen,
The dew will exhale, and its fragrance the while,
  Grow sweeter through trial,—mine own MAVOURNEEN!

CHARACTERISTICS OF EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

CHAUCER, WEBSTER, QUARLES, AND CHAPMAN.

BY R. H. HORNE.

Great genius, and more especially in poetry, always comprises certain principles of universality; but to whatever degree this universality may exist, there will also be discovered several marked characteristics in every strong nature which distinguishes the individual, in himself, and perhaps from all others. Even the most universal of all men of genius has some striking peculiarities. No other great poet displays so irresistible a propensity to puns and quibbles as Shakspere; and no other dramatist of his time possessed so much delicacy and refinement, nor so much skill and tact in the conduct of a difficult scene—a skill which has all the ease and unconsciousness of the finest instinct. But of several other great writers, little known, except by name—because, comparatively, little read—it will be the purpose of this brief paper to offer a few remarks.

The Father of English Poetry is as graphic and rich in colours as an old cathedral window, yet without being grotesque. Examples of this pictorial characteristic may be found in abundance by any casual turning over of the leaves of a volume of his works. But equally characteristic, though of less frequent occurrence, is Chaucer's love of "green leaves;" his bland, gentle disposition; and his peculiarly quaint and quiet humour. Something else ought to be especially noticed in Chaucer, and that is the child-like delight with which he devotes himself and all his powers of enjoyment to an immediate object of pleasure, so that, being quite filled with it, he declares it exceeds every other thing of the kind that ever was, or will be, or that can be conceived possible to exist. The lover of Dorigen in the "Frankelein's Tale," was famous for his excellent singing and dancing; accordingly the delighted Chaucer says of him,—

> "He singeth, danceth, passing any man
> That is, or was, since that the world began!"

Certainly this gives an extraordinarily happy impression of the joyous vitality of the lover in question, and of the poet's full sense of it. Chaucer takes great pleasure in declaring that an admired object is without parallel, and not merely as an object of the fancy; but that if you were actually to search for such another you could not find it:—

> "And by the hand he held this noble queene,
> Crownèd with white, and clothèd all in greene,
> So womanly, so benignè, and so meke,
> That in this worldè though that men wold seke,
> Half her beautiè shouldè they not yfind.
>
> *Prologue to the Legend of Good Women.*

The humour of Chaucer is often of so quiet a kind,—so like an inward laugh, or rather like a smile upon the ground, (a characteristic also of his face,)—that it is liable to be passed without notice. Of this kind is the picture suggested of a courtier who thoroughly hoaxes a foolish listener, at whose ear he gently beats upon a tabor as an accompaniment to his dulcet flatteries:—

"For in your court is many a losengeour,
And many a quainte totoler accusour,
That tabouren in your earès many a sown
Right after hir imaginatioùn."

Ibid.

There is also an excellent parallel in Chaucer to his often-quoted pleasantry about the kind of French taught at Stratforde, in the equally good and never-quoted jest upon the dancing at Oxford. He says of the parish clerk, Absolon,—

"In twenty manere coud he trip and dance,
(After the scole of Oxenfordè, though.)"

The Millere's Tale.

In rich humour of the broader kind no one has ever surpassed Chaucer, and very few indeed have ever equalled him. I need only refer to the case of this same parish clerk, Absolon, who, to win the favour of the miller's handsome wife, undertakes the principal part in a "Mystery Play," upon a scaffold before her window; and there, attired in a white surplice and red breeches, with his golden hair spreading out behind like a fan, and with St. Paul's windows carved upon his shoes, he enacts the part of King Herod :—

"Sometime, to show his lightnesse and maistrie,
He plaieth Herode on a skaffold hie."

Ibid.

It is an invariable custom with those who write about the early English dramatists, to exhaust nearly all their space in laudations or disquisitions on Shakspere, and to devote the remainder to remarks concerning Beaumont and Fletcher, with a few words for Marlow, Ben Jonson, and Massinger. The names of the rest are then given in a sentence, and there the account concludes. Among these names will usually be found that of Webster; sometimes, however, even his name is omitted. Of all the great dramatists who have ever lived, and whose works are still extant, the one who has been least appreciated is Webster.

The chief characteristic of Webster is power, and the form in which he most displays this is that of the terrible. He has hitherto been generally regarded as dealing only in extravagances and horrors, and no doubt but he has abundance of such things. But I allude to a different kind of power, and this he is able to exhibit in the highest degree, either accompanied with passionate action or the most deadly composure.

"Do it i' the like posture, as if some great man
Sate, while his enemy were executed."

Vittoria Corombona.

Here is another instance of quiet dignity, under circumstances which renders the effect terrible :—

"*Francisco.*—Come, dear Lodovico,
You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
The intended murder."
"*Lodovico.*—With all constancy."

Ibid.

This is indeed plotting murder earnestly, and very unlike any stage-play business, it must be admitted. Webster is never at all theatrical; even his worst extravagances have a dreadfully serious intention.

There is very little wit, and no humour in his scenes, nor any thing at all comic. Even his satire and attempts at pleasantry are apt to have something terrible in them.

> "*Brachiano.*—(*In his raving.*) Doe not you know him?"
> "*Flamineo.*—No, my lord."
> "*Brachiano.*—Why, 'tis the Devil!
> I know him by a great rose he wears on 's shooe
> To hide his cloven foot!"
>
> *Ibid.*

But the awful sincerity with which Webster's *dramatis personæ* plot and execute crimes, is quite equalled by the solemnity with which they are sometimes denounced. Cardinal Monticelso thus addresses Lodovico, who has sworn to murder Brachiano:—

> "*Monticelso.*—Miserable creature!
> If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
> Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
> And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
> Or, like the blacke and melancholike ewe-tree,
> Dost thinke to roote thyself in dead men's graves,
> And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
> Comes like sweet showers to over-hardened ground:
> They wet, but pierce not deepe. And so I leave thee
> With all the Furies hanging about thy necke."
>
> *Ibid.*

The "Duchess of Malfi" abounds with passages of similar power, and has also much more pathos. The pathos of Webster, though of rare occurrence, is always profound, and generally fraught with the most harrowing anguish. Even his tenderness savours of a deep passion. That he possessed the utmost pathos and tenderness, I shall perhaps on a future occasion endeavour to show; nor will sufficient illustration be at all difficult to find. His chief characteristics, however, are such as have been already particularized.

Another writer, well known and highly estimated by students of our early poets, is Francis Quarles. His "Emblems" is certainly a very extraordinary book. He is principally distinguished by a quaint intensity of purpose, of which, though it continually takes a humourous form, (or, our modern impressions, rather, receive it as humourous,) the author never appears in the least conscious. Nor is it likely that he ever intended to be humorous. Grotesque he undoubtedly is, and to such a degree as frequently to induce a smile of indescribable amusement. The little wood-cuts in illustration, which were evidently both designed and drawn by the author, are quite as extraordinary as anything else in the "Emblems," and perhaps more so. Without the least knowledge of drawing, and having some ludicrous and peculiar ideas as to perspective, and the method of foreshortening a limb or figure, he attempts anything and everything he sees in his truly vivid and fertile imagination, whether relating to heaven, or hell, to earth, or the vast neutralities of space, to substance or shadow. And it may truly be affirmed, that he always succeeds in making you understand him thoroughly. His full faith and ardour in his subject master all difficulties. In most instances, however, he brings the scene before you by the force of words alone. I should hardly think any one would need an illustration of the pencil on reading the following. The scene is the temptation of Eve by the Serpent:—

" *Serpent.*—Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
Fear death! Do pull, and eat, and live for ever."
" *Eve.* (*Thoughtfully*).—'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for food.
(*After a pause.*)—
I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam, too,
To know the secrets of this dainty."
" *Serpent.* (*In a sweet voice.*)—Do."

Quarles's Emblems.

The " Stage Directions," it will be readily understood, are not in the original; they are certainly not necessary to the sense, and are merely inserted to show my idea of the " reading" of the passage, and thus more clearly display what I consider one of the principal characteristics of this very original poet.

Another remark may be hazarded concerning the grotesque designs which illustrate the " Emblems." Nearly all the figures are extremely low in stature, but with large heads, and broad, strong bodies and limbs. They may often be termed giant-dwarfs. Now, as it is almost invariably the case that every one who begins at once to draw figures, without any regular instruction, makes the proportions in accordance with his own, (no doubt from some unconscious instinct of personal identity,) so it may be a fair speculation, that those Dutch-built figures hand down to us a good general idea of the " outward man " of their creator. I am not aware of the existence of any portrait of him; and a full-length is still less likely. The first edition of his " Emblems" was published in 1635.

The name of George Chapman, like that of Milton, is never pronounced without reverence by those who have any knowledge of his works; but Milton's desire to find a " fit audience, though few," has been far more perfectly realized in the progress of the poems of Chapman down to the present time, who had previously expressed a similar desire. The audience of George Chapman has long been, and will probably always continue to be " fit" and " few."

The predominating characteristic of George Chapman is exaltation. He feels the strong fire of Apollo within him; he is filled with the inspiration, and declares it aloud to the world. He neither asks nor needs anybody's opinion upon the fact; he knows it is so, and rejoices to the utmost. The sense of intellectual greatness, and the power and dignity of personal character, are strongly displayed in his writings. His "Σκία νυκτὸς" is divided into two poetical hymns, the " Hymnus in Noctem," and the " Hymnus in Cynthiam." In the first, the following couplet occurs:—

" Nothing shall stir him from adorning still
This shape with virtue, and his power with will."

In the second hymn will be found the following lines:—

" The mind hath in herself a deity,
And in the stretching circle of her eye
All things are compass'd, all things present still:
Will framed to power, doth make us what we will."

The Dedication of the " Shadow of Night," to his " deare and most worthy friend, Master Matthew Roydon," concludes in these words:—

" I should write more, but my hasting out of towne taketh me from the paper; in preferring thy allowance in this poore and strange trifle, to the passport of a whole

Cittie of others, I rest as resolute as Seneca, satisfying myselfe if but a few, f one, or if none like it.

"By the true admirour of thy vertues,
"And perfectly vowed friend,
"GEORGE CHAPMAN."

His dedicatory epistles and sonnets to many of the nobility, some of whom were his patrons, have all the air of dignified moral counsel; for the compliments to their virtue or learning are rather exhortations to improvement in the same. In the Dedicatory Epistle of the "Batraxomyomaxia," to the Earl of Somerset, there occur these dignified and self-relying lines:—

"Strength, then, the object is of all retreats,
Strength needs no friend's trust; strength your foes defeats.
Retire to strength, then, of eternal things,
And you're eternal; for our knowing springs
Flow into those things that we truly know,
Which, being eternal, we are rendered so."

It requires a man to be great in himself, as well as a fine poet, to write such lines as those. But having designated the Earl of Somerset as his "ever most-worthy-to-be-most honoured lord," Chapman seems to have felt a little alarmed lest his Epistle should have an appearance of base adulation; he therefore introduces a couplet which I think settles the question with an amusing finality:—

"This Dedication calls no greatness, then,
To patron this greatness-creating pen."

The independent spirit of Chapman does not appear to have given any offence to his noble patrons, but rather to have caused them to estimate more highly any lines he addressed to them.

Chapman wrote a conclusion to Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," and he did it nobly, in his way, and according to what Webster so aptly designates as "the full and heightened style of Master Chapman." But he was not the right poet for a love-story. His Hero, in her lover's absence, grandly exclaims:—

"O, blessed place!
Image of constancy! Thus, my love's grace
Parts nowhere, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation. He renowns his kind.
His motion is like Heaven's, orbicular;
For where he once is, he is ever there."

I would not have it inferred by those who are unacquainted with the poem, that it has little of the passion of love in it. The one expression concerning Hero, that "she thought she felt his heart in her's," is worth volumes of ordinary amatory poetry. I only intended, as has been previously observed, to display predominating characteristics.

Among the old poets particularized in this paper, probably the most love is elicited by Chaucer; the most intense tragic emotions are induced by Webster; the most varying interest by the quaint devotions of Quarles; and the most exaltation of soul by Chapman.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE."

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIAN WIGWAM.

Many hours passed ere the bewildered young brave returned to consciousness, how many he could not tell, but when at length his mind in some measure recovered its tone, when his eyes were opened and he could look around him, the return to life was attended by pain so exquisite, that he again sank involuntarily into oblivion. It was, however, no deadly sensation of faintness, but a soft gentle trance which now overcame him. His wounds were painful, and yet to so slight a degree after the first moment, as to rather tingle with faint pleasure throes than acute suffering;

> "A dreamy, oblivious and delicious torpor
> Was creeping softly as the breathing of an infant;"

and it required but little stretch of the imagination on the part of the young Ricarree, to induce the fancy that he was in the happy hunting-grounds of his people. This conviction was presently heightened by the murmuring sound of a sweet voice singing low and close at hand, though the warbler was invisible: and Eagle-Plume sighed as a brave man would sigh at the consciousness of death, whispering to himself—

"I am gone to the green hunting-fields of my ancestors, my soul is with the Great Spirit."

With these thoughts he sank into a dreamy half slumber, in which his eyes fed on many sweet visions of the past, as the lay was warbled forth from the nightingale throat of the singer—

> "The doe flies swiftly from the hunter's dart,
> The eagle stoops beneath the lightning's glare,
> The wild horse snorts and gallops from the hunter,
> The maiden trembles at the voice she loves not.
> The doe finds peace beneath the brave's quick arrow,
> The eagle seeks shelter in his rocky eyrie,
> The mustang 'scapes fast flying o'er the plain,
> The maiden rests within the hated wigwam."

These lines, evidently an improvised recitation, were uttered so plaintively as to move deeply the heart of the bold Ricarree, and as the voice ceased, perfectly entranced, he moved slowly on his couch and spoke—

"Where sits the singing bird? Is it the spirit of the happy hunting grounds, or am I in the white man's paradise?"

"A young hemlock was stricken by fire, the ash was bent by the wind, but there is life at its heart, it lives."

Eagle-Plume widely opened his eyes, as he heard these words, and saw plainly that he was within the walls of a most elegant and tasteful wigwam. It was small and completely lined with skins, the insides of

which were painted of various colours, while wild honeysuckle, the feathers of several gay plumed birds, and other savage ornaments, were scattered over the slender wainscoting. One thing, however, stood alone within which cast all else into the shade, and this was a woman.

Not more than sixteen, tall, slender, with well-turned and proportioned limbs,

"Her years were new and tender as her heart."

Her ruddy complexion was clear, revealing the quick coursing of the tell-tale blood, as it galloped through her veins, while the quick heaving of her rounded bosom and the kindling of her eye told of deep emotion.

Curiously gazed Eagle-Plume upon her, scarcely daring to believe that aught so fair and lovely could be of earth, and yet fervently hoping, that if he were still a denizen of the world, this gentle being should prove to be as little heavenly as himself. Gradually he learned the truth. Some ten days previous to that on which he had woke to consciousness, Neaoma, the White Tulip, was wandering alone near the brink of one of the huge cliffs which raise their crests above the Mississippi, when she perceived far on the plain a warrior flying before the ruthless prairie fire. All a woman's sympathies were instantly roused, despite the severe lessons of the green American desert, and she stood upon the barren summit of the rock watching the Indian's flight. Swift as an arrow he flew before the spirit of fire, whose bow was in the clouds, the avenging flames galloped madly and swiftly in the rear. The brave tottered, he was within a hundred yards of the spot where the fair girl stood, a dense cloud of vapour concealed him from her sight. Next minute he fell senseless and his horse dead at her feet. With infinite presence of mind the girl flew to the camp, from which a dozen warriors issued in search of the bruised and wounded stranger, in fact, of an enemy. Indian hospitality, however, was here tested, and the sacred feeling triumphed over all.

It was with feelings of deep gratitude that Eagle-Plume heard this narrative. His illness had temporarily tamed the savage fires of war and rapine in his bosom, leaving ample room for more gentle emotions. It is therefore scarcely necessary to relate, how from gratitude sprang feelings of a warmer nature, until at length the young Ricarree was seriously in love.

All this happened not in an hour, nor even in a day, for weeks passed ere the gallant young brave was even partially recovered from the terrible burns which covered his body. At length however he rose from his couch, and then only did his nurse retire from attendance on him. So deeply smitten was the young Indian, that he would gladly have feigned illness longer, in order to enjoy the luxury of being tended by so fair a being, but the sterner feelings of a warrior, and a sense of the ridicule which would be showered on him did his emotions transpire, restrained Eagle-Plume from giving way to so womanly an impulse.

The camp of the branch of Sioux on which our young brave had happened, was situate near the summit of a bold and projecting rock rising about seven hundred feet above the beautiful waters of the lake, known as the Prairie du Chien. This lovely oasis of waters is perhaps one of the beauty-spots of the American wilderness. Far up the wild Mississippi, amid towering bluffs, each of which forms a sub-

lime subject for meditation in its startling grandeur, while the eye every moment finds new matter for admiration—its pebbly beach is strewed with agates, cornelians, jaspers, and porphyry, while from the very edge of the water, in places, rise mounds clothed in a deep green coat of verdure—this lake is the gem of the surrounding deserts.

At the summit, we have said, of one of the above-mentioned bluffs stood the Indian camp, through the many hundred scattered tents of which our hero wandered on the first day of his convalescence. Nearing the centre, where the tents of the old warriors were ranged in crescent order round a green plot of grass, Eagle-Plume remarked an unusual commotion, besides noticing the presence of many strangely apparelled warriors, whom, at a glance, the Ricarree recognized as his hereditary enemies, the Mandans.

Gliding amid the throng, Eagle-Plume carelessly inquired if peace had been proclaimed between the two tribes. The question was addressed to a grizzly old warrior.

"The young chief of the Mandans wears a petticoat, he is tired of seeing blood, and asks a squaw of the Sioux."

"And will my brothers give one of their daughters to the son of an enemy?"

"Tu-tu-a, the great Sioux brave, has said it, and the young men applaud his words."

"And what fair Sioux flower will wither in the wigwams of the Mandans?"

"Neaoma, the White Tulip."

"It is good," replied the Ricarree, without moving a muscle, as he wrapped his blanket round him and glided from the still increasing throng. Once alone amid the now deserted tents, he walked erect, no thunder-cloud was ever darker than his frown, a new life seemed infused into his system, something of his old vigour seemed to rush back to his frame, as he muttered—"The White Tulip shall mate with the Eagle, or the Eagle will leave his bones on the banks of the Soft Lake" (Prairie du Chien).

The young chief spoke boldly and resolutely, and as he seemed to clench his tomahawk, the frown passed away, and a smile settled on his countenance. As yet, however, he was ignorant of a very important circumstance.

Was the heart of the fair Neaoma free?

CHAPTER III.

THE LEAP.

It was some short time after sun-rise, the morning's dew lay heavy on the grass, while the feathered choristers, which throng the groves of the American wilds, were pouring forth rich music, that the Sioux tribe in full force marched out upon the table surface of the rock overlooking Lake Pepin. The grim warriors were painted in the most elaborate manner, while their long spears, their short fusils, and gaily appareled shields, looked bright and resplendent in the morning air. Their small horses, with long tails whisking restlessly, pranced and showed their anxiety to be on the move, their practised senses for once deceiving

them. Despite the warlike appearance of the tribe, it was no bloody foray which was on foot, but the giving away of Neaoma in marriage to the young brave of the Mandans.

A knot of twenty warriors of the latter tribe were ranged to the left, in all the brilliance of their native costume. A rich tunic, formed from two mountain sheep or deer skins, profusely ornamented with scalp-locks, beads, and ermine, fell half way over the form, while from beneath appeared leggings of the same material, tightly fitting the leg, embroidered with porcupine quills, and fringed with the horrid ornament of scalp-locks. Buckskin mocassins, tastefully ornamented with porcupine quills, covered their feet, while a robe of buffalo's hide, worn in the fashion of a short Spanish cloak, was slung over one shoulder and under the other. Their head dresses were striking and remarkable; some had eagle plumes, or raven quills, with ermine, others wore horns curiously fastened to a slight mat of ermine skins and tails.

The young chief, however, was simply attired, and stood leaning on a handsome rifle, surveying with complacency the rich display of presents which were to be exchanged for Neaoma, or glancing his eye down the dizzy height of the rock, and gazing on the still waters of the lake below. The cliff was nearly perpendicular.

The lake stretched away to some considerable distance, until it became blended with the celebrated Prairie du Chien, the river wending its way above and below, in all the stately grandeur of a great stream.

A solitary canoe lay near the foot of the rock, motionless, and apparently unguided by any mortal hand, though what preserved it in its position was a mystery. The Mandan warrior several times fixed his eyes upon it, but interests of a more absorbing nature prevented its exciting any womanly curiosity within his breast.

The presents consisted of the usual savage valuables. Twelve handsome black horses, a pile of skins and furs which would have made the fortune of a speculator, two guns and a canister of powder, was the price which the Mandan chief had resolved to pay for the fairest maiden of the Sioux tribe.

The grim Sioux warriors ranged themselves in a half crescent, in the midst of which stood Neaoma and her father. The maiden wore a tunic reaching to her knees, and deer-skin leggings, while her long black hair hung in plaits over her shoulders.

Her expression was that of calm resignation to a bitter fate, while now and then a smile of scorn illumined her dusky features.

The Mandan chief now advanced, and gracefully raising his arm, stood a model for a statuary before the maiden's father. He suffered one glance of admiration to rest, half involuntarily, upon the girl, and then spoke.

"Romanichin, the big wave, is the chief of his tribe; his hand is strong, his eye keen, his shot sure. Hundreds of grizzly bears have fallen beneath his arrows, the deer tremble at his name. His wigwam is warm and his board is plentiful. Four squaws already occupy his house, for a rich man should be the father of many warriors. But the heart of Romanichin is not yet full, and Neaoma is fair in his sight. Let her come, she shall be the first of his squaws."

The old warrior replied:—

"Romanichin speaks well; what he says is good. The Mandans and Sioux have long been enemies, let them now be brethren; let the

hatchet be buried, and peace be between them. Yes! Neaoma shall be the squaw of Romanichin, and Romanichin shall be honoured among the Sioux."

Neaoma here stood erect, her eyes flashing, her nostrils dilated, her arm raised menacingly to heaven; her attitude, her air, was that of the Grecian Pythoness, cursing some unfortunate unblessed by the immortal gods.

"No! Neaoma is no slave, no Comanche dog, to be handed over to the enemies of her people, like a strayed mustang. Neaoma is free, she is the daughter of a Sioux chief, and never will mate with a Mandan cur. Go!" said she, addressing the astounded young warrior, "Go! and tell your squaws that the Sioux girls are men, that they hear a little singing bird in the woods, whose voice is sweet, and that death is better than life in the wigwam of an enemy."

With these words she bounded like a stricken deer from amid the throng, and in one minute stood upon the very edge of the precipice.

Astonishment, rage, fury, had hitherto kept all the spectators silent. The Mandan had never moved a muscle, but the burning colour that overspread his dark cheeks told his boiling passion. The father stood speechless, transfixed with surprise and horror.

"Farewell, adieu, my father, my people; I go to the dark waters of death and sleep."

Naomi at these words plunged headlong over the precipice.

The whole concourse of men stood next moment on the edge of the cliff.

The rock went sheer down perpendicular some hundred feet to the very edge of the water, which was profoundly deep at that particular spot. Romanichin and the father were side by side as Neaoma struck the water and disappeared. At that instant a warrior rose in the solitary canoe, and, with one vigorous stroke of his paddle, sent his little bark to where the girl's body came up lifeless, to all appearance, on the surface.

To catch her in his arms, to raise her in the boat, was the work of an instant, and then, no mother ever bent over her child as did that stern warrior to listen for the signs which spoke of life or death. His actions were clearly understood above, and a silence deep as that of the grave prevailed amid the whole band. Romanichin and the father clutched one another convulsively.

"Ugh! good!" at length exclaimed Eagle-Plume, as he wrapped his buffalo robe round the reviving girl. The words were distinctly heard above, and all breathed more freely. Their rejoicing was of short duration.

The young suitor and the father fully expected the Ricarree to bear the girl to the usual landing about a mile below, but when they saw him urge his canoe in the opposite direction, the truth flashed with lightning speed upon them, and yells like that of a hundred demons let loose burst from their savage throats. Finding himself discovered, Eagle-Plume waved his rifle triumphantly over his head, and then urged his canoe with the utmost rapidity over the still waters of the lake.

Pursuit was vain, and the rage of the discomfited Sioux and Mandans can be better imagined than expressed, while the felicity and joy of the lovers would be equally a work of supererogation to detail.

Every traveller who finds himself within the influence of the mag-

nificent and sublime scenery of these wilds, must shudder with horror as he gazes upon the stupendous height of rock, known as the Lover's Leap. Pike's Tent raises its vast cone beside it; "La Montaigne qui tromps a l'eau" sweeps upwards its lovely green slopes, the delicious surface of Pepin's Lake charms the eye with its picturesque and romantic scenery, but to him whose heart is not blunted to native feeling, and kindly sympathies, the principal object of interest on the borders of the Prairie du Chien will be "the Lover's Leap."

SONNET.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON,

Author of "Literary Leaves," &c.

With life and mystery all nature teems:—
A solitary leaf—a breath of air—
An inch of common earth—their burthens bear
Of tiny nations. The sun's glory beams
On scenes minute, more strange than strangest dreams,
And never shines unfelt. No spot is bare,
No moment silent. Life is everywhere;
And this vast world is busier than it seems.
Oh! what a wide magnificent abode
Hath Man! How fair each living thing he sees!
Yet Science scans, by light that God bestowed,
A world of other worlds; and haply these
Have groves that ring with holier harmonies,
And beings with sublimer aims endowed.

POETS.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

I.

Poets are passion flowers,
That turn where'er the sun
Brightest shines,—the showers
And shadows they will shun.
Hearts of gold they offer
At Beauty's crystal shrine;
Hands of faith they proffer,
Sweet words that sound divine.
Once the sun departed
The flower its leaves will close,
And the golden-hearted
No more with beauty glows.

II.

Poets are things of earth,
With minds of varied dyes,
Like birds that float to birth
In oriental skies.
What though their thoughts ascend
On light and gorgeous wing.
O'er earth and heaven wend,
And Love—immortal—sing.
They are but dust,—and all
Their beauty they enfold,
Like birds 'neath Luna's thrall
Pruning their wings of gold.

III.

Poets are rainbows crowning
Earth with their glorious hues;
Hearts mid tears are drowning,
Smiles lonely grief subdues.
Words of guile may banish
Young Sorrow from her night;
Smiles like rainbows vanish,
Their *memory* is but bright.
Trust not then their luring,
With light not heat they burn,
Pangs are fast enduring,
When Hope may not return.

IV.

Poets have treasures rare;
Their thoughts are silver stars
Wandering in ambient air
Beyond heaven's sapphire bars.
They form from unseen things
Creations of delight,
And quaff from hidden springs
Nectar—ambrosial bright.
Like deep rich-laden ships
Thoughts undulating rise;
There's music on their lips,
And magic in their eyes.

THE PARIS HIPPODROME.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Pr-r-r-enez vos billets!!!

SOME ten or a dozen years ago,
When folks were content to travel slow,
And thought, if the sea they dared to cross,
'Twas a feat quite worthy of Captain Ross;
If then—and I may
Pretty safely say,
Such things did not come to pass every day—
A Cockney to Paris chanced to roam,
'Twas to see the Column in Place Vendôme,
Or the King of the French, or the Rue de la Paix,
Or the *Rocher de Caucale*, or Champs Elysées;
But now—oh no!
C'est par trop rococo,
For *Place* or for *Rue*
None care, save the few
Who, out of respect for *ce cher* Eugène Sue,
And for Rose and Blanche, and for *Couche-tout-Nu,*
Try to find each spot named in the "Wandering Jew."
Ask the first man you see
What his object may be
In just popping over
From Folkstone or Dover,
And, twenty to one,
If you let his tongue run,
He'll tell you he came—for a week or two's fun;
Rattling on about Rachel, and Queen Pomaré,
And the *fêtes* at St. Cloud, and St. Germain en Laye,
And (very unlike the Place Vendôme)
The Bal Mabille and the Hippodrome!
The *what?*—Now dear, patient reader, don't frown,
And don't in a pet throw the Magazine down;
Lean back in your chair, make yourself quite at home,
And without setting foot near San Pietro's dome,
You shall see the sports of ancient Rome
Revived in the Paris Hippodrome.

* * * * *

Towards the Arc de l'Etoile if you happen to stray
Between two and three on a sunshiny day,
(Not on Wednesday, Saturday, Friday, or Monday,
But only on Tuesday, or Thursday, or Sunday,)
You'll see a gay multitude hurrying on,
As if they half feared ev'ry place would be gone;
Cabs, *citadines*, *coucous*, and horses and grooms,
And smart little *danseuses* in smart little Broughams,
And elegant Marquises in *toilette de matin*,
And black-eyed *grisettes* from the Quartier Latin,
All posting away
Up the Champs Elysées,
Till the barrier's past,
And before them at last
(To the left of the *Arc* and the road to the *Bois*,
Which leads also to Neuilly and Courbevoie,)
They see what has brought them so far from home,
Monsieur Victor Franconi's Hippodrome.

* * * * *

Away some go
To the nearest *bureau*,
Their tickets to take for this wonderful show ;
While others outside a moment tarry,
To buy *Vert-Vert* or the *Journal de Paris*,
And find to their cost,
The best seats they have lost,
For while those on the right
Are from sun sheltered quite,
Each place on the left
Is of shade so bereft,
That parasol, fan, and umbrella, and veil,
Scarcely save one from catching a *coup de soleil.*

* * * * *

And yet the sight is novel and gay,
And something out of the common way,
Although the arena be rather sandy,
It must be acknowledged 'tis very handy,
Whate'er be the race,
Stag hunt, steeple chase,
You are in at the death without once changing place :
Then the rows above rows of ladies fair,
(Tho' perhaps I had better that epithet spare,
For Frenchwomen seldom look *fair* of a morning,)
The vast sea of heads clustered under the awning,
The scorched ones beneath, with no awning to shade them,
The band
Looking grand,
In a sort of race stand,
Who ne'er change their tunes till ten times they have played them ;
The curtain at one end, behind which of course is
The *foyer* (or greenroom) for ladies—and horses,
The *ouvreuses*, an *Entr'acte* or *petit banc* holding,
The boys, five-sous fans ever op'ning and folding,
The waiters, who ev'ry two minutes appear,
With *limonade gazeuse* and *brioches* and beer ;
At all these you are gazing, when " ring" goes a bell,
And the hundred Parisians,
Who act as musicians,
Play *Suoni la Tromba* remarkably well,
And the curtain flies back, and displays an arch
'Neath which in regular order march
Some thirty equestrians, stiff as starch ;
Men in jackets of ev'ry hue,
Ladies in tunics green and blue,
Horses crowned with nodding plumes,
Led by satin-vested grooms.
Round and round the course they go
At a solemn pace and slow,
Till the tour has twice been made,
And the tune has twice been played;
Then the steeds, who find it hot,
Calmly to their stable trot,
The curtain 's drawn, the course is clear,
And *Jean* (the waiter) brings more beer.

* * * * *

Hark ! that drum,
That buzzing hum,
Six Amazons under the archway come ;
Each wears a scarf of a different hue,
Green, red, yellow, brown, pink, and blue ;
They walk half round, then form in a line,
And pink scarf quietly makes a sign
To *Jules* or *Adolphe*, as the case may be,
A dark-whiskered youth in *bottes vernies.*

"*Partez!*" cries the starter, and off they go,
Green scarf leading, the rest in a row;
Away they dart at a slashing pace,
Blue 's well up, and a pretty race,
Yellow plies her whip in vain,
Bravo! green 's in front again,
Blue and pink like lightning follow,
Hurrah pink! she has it hollow,
Ev'ry stride fresh ground she's gaining,
Blue and green each nerve are straining;
Hark, the bell! once round and in,
Pink's a-head, and safe to win:
Past the goal her courser flies,
His the work, but hers the prize—
Not a prize like that which came
Last spring from a mysterious dame,
Who, on a pleasant frolic bent,
Five hundred francs from London sent,
A little notoriety courting
As an encourager of sporting;
And who, when once the race was run,
And the fair present fairly won,
Turned out to be Miss Alice Ozy.—
Not so; our winner, warm and rosy,
Receives—*tout simplement*—a posy.

* * * * *

Ring, ting! What can it be?
A *course par cinq Jockeys* we're going to see;
But where are the five? I make out only three:
Two with regular English names,
One called John, and another James,
But the third is James too,
And this never would do,
To have two of a name would be great impropriety—
So he's called *Jems*, just by way of variety.

* * * * *

Off they go
Like darts from a bow,
Jems has the cord, but his pace is too slow;
He tries to make play,
But he can't get away,
The others *must* pass him, spur hard tho' he may.
And hark! one may hear, as they're galloping on,
"*Je parie pour James*," or "*Je parie pour John;*"
John wins! on his bay mare I'd stake my existence!
He *does* by a head, and *Jems* loses his distance.

* * * * *

What *are* people laughing at? Hush, don't you see
An ugly young monkey, now two, and now three,
Four—five—and each strapped on the back of a pony,
Belonging to good Monsieur Victor Franconi:
One drest as a Harlequin, one as a Clown,
One as a Magician in long flowing gown,
And one all in white, with a horrible leer,
While smart little Columbine brings up the rear.
When "crack" goes the whip, and away they all fly,
And jump over hurdles about a foot high,
Once, twice round and home—thro' the archway they run,
And the *Première Partie du Programme* is done.

ENTR'ACTE.

Good gracious! how thirsty these people are!
"*Garçon, de la bière!*"—"*Monsieur, la voilà!*"
Well, it *is* very hot, and the crowd is so great,
And—stay, who are these coming in at the gate!

To know they are English one need be no scholar,
For over her shawl *Madame* sports a white collar.
(And here, I may venture *en passant* to say,
That if ever you meet
In park, square, or street,
A lady, who wears a fur tippet in May,
Or opens her parasol when there's no sun,
That lady is English, as sure as a gun:
But the *collar!*—there 's no more infallible test,
For, however well drest,—
And, it must be confessed,
Ladies grudge no expense to appear so, *au reste.*
If their velvets and satins are all of the best,
Why should we (when such pain we may easily spare them)
Unkindly assert, *they don't know how to wear them?*
Still, four out of five,
When they walk, ride, or drive,
In scarf, cloak, or shawl,
Large, *moyen*, or small,
High, low, rich, and poor, will put on, over all,
Not the fine-plaited ruff sketched by Holbein and Hollar,
But (horror of horrors!) an open-worked collar!

* * * * * * *

Hurrah! hurrah! for the steeple chase,
This will be something like a race;
Four lady-riders, Madame Caron,
And Gabrielle, *en corsage marron*,
Hermance in green, Céleste in blue,
And John and James, (*but, c'est convenu*,
That whether the pace be slow or fast,
They must never be first, but always last;)
Now the grooms—not unlike men who stand
At the barrier each with a stick in his hand,
(The dread of all country lads and lasses,)
Which they thrust into every cart that passes—
Have fixed the hurdles, and hammered 'em tight;
They're off! and by Jove 'tis a pretty sight.
Now Madame Caron's as ugly as sin,
And for that very reason she's sure to win;
For the manager makes it a point of duty
To show off his horse where he can't show off beauty.
So Hermance *la jolie*, and Céleste *la belle*,
Are expected to *sit*, tho' they cannot *ride*, well;
And are mounted on fine, long-tailed steeds, which, although
They are rare ones to look at, are bad ones to go.

* * * * * * *

Ring, ting,
Ting, ring!
Who ever saw such a hollow thing!
Madame Caron the goal has passed,
Gabrielle second, and Céleste last;
While fair Hermance gives the whip to her horse,
And quietly trots him round the course,
As much as to say to each gay gallant, "You, Sir,
Have looked at the winner, now look at the *loser!*"

* * * * * * *

Bow, wow!
Bless us, what now?
Are we near a dog-kennel, or what is the row?
And who are these ladies so smartly drest?
And who are these gentlemen, three abreast?
And that man who comes up with his cap in his hand,
And who wears a green coat with a golden band?

'Tis the grand stag hunt, or *la chasse au cerf*,
And the stag and the hounds are waiting there,
Till the huntsman, with solemn air and steady,
Shall have told the *Seigneur* that all is ready.

* * * * * * *

Hark! the horn sounds,
In the stag bounds,
And in rides the huntsman, and in run the hounds,
Yelping, yelling, barking, howling,
Snapping, snarling, grumbling, growling,
Away they go, lords, ladies, and all,
But the dogs are deaf to the huntsman's call,
And while the *piqueur* plays *le roi Dagobert*,
They roll in the dust, with their heels in the air;
And as for the stag, bless him! they never mind him,
But run on before him, instead of behind him.

* * * * * * *

Now if the stag wasn't blind of one eye,
To hunt them in turn perhaps he'd try,
For, now and then, when he hears them run,
He pokes with his horn, (for he has only one,)
And that, if we dare believe such a thing,
Is tied to his head with a bit of string.

* * * * * *

Round, and round, and round they go,
Dogs and huntsman, all of a row,
Until the stag, who has passed ev'ry horse
And hound by degrees, bolts out of the course;
And in less than a minute, which seems rather odd, he
Is killed ought of sight, for they bring in his body,
Prepared for the *curée*, the dogs give a yell,
And the orchestra plays the *galop* in *Giselle*.

* * * * * * *

Now, fain would I speak of the grand *course de chars*
Between Monsieur Marin and Monsieur Renard,
Of the men on two horses, (the one on a grey cob
Is styled in the bills patriarchally *Jacob*,)
Of Norma, the famed Hanoverian mare,
Whose waltzing would make e'en Cellarius stare;
Of the gay *Carrousel*, where *Céleste Mogador*
Thrusts her lance through a ring at full gallop,—nay more,
Makes her horse prance and turn, and twist round like an eel.
While she hits with a pistol
What others have missed all,
A Turk's head, which truly
She knocked down as coolly
As if she were *polking au Jardin Mabille*.
On these *je soudrais, si je coudrais* dilate,
But the clock's striking three, and the post will not wait;
And yet, I must add a farewell line,
If there *should* be any young friend of mine
Who wants an excuse for a trip from home,
Let him ask mamma
To persuade papa,
(If he's fond of the classics, as most papas are,)
That nothing reminds one of Greece and Rome
So much as the Paris Hippodrome.

EHRENSTEIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.

THE cressets and sconces were lighted in the lower hall, and all those who were to be honoured with a seat at the banquet of the evening were beginning to assemble. On this occasion none were admitted to the table of their lords but such as could either show some claim to noble blood, or were distinguished by particular favour. Nevertheless, the guests were very numerous; for the changes which time had produced in the strict feudal system, and in the severity of the ancient chivalry, admitted many to distinction who would formerly have been excluded: and every man not absolutely a serf was looked upon as noble, and entitled to bear arms. Priests and friars, whether they could prove their ancestry or not, found ready admission to the tables even of monarchs; and in times of need and danger, when it was necessary to court popular support, the leaders of the free communes were treated with every sort of honour. The feudal system, indeed, at this time, may be said to have been completely disorganized; and amongst many symptoms of the total overthrow which was approaching, was that mixture of classes, and the reverence for a great many qualities, many of them much superior to mere ancestry, and many of them perhaps less. However that may be, the number, which, notwithstanding all customary limitations, were entitled to dine in the hall with the Count of Ehrenstein and his princely guest, did not amount to less than seventy; and Adelaide, when she entered with her father, felt her heart beat somewhat timidly at the sight of so many who were perfect strangers to her.

It was to be remarked that amongst the various groups which the room contained, the attendants of the Lord of Ehrenstein looked grave, moody, and anxious; while those of Count Frederick of Leiningen, not aware of any cause for apprehension, were cheerful, if not merry. Numbers, however, have a very encouraging effect; and with so many companions around them, old Sickendorf and Mosbach, with their fellow-soldiers of the castle, had screwed their courage to the sticking-point, and were prepared to face the ghosts of the old hall without flinching. It had cost some trouble, indeed, to get the cooks and servers of the household to place the viands for the supper on the tables; but the example of Ferdinand and Adelaide, and the knowledge that they, with Franz Creussen and his boy, had passed the whole morning in the hall without disturbance, induced them rather to risk a meeting with the ghosts than their lord's anger; and, in parties of five and six, they had at length ventured in, heavy laden with provisions; their terrors had caused some delay, indeed, and it was not till the count had waited impatiently for near a quarter of an hour, that the trumpets were heard sounding clear and shrill from below. After a few moments spent, as was customary, to show that no one was in haste, Count Frederick offered his hand to Adelaide,

and led her to the door, and the whole party moved forward towards the old hall.

"Let the others go first, Mosbach," said Sickendorf, in a low tone; "the devil may take them all if he likes, so that he leave me enough for supper. I am as ravenous as a wolf."

"So am I," answered Mosbach; "but I would rather go hungry to bed than sup in that dark, dreary old hall, with the ghastly company we are like to have."

The sight that met their eyes, however, when they approached the great door, was one that they little expected. The whole hall was in a blaze of light; sconces and cressets were hung thickly on the walls and in the arches, showing forth, in fine relief, the garlands of flowers with which Adelaide had decked them, and the branches of evergreen which both tapestried and canopied the hall. The banners, freed from the dust of many years, waved gaily overhead; the tables groaned with well-cooked viands; and long ranges of cups, goblets, and tankards, in gold and silver,—for the count had brought forth all his stores of splendour,—flashed back the rays of the lights around, and added to the rich and cheerful aspect of the whole.

Count Frederick paused for an instant at the door, exclaiming,—"Why, this is a scene of fairy-land!" and the Count of Ehrenstein himself gazed round with wonder and pleasure on a sight which far surpassed his previous expectations. He made no observation, however, but moved on to take his seat in the great chair in the centre of the cross table, and several minutes were spent in arranging the guests according to their rank and station. Adelaide was placed upon her father's left, Count Frederick on his right; the priest sat next the lady, and then the knights around; while Ferdinand, in a courteous tone, assigned the jester a seat at the angle of the two tables, so that he could converse with his lord during their meal, according to custom, without being actually placed at the same table. This arrangement created much surprise amongst the followers of the house of Ehrenstein, and some displeasure: but the attendants of Count Frederick seemed to look upon it as a matter of course.

Ferdinand himself was about to take a seat much further down; but as he moved towards it, the count called him up, saying, "Here is room for you, Ferdinand. Well and faithfully have you done all that was intrusted to you, and neither a braver heart nor a better head have we amongst us. I name you the master of my household from this hour, and leave my good guests to your care and courtesy whenever I am not present."

"Well may he make him master of his household," said Sickendorf, in a whisper to Mosbach; "for he seems master of the spirits as well as the bodies. I am sure, without their help, he never could have done all this."

"He had Franz Creussen with him," mumbled Karl of Mosbach: "and I don't see why a boy like that—not knighted yet—should be put over our heads."

"He's a good youth, he's a good youth," answered Sickendorf; "and may well have an office that neither you nor I could manage. We are over his head in arms, and that is all we have to care about."

In the meanwhile Count Frederick had put some question to his entertainer, who bowed his head, replying, "Yes, the same; Ferdi-

nand of Altenburg;" and the old nobleman instantly rose, as Ferdinand advanced with some degree of diffidence, and took him in his arms, saying, "Ah, good youth, I am right glad to see you! I knew your father well—a gallant gentleman as ever drew a sword. He died in foreign lands many long years ago. We must know each other better, my son. Here, Philip of Wernheim, I pray you, for this night, make room for him beside me."

"Nay, my good lord," said Ferdinand, "I beseech you, excuse me. I must not displace a noble gentleman, so much older and better than myself."

"There, sit you down, boy," cried the bluff old soldier to whom the count had spoken, taking him by the shoulder, and thrusting him into the seat with a laugh. "It matters not where a man sits; if he have honour, he will carry his honour about with him; if he have none, he may well sit low. I will go place me by my old friend the Herr von Narren, and see whether his sharp wit will crack my hard skull." Thus saying, he moved round, and took a seat at the other side of the cross table, saying to the jester, in a low tone, as he sat down, "Why, how now? you seem dull, mein Herr; cheer up."

The jester suddenly raised his face, and answered, "What makes a cat mew, and a lion roar; a young man fierce, and an old man dull? hunger, hunger, Sir Philip; Heaven send the good priest a weak breath and a strong appetite, for he is rising to bless the meat, I see; and if he be long about it, like the grace of many another man, it will be a curse instead of a blessing."

The priest, however, was as hungry as the rest, and his words quick and few. The meal began, and for well nigh half an hour it passed nearly in silence; but then, as the appetite became assuaged, and wine to flow, the tongue was allowed time to act as well as the teeth, and Count Frederick began to urge the jester to speak; though the latter, either from not having yet satisfied his hunger, or perhaps from weariness with long travel, seemed little disposed to indulge his lord. "Come, come, my friend," cried Count Frederick at length, "thou art playing the silent counsellor to night; what dost thou cogitate?"

"Bitter sweet," answered the jester; "call you me a counsellor, uncle? I would give you all right good advice and sharp, if you would but take it, man, woman, and child."

"Let us hear, let us hear!" cried Count Frederick; "then will we judge whether it be worth the taking. Begin with the lady, cousin, as in duty bound."

"Well, then, here's for her counsel," said the jester, laying his finger on his brow.

The Jester's Advice to Ladies.

"Flaunt not your beauty in the common eye,
  Lest, like hedge-flowers, it be not thought worth plucking;
Trust to no young man's tender word or sigh,
  For even pigs are gentle when they're sucking.

Judge of your lover by his deeds to others,
  For to yourself he's ever a deceiver:
Mark, girls, your fathers' conduct to your mothers,
  And each be, if she can be, a believer."

"Good counsel, cousin, good counsel!" cried Count Frederick; "but now for another. What say you to the young men?"

"Good faith, uncle, I know not that I have anything to say," answered the jester; "for whatever age says, youth will not believe; and whatever wisdom advises, folly will not follow; grace has gone out of season with garden rue, and wit, as well as wisdom, has become the property of fools. Argue me now wisely with a sleek, young, crimson-spotted trout upon the imminent perdition which befals him if he snaps at a gay-looking fly with a hook in its belly; yet will your trout leap at the bait, and soon be flapping his broad tail on the bank. If the hook break in his jaws indeed, he will gain wit from his wound, and look before he leaps another time: experience is the scourge that drives us all; admonition but a fool's blown bladder, that makes a sound where it strikes, but no impression. Boys will after their own game, as a goshawk after a partridge, and a pretty pair of heels, or a small, delicate hand, most kissable and sugary rosy lips, set in a white skin, like strawberries in cream, and eyes that say, 'Come, love me,' will, any day about feeding-time, make a lad like that jump at a hook that will draw him into the frying-pan. Heaven help and mend us all!

> "Beauty's a butterfly, and youth's a boy;
> Let him catch it if he can:
> When he casts away his toy,
> He may learn to be a man."

"Pretty Mistress Bertha wouldn't thank him if she could hear that," said Sickendorf apart to his fellow knight.

"Mistress Bertha!" answered old Mosbach; "I've a notion the young cockerel carries his eyes higher than that; and all this notice of him will spoil him. The other day I saw him looking into the Lady Adelaide's eyes, and she into his, as if they were drinking love-pledges to one another."

"Pooh, nonsense!" answered Sickendorf; "you are always finding out a nest of cock's eggs, Karl. Have you nothing to say to us, sir jester?" he continued aloud, speaking across the table.

"Good faith, but little," answered the other; "your old man is worse to deal with than your young one; for he is as weak in the wit as in the hams, and his brain, like a worn horse-trough, is ever leaking with watery talk.

> Greybeards and Wisdom were married one day—
> 'Tis a very long time since then;
> But they parted by chance upon the highway,
> And ne'er came together again.
>
> Leave wine and leave women, greybeard, and leave oaths;
> Leave dicing, and jesting, and scoffing;
> And thou'lt find thine old wife, dressed in her best clothes,
> And thy long journey's end—in the coffin."

"There, Sickendorf," cried the Count of Ehrenstein, "you have enough, methinks. For my part, I will not tempt our friend."

"Then you shall have counsel without asking," answered the jester; and he went on in his usual rude verse as follows:—

> "The noble lord, the just, the true—
> Methinks I see him now—
> Claims from no vassal more than due,
> But gives him more, I trow.

No stolen swine grunts in his sty,
No plundered goose complains,
No cackling hens against him cry,
His barn no spoil contains.

Quick he restores what's wrongly got,
Without a suit at law;
His sword has never cut a knot
His fingers could not draw.

If such thou art, no danger dread,
In camp, in court, in town;
But if thou'rt not, beware thy head,
For sure thou'lt tumble down."

At the first stanza the lord of Ehrenstein smiled pleasantly; but as the jester went on to paint a character which, by no stretch of human vanity, he could attribute to himself, his laugh grew somewhat grim; and although all the customs of the day required that he should seem amused with the jester's observations, even when they hit him the hardest, yet he might have made a somewhat tart reply in the shape of a joke, which he was very well qualified to do, if he had not been interrupted before he could speak. Just as the jester concluded, however, a loud, wild, extraordinary burst of martial music drowned every other sound at the table; clarions and trumpets, drums and atabals, sounded all around the hall, in a strain so peculiar, that ears which had once heard it could never forget it again. Count Frederick started, and turned towards the count, exclaiming, "Odds life, we are in Africa again! Whence got you this Moorish music, my good lord? I have not heard the like since I was at Damietta. You must have a whole troop of Moslems."

The count's cheek had turned very pale; and Ferdinand's eye was seen wandering round the hall, as if expecting some strange sight suddenly to present itself.

"In truth I know not whence these sounds come," answered the count, after a moment's pause for consideration; and he then added, seeing that any farther attempt at concealment would be vain. "It is no ordinary place, this Castle of Ehrenstein, my noble friend. We have strange sights and strange sounds here. But what matters it? we are not men to be frightened by unsubstantial sounds, or appearances either. I drink to your health." And filling his cup high with wine, he said aloud, the music having by this time ceased, "To Count Frederick of Leiningen!"

His guest immediately answered the pledge, saying, "Health to the Count of Ehrenstein!" but instantly a loud voice echoed through the hall, pronouncing, in a solemn tone, "Health to the dead!"

"This is mighty strange!" exclaimed Count Frederick, setting down his cup, scarcely tasted. "Methought I had seen or heard of wonderful that this earth can produce, but now I come back to my own land to witness things stranger still. This must be Satan's work. We must get you, good father, to lay this devil."

"Please you, my good lord," replied the priest, whose face had turned as white as paper, "I would rather have nothing to do with him. There is the abbey hard by; surely the good fathers there could keep the place free from spirits if they liked it; it is their busi-

ness, not mine: and as I see the lady is rising, by my troth, I will go to bed too, for I am somewhat weary with our long march."

"It may be better for us all to do so too," said Count Frederick; but his host pressed him to stay longer so earnestly, that he sat down for a few minutes; while Adelaide and the priest retired from the hall. The retainers of the two noblemen did not venture to follow their own inclinations and the priest's example; but though the lord of Ehrenstein pressed the wine hard upon them, all mirth was at an end, and whispered conversations alone went on except between the two counts, who spoke a few words, from time to time, in a louder tone, but evidently with a great effort; and at the end of about a quarter of an hour, during which there was no further interruption, Count Frederick rose, begging his entertainer to excuse him for retiring to rest.

All were eager to rise and to get out of a place where none of them felt themselves in security; but Ferdinand touched his lord's arm, as, with a gloomy brow, he was following his guest from the hall, saying, in a low voice, "What is to be done with all this gold and silver, my lord? we shall never persuade the servers to clear it away to-night."

"I know not," answered the count, moodily, but aloud. "You must lock the door, or stay and watch."

Ferdinand fell back, and suffered the stream to pass by him, meditating thoughtfully upon what he should do. As was not uncommon in those days, there was a good deal of confusion in his mind in regard to matters of superstitious belief. Persons of strong intellect, however rude the education which they had received, were not easily induced to suppose that beings merely spiritual could have the powers and faculties of corporeal creatures; and although few doubted the fact of apparitions being frequently seen and even heard to speak, yet they did not believe in general that they had any power of dealing with substantial bodies. Thus, when Ferdinand thought of the events of the preceding night, although he could not doubt the evidence of his own senses, yet the fact of the banner having been changed puzzled him a good deal; and, in his straightforward simplicity, he asked himself, "If ghosts can carry away so heavy a thing as a banner and a banner-pole, why should they not take silver tankards and golden cups?" He looked at the different articles that strewed the tables with a doubtful eye, at first proposing to remove them to a safer place himself; but upon the cross table were many large silver plates and dishes loaded with fragments of the meal; and he felt a repugnance to undertake for any one an office unsuited to his birth. To lock the door, and leave the things to their fate, he could not help thinking might be merely consigning the valuable stores which were there displayed to a place from which they were never likely to return; whether above the earth, or under the earth, he did not stop to inquire; and at length, after a little hesitation, he said, "I will stay and watch. They did me no harm last night; why should they harm me to-night? I can rest here as well as in my bed, and I should like to see more of these strange things; they are awful, it is true, but yet what has one to fear with God and a good conscience?—I will stay."

Just as he came to this resolution, he heard a returning step in the

vestibule; the door leading to which had been left open behind the retreating crowd; and the next minute the face of the jester appeared, looking in. "Ha, ha, good youth," he said, "are you going to stay here, like a bait in a rat-trap, till our friends the ghosts come and nibble you? I heard what your excellent good lord said; a wise man —an admirably wise man—who understands the craft of princes, and leaves his followers a pleasant choice, in which they are sure to get blame or danger in whatever way they act. What do you intend to do? lock up the door, and leave the cups and tankards for devils to drink withal, or to wait and bear them company, if they choose to come and have a merry bout with you?"

"I shall stay and watch," answered Ferdinand; "I am not a steward or a scullion to move plates and dishes; and if I leave them here, heaven only knows where they will be to-morrow."

"Then, good faith, I'll stay and watch with you, Sir Ferdinand," answered the jester; "two fools are better than one at any time; and one by profession, and one by taste, ought to be a match for a score or two of spirits, whether they be black, white or grey."

"I've a notion, Herr von Narren," answered Ferdinand, "that you've less of a fool in you than many who'd be more ashamed of the name"

"Good luck," answered the jester; "you do my wit but little justice, youth. Who would not be a fool, when wise men do such things every day? Better to profess folly at once, of your own good-will, than to have other men put the cap upon your head; and a fool has one great advantage over a wise man, and which no one will deny him: a fool can be wise when he pleases—a wise man cannot be foolish when he likes. Oh, the bauble for ever, I would not change my motley just yet for a robe of miniver. But we'll watch—we'll watch—and we'll make ourselves comfortable too. But, by my faith, it gets cold of nights, or else the chilly wing of another world is flapping through this old hall. Go, get some logs, good youth, and we'll have a fire; then, with our toes upon the andirons, and our chins in our palms, by the beard of St. Barnabas, we'll tell old stories of strange things gone by, till the cock shall crow before we know it. You are not afraid to leave me with the tankards, I suppose; for, on my life, I drink fair with every man, and have no itch for silver."

"Oh no, I do not fear," answered Ferdinand; "and I'll soon bring logs enough for the night. A cheerful blaze will do us no harm, and I shall be glad of your company."

Thus saying, he left the place; and, from the great coffer at the entrance of the lesser hall, he soon loaded himself with sufficient wood, as he thought, to last the night. When he re-entered the great hall, he found the jester walking back from the other end towards the centre, where the fireplace stood; and as he came near, the young man inquired, "Were you talking to yourself just now, Herr von Narren?"

"Nay, good sooth, that were waste of words," answered the jester; "I was peeping through yonder keyhole; and as it is a mighty ghostly looking door, I thought I might as well tell the spirits not to disturb us, as we had much to talk about. They took it all in good part, poor things, and said nothing; though, after all, it would be but charity to

let them come and have a warm at our good fire—for it must be cold down stairs, I fancy, and your ghost is thinly clad. Where does yon door lead to, good youth?"

"To the serfs' burying-vault," answered Ferdinand; "and then to the old chapel under the new one."

"Ha, ha, all convenient for the ghosts," said the jester; "but there must be a number of sad Turks amongst them to make such a noise with their atabals as they did to-night. There, you reach me down a lamp, while I lay the sticks. Trust a fool for making a fire; if he do not make it too large; then he may burn his own fingers, and the house too. We will put out half the sconces, and so shall we have candlelight till the morning, when the sun and the tapers may wink at each other, like merry maids upon a May-day."

The fire was soon lighted, and the suggestion regarding the sconces carried into execution; after which, Ferdinand and the jester drew two stools into the wide chimney; and the latter, bringing the large flagon of wine and two cups from the cross table, set the beaker down upon the earth, saying, "We will drink and keep our spirits up."

"Nay," answered Ferdinand, "I want no wine for that purpose. I will take one cup; for I have had none to-night, and I have worked hard during the day; but if I took more, I should sleep, and not watch."

"Ay, young brains are soon addled, like a pigeon's egg," answered the jester. "And so you are Ferdinand of Altenburg?"

Ferdinand nodded with his head, answering with a smile, "No other."

"You are a bold man," said his companion, "to give me such an answer."

"How so?" demanded Ferdinand. "I must surely know who I am myself."

"If you know yourself, you are the first man that ever did," replied the jester. "Your father was a proper man."

"Indeed! did you know him?" exclaimed Ferdinand.

"Oh dear no, not at all," said the Herr von Narren; "but my uncle Frederick told us so at supper. I knew your grandfather and your great-grandfather; and I was distantly related to his great-grandfather; for as Adam was the first of my ancestors, and all his race sprung from Eve, there was some connexion between us, either by blood or matrimony. Do you remember your father?"

"No," answered Ferdinand; "I was but a mere boy when he died."

"Ay, then you were not long acquainted," said the jester. "I remember mine quite well, and how he used to tickle me with his beard: that's longer ago than you recollect, or than you could if you would; for to ask you for a long memory in your short life, would be like putting a gallon of wine into a pint-stoup. But I'll tell you a story, cousin."

"What is it about?" asked Ferdinand, drinking some of the wine out of the cup he held in his hand. "Is it a story of faërie, or about the Saracens, or of knightly deeds here in our own land?"

"A little of all, a little of all, cousin," answered the jester; "it's a Saturday's stew, containing fragments of all things, rich and rare, with a sauce of mine own composing. Now listen, and you shall hear.

Once upon a time there was a prince, we'll call him a prince for want of a better name, without offence too; for a prince may be a gentleman sometimes. Well, this prince lived at ease in his own land; for, you see, he had neither wife nor child to vex him, and a very merry prince he was. Well he might be, too; for every body did just what he liked, and drank the best wine, and ate the best meat, and slept upon good goose feathers which he had not the trouble of plucking; and then, moreover, he had a jester, who was fit to make any heart gay. Besides this jester, he had a brother, a wise man and a thoughtful; full of all sorts of learning, for they had wished to make a bishop of him; but he loved the sword better than the coif,—and all he learned in the convent was Latin and Greek, and reading and writing, and Aristotle and Duns Scotus, and to love nobody better than himself."

"Ha," said Ferdinand, beginning to think that he perceived some drift in the man's tale; but he made no observation, and the jester continued:—

"Well, the prince loved his brother very much, and they lived together in the same castle, and passed their time pleasantly; they hunted together, and they made a little war, and then they made a little peace: and while the men-at-arms played at mutton-bones in the court-yard, the two lords played at chess in the hall—and I can tell you that though the brother won the first game, the prince won the second, and the jester stood by and laughed. Merrily passed the time; and if men would but be contented in this world, life would be like a summer-day; but the brother was always urging the prince to go to this war or that, for the glory of their house, as he called it, and sometimes he went himself, and sometimes he stayed at home to take care of the castle, while the prince followed his advice. And then the brother one day thought it would be a good thing for the prince to go and visit Jerusalem; and as he knew something of hard blows, and of leading armies to help the Knights Hospitallers and other sagacious men who were fighting for the pure pleasure of the thing, to get lands that they could not keep when they had got them. And the prince thought it a very good plan; and as he had got a great number of large chests full of money, he went away to sow it in the fields of Syria, and to see if it would grow there. As he had a great number of stout young men too, who always required bleeding in the summer-time, he took them with him; but as his brother was of a cold constitution, he left him at home to keep house. Now, the prince having neither wife or child, his dear brother was his heir."

"I see," said Ferdinand; "go on, Herr."

"Before they went," continued the jester, "the brother had a great deal of talk with some of the prince's followers, and told them how much he loved their dear lord. He did not say that he wished him dead; oh dear, no, that was not the way at all; but he told them all that he would do if he was prince, and how he would promote them, and left Sir Satan, the king of all evil imaginations, to deal with their consciences as he might find expedient. Well, the prince went away, and took with him his jester as his chief counsellor, though he never took his counsel either, for if he had he would have stayed at home: but so they went on up by the Boden See, and then by the Voralberg, and through the Tyrol, kissing the emperor's hand at Inspruck, and then came to Venice, and there they had an audience of the Doge; and at

Venice they stayed a long time, for there was a fair Venetian lady that the prince loved passing well."—And the jester paused, and gazed thoughtfully into the fire for several moments.

"That has nothing to do with my tale, however," he continued. "At length the prince went on; and, after long journeying, he came to the place whither he was going; and though it was once a land flowing with milk and honey, very little honey and no milk was to be found there then; so, to keep down their appetites, they took to fighting in real earnest. One day, however, a certain officer of the prince, and a great friend of his brother's, brought him word that there were a number of Moslems in a valley not far from the castle were they were; and that, if he would go out with his men, while the knights of the Hospital guarded the castle, he might have them all as cheap as gudgeons. The prince had some doubts of his friend, and sent out for better intelligence; but finding that all that he said seemed very true, he got upon horseback, and sallied forth with his men. About three or four miles from the castle, however, he was suddenly surrounded and attacked on all sides by a number of the Moslems, of whom his officer had forgotten to tell him. Nevertheless, he fought tolerably well, considering he was a prince; and he and his men might perhaps have got out of the trap by the force of impudence and a strong arm, if his friend the officer had not come behind him just then, and struck him a gentle stroke in the neck, about the place where the gorget joins the cuirass. Upon that the prince tumbled off his horse, the Moslems closed in on all sides, and with their sharp scimitars sent the heads flying about like pippins shaken off a tree. All were killed or taken except one, who got through and galloped away, first carrying the news of the defeat to the knights of St. John in the castle, and then to the prince's brother at home."

"This was, of course, the traitor who murdered his lord," exclaimed Ferdinand.

"Oh dear, no," replied the jester: "his friends the Moslems kept him, but thought he would be safer in two pieces, and so they separated his head from his shoulders."

"A very wise precaution," answered Ferdinand; "and what became of the jester? He was taken prisoner, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered his companion. "But now listen: I am coming to the most curious part of my story, and that is the history of the prince's followers after they were dead. One clear moonlight night, I have heard say, just as they were all lying in the rocky valley where they had fallen, and their bones, well picked by the wild beasts of that country, were shining white amongst the bushes and large stones, there came amongst them a tall thin figure, through which you could see the rocks, and the branches, and the round-faced moon, just as if it had been the horn-plate of a lantern; and it stooped over the bones, and looked at them one by one, and then it said, 'The man whose insinuations brought about your death strangled me in the vaults of his castle, though he knew that I was innocent. Rise up, then, all that were true to their prince, and come, let us to his brother's house, and plague him night and day, at his board and in his bed; let us give him no rest so long as he remains upon the earth.' The moment he had spoken, slowly rising out of the earth came a number of thin shadowy figures like himself; and they mounted calmly into the air, and floated

away towards this land, just as you see a cloud rise out of the west and soar slowly along, casting a shadow as it flies."

CHAPTER XII.

FERDINAND'S teeth were set hard, and his hands clasped tight together, as the jester's story ended, and for a moment or two he did not speak; but at length he inquired, "And how long was this ago?"

"Oh, a long while," answered his companion;—"long enough for young men to grow old, and for——"

But before he could add more, a slight sort of creaking noise was heard proceeding from the end of the hall, near the chair of state. Ferdinand, whose face was turned in that direction, and the jester suddenly turned round, when both saw the small door which has been so often mentioned opened slowly, exposing the mouth of the passage beyond.

"Ah, who have we here?" cried the jester. "Some of our friends from over the sea, I suppose?" But no one appeared, and all was silent. Both the watchers rose, and gazed for a minute or two towards the door, Ferdinand grasping the cross of his sword, but the jester showing no sign either of alarm or surprise.

"By my faith," he exclaimed at length, "I will see what is beyond there. Will you come with me, youth, or shall I go alone?"

"I should think, from the tale you have told," answered Ferdinand, "that you know your way right well without guidance. But I will go with you, whatever is there. I have been once, and will not be stopped from going again."

"Come along, then," answered the jester. "Let us each take a lamp, cousin; for the dead must want lights, as they always choose to walk in darkness. Why is a ghost like a flagon of wine?"

"Nay, I know not," answered Ferdinand; "and to say truth, I am in no jesting mood just now."

"Because it comes out of the vault at midnight," answered the jester; "and where it enters, there it scatters men's wits about. Happy he who has none to scatter! but come along, cousin, we'll soon see whether our spirits are equal to theirs. I feel rather queer; but a mole wouldn't mind it, for he is accustomed to holes in the earth."

Thus saying, he led the way to the door, and went into the long, narrow passage, Ferdinand following, and each carrying a lamp. The jester's young companion, though busied with many other thoughts, watched his movements closely, in order to obtain a confirmation or refutation of suspicions which his tale had excited. Those suspicions, however, were strengthened by all that the young man remarked.

"Damp, damp, and chilly, as a rich man's heart," murmured the jester, as he advanced; and then, as if his knowledge of the passages which they were following was not of a few hours' growth, he laid his hand upon the door at the farther end, and, without hesitation, drew it towards him in the way which it really opened. He then passed on down the stone steps, without a moment's pause to consider, merely turning round and saying, "Take care of your lamp, cousin; for a light put out in this world is not easily lighted again, whether it

be love's lamp or life's. A puff puts them out, but a puff won't bring them in again. By the mass, the stones are somewhat slippery, and as much out of repair as a fool's head or a spendthrift's purse. I must mind my way; for here, as on ambition's ladder, a small slip would make a great tumble."

"By my faith, you seem to know your way right well, Herr von Narren," said Ferdinand; "better than I do, methinks."

"Ay, ay, folly finds the straight road, while wisdom is looking for the short cut," answered the jester. "One can't well miss their way when there is but one. But there seem no ghosts here, except the spirit of Mrs. Mildew, and she seems very prevalent. We shall lose our time, and get no payment for chilling our bones, if we get no better apparition than this green slime. I would give a great deal to see a ghost: I never met with one in all my travels."

"Perhaps you may be gratified to-night," rejoined Ferdinand; "for here they wander, if anywhere."

"If anywhere!" exclaimed the jester; "did any one ever hear such heretical unbelief? for we know that the church supports them, because, I suppose, the poor things are too thin and unsubstantial to stand of themselves. However, here we are at the bottom; praised be Heaven's mercy in not bringing us there sooner! And here is a door. Now, marry, you and other men of shrewd wits would doubtless be looking for another, but I take the one that stands before me; the sunshine of my darkness teaching me that that which is at hand is always nearer than that which is far off. Now let us see: it should be pulled this way, by the look of the lock and the hinges; but if it be locked, what then?" And he paused for a minute or two, seeming to consider curiously the question before he proceeded to ascertain the fact.

"Come, come, Herr Narren," said Ferdinand, "you know it opens this way well enough, and doubtless it is not locked; and if it be, I have a key that will open it."

"What, then you come hither often," said the jester; "no wonder you are less afraid of haunted places than the rest."

"I do not come here often," said Ferdinand, somewhat vexed at the incautious admission he had made: "I have been here but once in my life before, and even that I do not wish mentioned." And stretching forth his arm, he pulled back the door, before which his companion seemed inclined to hold a long parley.

"Bless the lad's heart!" cried the jester; "he seems to think that his light words will stay in a fool's head for an hour. My brain's not birdlime, boy, to catch your fluttering things, and put them in the trap. But now, what place is this?" And he took a step forward and looked round, holding up the lamp in his hand.

"This is the serfs' burial-vault," answered Ferdinand, in a low voice, remembering, with a sensation of awe that he could not suppress, the strange and fearful sights that he had there seen. But the deep gloom and solemn silence of the place seemed to produce a very different effect upon his companion. He raised his head, and threw back his shoulders; his form seemed to expand, his whole appearance to acquire an air of dignity; and as the light of the lamp, lifted high above his head, fell upon his strongly marked features, with the grey beard, the wildly floating hair, and the deep bronzed skin, Ferdinand

could not help thinking that, notwithstanding the curious cap and the grave garb he wore, that few persons of a more majestic look had ever met his eyes.

"Hold up your lamp," said the jester, in a grave tone: "I wish to see around me." But the darkness, as before, was too profound to be pierced, for any distance, by the feeble rays of the two lamps; and the next moment, to his surprise, the young man heard his companion demand aloud, "Where art thou, Walter?"

"Here," answered a deep tone, instantly; and following the sound, the jester advanced direct to the column to which the skeleton was bound by the chain. There he paused, and gazed upon it, as if that had been the object he sought; and the emotions which he experienced, whatever they were, seemed to overpower him, and make him forget for the time the presence of his companion. His eyes filled with tears. "Honest, and faithful, and true," he cried; "and was this the fate reserved for thee? All could be forgiven, but this—this cannot." And bending down his head, he slightly raised the bony fingers in his own, and pressed his lips upon the mouldering joints.

There was a faint sound, as of sobbing, round; but Ferdinand's strange companion took no notice of it, and continued gazing upon the skeleton for several minutes, with a look of deep and intense thought in his eye, as it wandered up and down the fleshless limbs. Then suddenly turning away, he said, "Come on!" and striding forward to the farther side of the vault, he passed through the archway into the crypt, or lower chapel. Taking no notice of several of the monuments on either side, and only giving a glance to the coffins, he went straight to the tomb of grey marble, on which was sculptured a lady in the attitude of prayer; and there, kneeling for a few moments by the side, he seemed to busy himself in silent devotions. After which, rising, he turned to Ferdinand, and said, in a mild but no sportive tone, "It is done. Go back to the hall, good youth, and wait for me there. I will not be long, and nothing will annoy you by the way." Ferdinand might think it all strange, but yet the words of his companion seemed to have a power over him which he could not resist; and turning back, he retrod his steps to the hall, where, after having closed the door, he seated himself before the fire to wait for the jester's return.

Light-hearted youth, that season of great powers and small experiences, may feel strong and deep emotions; but their influence on the corporeal frame, at least, is not very permanent. Weary with a long day's exertion, and having had little rest for the three or four nights preceding, Ferdinand's eyes felt heavy; and that pleasant languor which precedes sleep stole over his limbs. He wished to remain awake; but yet he leaned back for support against the stonework of the wide chimney; and in a few minutes he nodded, woke up again, and then fell into sound slumber. He was awakened by a heavy hand grasping his shoulder, and looking round, saw the jester standing beside him, with the fire in its last embers on the hearth, and the lamps burning dim.

"I must wake you, cousin," said his companion; "for we shall soon have Madam Morning winking at us with her cold grey eye. Sleep is better than waking, for seven good reasons; but it must come to an end, coz.'

"Is it so late?" asked Ferdinand; "I thought that I had just closed my eyes."

"Yes, that's the blessing of youth," said the jester; "he thinks not either sleeping or waking. He dreams while he is waking, and forgets while he is sleeping, and therein has he the two best gifts that man can covet—to dream and to forget."

"I doubt not, from all I see," answered the young man, "that there are many things you would wish to forget, were it possible."

"Hark ye, cousin," said the jester, "one thing we had both better try to forget; to wit, that we have been in those vaults together. I have a secret of yours—you have one of mine. We will each keep what we have got, and give it away to nobody: for that would be thriftless."

"Nay, I have nought to tell," answered Ferdinand, "though perhaps something to inquire, Herr von Narren. I may suspect, and I do; but I can do no more than suspect. But one thing I must ask—what you come here for? as I can know of no evil to my lord without preventing it: otherwise I am a traitor."

"Why, what evil can I do?" asked the jester, with a smile; "what power have I? Is the fool's bauble equal to a baron's sword? Good faith, I will go to the wars, and turn out a great conqueror. I intend your lord no harm, cousin."

"But you said there was something not to be forgiven," replied Ferdinand.

"Nor will it," said his companion, somewhat sternly, "if there be justice in Heaven; but to Heaven I leave it; and, in its own good time, I doubt not to see vengeance fall where it ought. What is it that you suspect?"

"That you were the follower of the late Count of Ehrenstein," answered Ferdinand, frankly—"the jester you mentioned in the tale you told; and that even now you seek to avenge the count's death."

His companion laughed aloud. "How thy wits jump!" he said; "but in one way, like an ill-broken colt, they jump too far. I seek not to avenge his death; and, by all that I hold sacred, I will never attempt it: so let that satisfy thee, good youth."

"And yet, perhaps, I ought to inform the count of who you are," replied the young man, thoughtfully.

"That you cannot do," answered the jester; "and if you believe the tale I told applies to your lord and his brother, you neither will nor ought. Vipers have vipers' eggs—rogues serve rogues; and the blood in your veins would cry out against you, if you were to make your mind the bondsman of a felon. If you think my tale is true, quit this household in silence, for your own honour: if you do not believe the tale to be applicable, here remain in silence. But if you would needs speak, I will seal your lips with one word."

"Ay, what is that?" asked Ferdinand, in some surprise.

"Adelaide!" answered the jester, fixing his keen eyes upon him. "Is there nothing, good youth, that you seek to conceal, as well as myself? nay, far more than I do; for I have nought to fear—you much. I care not, but that it would sadden merry meetings, and break off gay intercourse, if your good count should know all that you know, and more. Indeed, I promise you that, ere I depart from these walls, he shall hear the whole tale. He dare as soon wag a finger

against me as jump from the top of the keep; but I must choose my own time and my own way to speak, and it must not be now."

Ferdinand had coloured high when the name of Adelaide was pronounced, and now he remained silent; while his companion went on in a tone so different from that which he assumed in his jester's capacity. An instant after, however, the other suddenly resumed his ordinary manner, and exclaimed, "So, that is settled between the two fools, who sat up all night watching for that which did not come. Marry, had we liked it, cousin, we might have proved ourselves the wise men of the party; for, with plenty of wine and good cheer, we had wherewithal to be merry and wise. Now, however, are we sorry fools; for we have neither emptied the flagons nor cleared the dishes, and vinegar will be cheap in the market if all that wine stands there much longer."

"It may serve as a bribe to bring some of the knaves in by daylight to clear away the tables," answered Ferdinand; "there is more than one amongst them who would sell his own soul for a flagon of strong drink."

"Then is his soul dirt-cheap, or a very bad one," answered the jester; "but, on my life, I believe the market-price of men's souls is half a florin; for day by day we see them sold for less. The twinkle of girls' eyes is current coin against such commodities; the pottle-pot drives a thriving trade in the mart of spirits; and two small pieces of ivory spotted with black have nearly emptied the world's fold of its true sheep. But there comes the morning! See, the panes of glass in the casement are looking grey. We shall soon have the sun up, looking red and blear-eyed, like a drunkard who has sat up all night with the stoup. I'll hie me to bed, for my wit will want activity; and, good faith, it is getting somewhat weak in the knees."

"It must be a heavy task to be ever ready with a jest, even when the heart is sad," said Ferdinand.

"What! a heavy task to find light wit?" exclaimed the jester. "No, good youth; let a man but look at life as he ought, and the burden is easily borne. All things here are but jests—some sour, some sweet, some light, some heavy. If we cannot laugh with, we can laugh at; and but get your wit into a cantering habit, and he'll forget his grave paces, and trip lightly along the road. Give you good morning, cousin Ferdinand; I am away to my pallet."

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

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Contents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are requested to take notice, that Mr. Ainsworth does not hold himself responsible for the custody of papers sent to him either for "Ainsworth's Magazine" or the "New Monthly;" neither does he undertake to return them. All Articles not accepted will be destroyed. Copies ought, therefore, in every instance to be kept.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS,"

CHAPTER X.

"Nihil jus, nihil fas; aurum, vis, et Venus imperabat."—*Cardinal of Viterbo.*
No laws, no rights; gold, violence, and licentiousness ruling all.

WHETHER the Hospitaller and his wild-spirited young comrade kept their watches so sedulously as they had promised, we cannot take upon us to aver; but the restlessness of the Orsino, who, notwithstanding his exhaustion, scarcely slept three minutes together without starting awake, rendered any other vigilance almost unnecessary. He was the first to announce the break of day, and to rouse the travellers, urging the expediency of reaching the plains before the heat of the sun set in. The Orsino's desire to be in Rome had become akin to a passion in its extreme eagerness and impatience; but it took a somewhat discourteous form when he privately urged on the English knight that they should set forward without waiting for the company of Ser Machiavelli and his men-at-arms, which he declared would very much delay them. If Sir Reginald intended to accede to this arrangement, it was foiled by the zany, who suddenly started from his slumbers, and blew a blast upon a horn, which chanced to be near him, so loud and shrill, that it would have awakened Arthur and all his knights from their petrified sleep in the Welch cavern. The effect was instantaneous, and so far from parting company, Ser Niccolò, still rubbing his eyes, entreated that his fellow-pilgrims would not hurry themselves, for rather than miss their society, he would tarry the whole day.

Paolo's diligence, however, at least hastened the departure. Mass was said, a solemn benediction bestowed by the prior of the Carthu sians, and leaving divers gifts, and the promise of many more, but truth to say with but a scanty breakfast, the military cavalcade streamed, glittering and irregular as a mountain water, down to the shores of the Nar, or Nera, at it is more commonly called in Italy. The monks watched the departure from their rocky heights, and as they disappeared, one or two so far overcame their stoicism as to wave a farewell with their brown, bare arms.

It was a morning such as is only seen in southern climates, and at similar elevations—the air so pure and bright that it seemed to show all objects as if through a shining medium of glass. A faint rosiness tinged the transparent blue of the sky, and all the tops of the mountains were touched with a deeper hue of the same beautiful colour. The valley, although partially veiled in mists, began to disclose its richness and variety. Little villages appeared nestling at the craggy bases of the mountains; castles and minor forts towered on remote pinnacles; forests of beech and pine waved freshly in the wind; pastures of the brightest emerald green bordered the river; every rock displayed in its nooks and crannies wild flowers of brilliant hues; every fan of the soft morning breeze brought some sweet scent! The very cataract, though lost in snowy mists, wore a diadem—a rainbow spanning

it in a circular form of the palest pink and azure. So fresh and lovely shone the scene, that as they journeyed on the wild path which bordered the river, among its tangled underwood of myrtles, stunted vines, and high weeds, which sometimes nearly concealed both horse and rider, while the loftier forest trees showered their golden dew continually on them as they passed, the canon could not hinder himself from exclaiming aloud, "This is Italy!—Lombardy is a lie."

An echo of surprising distinctness and musical cadence immediately took up the words, and repeated them in sweet low murmurs, so like the remote melody of women's voices, that for a moment the canon stared aghast. But remembering himself, he observed in soliloquy, "No marvel they fable Echo a nymph—there seemed to be a hundred babbling to one another yonder! But it is some comfort to behold these fat pastures! We shall come to something by and by not fed—or rather starved—for the tables of yonder mortified men, who might consider that whatever merit there is in their own abstinence, none thereof accrues to those whom their inhospitality compels to share it!"

The cavalcade proceeded with as much order as the ruggedness of the way allowed, which dived into valleys and ascended craggy steeps apparently at pleasure of its own sweet will, but seldom leaving the river at any considerable distance. The Orsino and Sir Reginald kept each other close company, the former mounted on a horse belonging to one of the latter's robust followers, who yet easily maintained his place with the train on foot.

Perhaps the very contrariety of character between the Italian noble and his new friend was one of the causes of the liking they had evidently taken to each other. The frank, joyous, unsuspicious nature of the one, afforded a secret satisfaction to the dark, impassioned, and brooding genius of the other. The vivacity and careless good-nature of the Knight of the Sun presented humanity under a light which the black experience of the times had rarely offered to the Italian baron. It was a relief to the overwrought and complex mind to watch the undisguised and simple operations of intellect almost in a state of nature, untrammelled by too much knowledge either of books or men. The English nobility plumed themselves in that age chiefly on physical qualities. They very much resembled their ancestors of the Round Table, when Merlin put upon them the jocularity of asking their counsel on affairs of state; who, after looking at each other for some time, at a loss to understand what was required of them, unanimously exclaimed, "We are very BIG!" On the contrary, the Italians had reached,—or rather had retained, from the ruins of their ancient civilization,—a diseased excess of the intellectual qualities,—and their rulers, who considered politics as a game of skill, were astonished and overwhelmed at the first shock of the nations who, in the fifteenth century, contended for the possession of Italy. War with the Italians had become almost a bloodless game—a tournament in the open field—when Charles VIII. invaded Naples, and the first experience of the sanguinary earnestness of the transalpine warfare infused a terror into the conquered, which was only succeeded by a still more bloody ferocity in themselves. These two convulsive epochs produced such mingled characters as Paolo Orsino and Cæsar Borgia, comparing them merely in the union at once of southern subtlety with northern ferocity.

Messer Bembo and the Florentine ambassador kept up such grave

conversation as suited their dignified stations, on the aspect of political affairs, in which the great labour of both was to hide their real opinions, and worm out each other's. The Hospitaller but rarely seemed to notice what was said, except occasionally by sternly smiling at some enthusiastic praise of the Lady Lucrezia, which Paolo frequently managed to introduce into his discourse. The warmth of the Lord Paolo's imagination, and perhaps a secret desire to apologize for the strange weakness of loving a woman whose brother he believed to have attempted his life, and whose name was so fearfully darkened, gave his eloquence on this point a glow of colour which the subject and the voluptuous influence of the sunny air they breathed made less wearisome to his hearers than such eulogiums usually are. Meanwhile the zany flitted about, sometimes behind, sometimes in front, sometimes shooting far ahead of the troop; now engaged in a mock deep conversation with a trooper, then darting off in pursuit of some bee humming among the aromatic furze, which he deprived of its honey-bag with great skill, so as not to be stung by the luckless insect as he slowly ravelled out its bowels, returning from his excursions fantastically crowned with golden thistles, or with his mantle richly ornamented with burrs. The Orsino watched this volatile being at times with an unquiet eye, but to as little purpose as one might the inconstant light reflected from dancing water.

But few persons passed the travellers on this unfrequented road; at times a solitary pilgrim emerged from some secluded nook in which he had passed the night; or a hermit appeared at prayers, perched in some hole of the cliffs above; or a peasant, bronzed almost to blackness, bent in abject homage to the warlike train as it passed the entrance of his wild ravine. The procession was fast disentangling itself from the tortuous bases of the mountains, and the canon was in high spirits, expatiating on the various scenes they passed, and displaying great antiquarian learning to very insensible listeners, when they suddenly came in sight of the ruined arches of a bridge of vast marble blocks, which had once united the two sides of the defile by crossing the river. On its lofty summit appeared two figures; one, that of a goat, quietly browsing on the edge of the broken central arch, the other, to judge by the momentary flash of the sun on it as it disappeared, a man in steel. Through the crags beneath the bridge appeared a steep hill, covered with cypress trees and leaden-tinted olives, through which peeped numerous towers and terraces, as if of some flourishing city.

The canon endeavoured for a moment to persuade himself that he had not seen the glitter of armour on the bridge; but while he was reasoning with his senses on the subject, a trumpet was audible at no great distance, which was immediately answered by one more remote, and suddenly a body of horsemen, in bright armour, with spears set in the rests, and banners streaming, emerged from the groves of the hilly city. Our travellers simultaneously reined up their horses, and gazed in great alarm at the advancing troop.

"Perhaps they are only pilgrim. going to Rome," said the canon, desperately.

"Why, then, are they in armour, and with their backs turned to Rome?" replied the Knight of St. John.

"Mayhap they are friends of my Lord Paolo, come to see how it fares with him?" said Machiavelli, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"I know not how my friends should dare to leave Rome in such force, considering whom they may expect to find at the gates on their return!" exclaimed the Orsino. "But, no, Our sweet Mother in Heaven! see you not it is the banner of the church! the cross keys! the sword of St. Peter!"

"Ho, there, spears in rest!" shouted Sir Reginald, looking round for his men, but he was somewhat surprised to observe that his immediate followers were the Borgian guards—who, however, couched their lances instantly.

"Beware, sirs! look that you are not assailed both in front and back!" said Messer Niccolò in a low tone, and adding, with an expression of sarcastic humour, "you and I are safe enough, brother Bembo; for doubtless you will now think it meet to take upon you your true and inviolable character of ambassador from the Duke of Ferrara!"

"Messer Niccolò, your jests might find a fitter season," said the canon, in a strange flutter. "But, at all events, we are vowed pilgrims to the blessed jubilee, and—but these fellows may be only vassals of some noble airing their horses, or foragers of Ronciglione."

"And yonder is the jester among them! I do hope they will not maltreat the gibbering idiot—but I know that I am lost!" said the Orsino in a calm and deliberate tone of despair.

"I, for one, will not desert you, the betrothed of Donna Lucrezia, and on that faith will mingle blood with you!" said the Hospitaller, and drawing his dagger he pricked his arm till the blood spurted from the wound, and handed it covered with crimson to the Lord Paolo.

The latter immediately, in the enthusiasm of gratitude, tore open his doublet, and drew the drops which he mingled from his breast, directly above the heart; and he had scarcely performed his part in the ceremony ere Sir Reginald snatched the weapon, and after hesitating for an instant as if to select the most appropriate proof of his friendly zeal, slashed a little cross in his broad left shoulder, from which he unclasped the armour. This was a ceremony which constituted the three knights brothers-in-arms, and was one of the most sacred and indissoluble rites of chivalry. And hardly had the affrighted canon surveyed in sorrow the consummation of an act which imposed duties so likely to prove inconvenient, ere the approaching horsemen halted with a sudden clash of arms under the ruined bridge, whose arches towered at a great height above them.

The spare, but tall and sinewy figures, the buff armour, the prodigiously long spears, round shields, and cross-bows; the vast mustachios and beards, the exact discipline, the small fiery jennets which they gauntly bestrode, the red ruffs round their necks, the numerous leaden Lambs-of-god with which their breasts were studded; marked the troops to be Spanish, or rather Catalan, for those national designations were still kept as jealously distinct as Scot and Englishman, or Burgundian and Frenchman; although, unlike the latter, the provinces of the peninsula might be considered as united into one monarchy under Ferdinand and Isabel.

The leader of this party seemed to be a horseman who separated himself from their ranks, and came riding at a slow and equable pace towards the pilgrims, giving ample leisure to form a correct idea of his personnel. He was of middle stature and of a spare frame, which was yet muscularly powerful, war-worn until the flesh seemed as rough as

leather. The features were lean and large, and mingled something of the Arab in the hard-cut nostrils, thick lips, olive complexion, and coarse hair, thick and wiry as that of a bull. The eye had nothing of the mistrust and melancholy thought of the Italian; but it was reserved, stern, and, so to speak, stonily determined, without giving a hint on what; the gazer felt that there were few human weaknesses remaining in the soul which looked out at those cold crystals. He was armed at all points in dull iron plates excepting the head, on which he wore a steel cap, by way of relaxation from the weight of his helmet, which he carried at the pommel of his high saddle.

Abasing his lance with an appearance of some deference, the stranger approached the group of pilgrims, surveying them with fixed but not menacing attention. The Knight of St. John spurred his horse slightly forward, with a haughty wave of his lance, and the opposite cavalier immediately drew his rein, horse and rider standing fixed as an equestrian statue in bronze.

"Is your business with us, condottiero?" said the Hospitaller, who observed at a glance that his opponent wore not the golden spurs of knighthood. "Or wherefore have you halted your men in our way?"

"My name is Don Miguel de Murviedro—Migueloto men commonly call me—captain of the castle and legation of Ronciglione, reverend knight!" replied the Catalan with stern conciseness. "Therefore, methinks I have some right to inquire what your armed band do here at Narni; else I am but little inclined to a dispute, for I am on an errand that brooks no delay, from my commander, the Podestà of Romagna; being to seek out and rescue, if need be, by force of arms, the person of his holiness's son-in-law elect, the most noble lord, Dom Paolo Orsino, from the hands of certain traitors and vagabond plunderers who have seized and confined him for ransom in the hills about the Marble Fall."

"Then, sir, you may even turn back rejoicing, for I am rescued and in perfect safety, journeying here with my friends!" said the Italian knight, advancing and gazing with wild and startled earnestness at the iron figure before him, either from some secret suspicion which entered his mind, or from the recollection that he beheld before him a man who was believed to be the instrument of Cæsar's most atrocious deeds, at once a bloody soldier of fortune and a crafty assassin.

"Then, my most illustrious lord, I shall have the honour of escorting your excellence to the castle of Ronciglione," replied the condottiero, alighting, as it seemed, to show his profound respect; "Don Remiro awaits you there, and will thence accompany your lordship to Rome."

"I thank you, valiant gentleman, and your sender, but it needs not, as I am now in good and sure hands, to whom I joyfully entrust myself," replied the Orsino.

"I pray your noble lordship to remember that I am a soldier, sworn to obey his officers, and the supreme podestà has sent me on this errand and no other, to bring your excellent person to Ronciglione," replied Migueloto, with a tone and gesture which struggled between cajolery and command. "After what has happened, Don Remiro will not permit a safety so essential to that of the state, so dear to the duke, his master, to be under any other guardianship but his own. My life may pay the penalty of disobedience."

"You mean not of a surety to say that you will take this gentleman with you against his will?" said Le Beaufort, impatiently vibrating his lance.

"I must obey the orders of the lieutenant of the Duke of Romagna, sir knight," replied the Catalan, with a smile darkening rather than lighting his visage. "And, if I mistake not, you have lances belonging to his highness both before and behind you. Therefore, I leave your excellencies to deliberation; but you cannot and must not pass on this way but in my company, and to Ronciglione."

Enraged at this reply, Le Beaufort couched his lance impetuously, but Bembo and Ser Niccolò both seized it, while the Catalan, affecting not to notice the action, and bowing almost to his belt, backed his horse to the troopers beyond the aqueduct.

"What is to be done?" said the canon in a doleful voice; "it is impossible for us to resist."

"So long as they stand one to ten my English will not turn their backs!" exclaimed Le Beaufort.

"But meanwhile your own backs should be looked to, sir," said Machiavelli; "it were not, perchance, inexpedient to remember as much whom you have behind as before!"

"Nay, gallant brothers, you shall not uselessly perish in so hopeless a brawl, for my sake," said the Orsino sadly, but adding more cheerfully, "Don Remiro is not altogether my unfriend; and but for this Migueloto!—laugh at me and my moony madness if you will,—but it seems to me as if he resembled in stature and voice the chief of the Black Band which captured me!"

"Sound then a charge, and if these rogues behind us stir—let them look to their own rear!" said the fiery young Knight of the Sun.

"Tush, brother, it were certain overthrow! But ill betide me when I desert a companion by blood!"* said the more sober Hospitaller. "We will with Signor Paolo to Ronciglione; and our presence may haply avert any mischief, if mischief be intended."

"What else by a Borgia?" muttered the canon. "And moreover, I have oft known suspicion put the harm into people's heads, as heaping sand-bags directs besiegers where they are most dangerous."

But despite this and much more eloquent protest, the canon's advice was overruled, and the brothers-in-arms resolved to swim or sink together. It was agreed that the Orsino should announce their resolution to Don Migueloto, Ser Niccolò consenting, with another of his emphatic shrugs, to see that the conditions were duly observed, while Le Beaufort rejoined his own men, and prepared them for either event. But on turning with that intent, and riding towards the escort, he perceived to his great indignation that they kept their spears couched as if to receive him on the points.

"St. George and rescue!" shouted the impetuous knight in English, rising in the stirrup and setting his lance; and his followers, hearing the cry, suddenly couched the long spears on which they had been leaning, though quite unconscious of the occasion of so abrupt a breach of good fellowship. But at this moment the zany, springing nimbly before Sir Reginald, called to the escort to open their ranks, in a tone which they instinctively obeyed. He then ran up the passage thus made, striking with his bauble saucily on both sides, until he reached the English men-at-arms.

" Broom-flowers! broom-flowers!—St. George the dragon wants you!" he said, with a loud idiotic laugh.

Observing that their lord motioned them to advance, the English riders immediately filed through the open ranks of their quondam allies, and rejoined him at the instant that the Orsino and Ser Niccolò returned to say that Don Migueloto was perfectly willing to accede to the required terms.

Matters were now arranged apparently to the satisfaction of all parties; Migueloto, with a courteous apology, directing his soldiers to take the lead in the ascent towards Narni. But he himself waited beneath the arches, with his steel cap in his hand, until the knights, the ambassador, and the canon, with their English men-at-arms, had passed through. Cæsar's guardsmen then set their horses in motion, and followed, so that the little party in the centre were very completely enclosed.

Perhaps aware that his presence might suggest recollections which he did not desire to rouse, Don Migueloto lingered to some distance in the rear. It was certainly not to admire the magnificent combinations of scenery which the ascent to Narni offered—its castled summit overlooking a wide expanse of forest, and the valley through which tumbled and foamed the Nar from its lofty home in the mountains—that Don Migueloto occasionally paused and looked around. If his eye rested for a moment on the superb landscape, it was only to form a vague idea of the goodly plunder which so rich a land might yield, not to enjoy the gorgeous variety of beauty which its mountains, forests, and vast valley offered to the eye.

The real object of his search soon appeared, in the person of the zany, who came bounding and gibbering along until he reached the Catalan's side, when, with a leap of singular agility, he suddenly seated himself on the crupper behind him.

" Go on; they will but take it for a fool's jest, even if they observe us," said the zany, in a tone of habitual authority. "By'r lady! it costs me some trouble to put my skeins in order after such a ravelling as thy blundering hand has made!"

" By the beard of Santiago, my lord, I am not to blame in the matter!" replied Don Migueloto. " Such is Don Remiro's vigilance that my men could not by any means have traversed the country without his permission; but when I showed him your grace's unlimited commission, he had the insolence to produce an order under his holiness's own hand, commanding him on pain of his head to escort the Orsino safely to the gates of Rome; or if his lordship chose to keep his incognito, to observe that he sustained no damage or molestation on the way. When I asked him how he came to think that any harm was intended to the Lord Paolo, he replied that his holiness had taken alarm on that matter only; so, if my business touched not the Orsino, I was at freedom to fulfil your honoured commands."

" Ay, indeed! and not otherwise?" murmured the jester.

" Nay, my lord, for when I found myself driven to a pass at which I was bound to acknowledge your gracious will, he disputed a good hour that you could not mean any such treachery, as he called it; and said at last that he was Podestà of the Church, and not of the Duke of Romagna."

"Ha! is he of that opinion!" exclaimed the Borgia. "Ungrateful bosom-serpent! Have I supported this sanguinary judge so long,—this bloodier Draco,—not only against the outcries of the people, but the angry remonstrances of my father,—but for this!"

"Perchance there are folks at Rome who were not grieved to see what hatred to your government is planted in men's hearts by the podestà's relentless justice!" returned the insidious ruffian.

"Good!—but they shall learn I know how to use men so as they shall do me all the good they can, and none of the harm!" returned the Borgia. "Remiro has crushed Romagna into order and obedience; what if I turn him forth as a goat of atonement into the wilderness?"

"I fear your grace's friends will have less cause to love him still; I know there are great messages passing between the Vatican and Ronciglione!" said Don Migueloto. "Even when at length I expounded your gracious purpose most clearly, he turned as pale as a goose's liver, and would only consent that I should capture the Orsino until he could receive tidings of your pleasure from your own lips! That is, till he could warn the Orsini in Rome, and the Vitelli at Viterbo; and this on threat of sawing me in halves if I disobeyed!"

"Sawing thee in halves!—this Aragonian teaches me a way of death I did not know, but a good punishment for traitors!" said Cæsar, thoughtfully. "Is he not very rich, too—very rich, considering the needs of the state, and the oppressions of the poor peasants?"

"And therefore he strives so hard to win our holy father's sunshine!" said the Catalan. "He fears your grace much more than loves you, and gropes about for help; and his extorted wealth is lodged in Ronciglione to prevent surprise."

"Deem you these soldiers are to be depended upon?" returned Cæsar, with a slight smile.

"Their terrors of Remiro can only be overcome by your personal interference," replied the Catalan, "I am an officer of no eminent command, as your highness knows."

"Tut, tut, thou art on thy way to a better!" returned the Borgia.

"So your goodness was pleased to promise me on an occasion ——"

"I tell thee I have not forgotten it! 'Tis against thyself to remind me of my promises, for I have much greater largess in store for thee!" interrupted Cæsar, impatiently. "Has the sun ever ceased to shine upon thee, since thou didst aid me to remove that shadow which covered mine own no less? How long is it, rogue, since thou wert in Rome?"

"I pray your grace to remember that I am a born gentleman, and may not brook a title which we only bestow on low-born scum and varlets!" said the Catalan, haughtily.

"In faith, I cannot mend it, unless for a worse," said Cæsar, with a scornful laugh. "Go to, gentleman and villain! how long is it since thou wert in Rome?"

"Your orders found me there, monsignor," replied the ruffian, somewhat cowed in tone.

"Indeed! then I may gather news at will; for thou art none of those who look on and see nothing, or bring half tidings which but puzzle expectation! How is my peevish sire? what thinks he of these latest doings of ours?"

"Even as ever, my lord; glorying in the aggrandizement of his house, but starting and shirking at the means," returned Migueloto.

"Nay, that is not all!—what said he to my messenger, that carried him the keys of Faenza?" said the Borgia, gloomily. "Cæsar is making me a giant,—but a giant in chains!"

"In sad truth, his holiness grows very snarling and suspicious with age," said the Catalan.

"I hear he hath named the old dotard, Cardinal Piccolomini of Sienna, to command in Santangelo!" returned Cæsar, sharply, "during the Jubilee?"

"What matters it, signor, when the Germans and Gascons in it are yours to a man!" said Don Migueloto. "Yet tis a sad thought to remember how much depends on the whims of a choleric old man, whose conscience is subject to fits of the qualms?"

"Speak with more respect, infidel, of the successor of St. Peter!" said Cæsar, in a jesting tone. "But what are the news from Milan, for I have heard none during these tramping days of mine, wandering among my citadels?"

"A herald from the King of France passed through Ronciglione yesterday, with, I fear, some bitter message from his king at Milan to our holy father and your highness!" replied Don Migueloto.

"The King of France at Milan!—surely you jest, my stout Migueloto!" exclaimed Cæsar, with an expression of mingled wonder and consternation.

"Monsignor, is it possible you have not heard how the French have rushed on Milan, destroyed and slaughtered all opposers; and that Duke Sforza is now their prisoner by the treachery of his Swiss?"

"You rave, man!—it cannot be! The last accounts left their foragers in Savoy!" continued Cæsar, incredulously. But the details which his confidant now poured out of the extraordinary conquest which Louis XII. effected of the Milanese after their second revolt, left no room for doubt.

"Here were matter now for a good morality on the fall of wicked princes!" said Cæsar, recovering from his surprise. "And yet, so subtle a brain—welcomed back so joyfully by his subjects—how could it chance? Did he not pay his mercenaries enough, or too much? Friend Niccolò, this is a problem which I must have thee to solve for me. Those accursed Swiss! who, after this, will trust them?"

"Certes, not your grace; and I misdoubt if they have forgotten that glorious massacre you made among them in Rome, in revenge for the pillage of your mother's house by their brethren of King Charles's army," said Migueloto.

"Thou knowest men but little, if thou deemest there is any bottom to their credulity," returned the Borgia, sharply.

"His holiness seems to think as I do, natheless, signor, since he has made those whom his interposition saved from our swords, guards to my most noble lady, Donna Lucrezia!" said Migueloto, with a peculiarly leering and malignant expression.

"Soh!" was the only observation in return, which was yet full of meaning to the initiated attendant.

"And on the news of your highness's happy return, he has added a hundred light-armed estradiots of the fugitive Albanian Greeks, who

keep skimming all over the country around Nepi, like fire-flies round a pool," continued Migueloto.

"Nepi! what doth she there?" said Cæsar, with affected carelessness.

"Performs a penance—for other folks' sins, perchance!" replied Don Migueloto, with a dark smile. "For doubtless, in honour of your victories and happy return, his sanctity has created his daughter Duchess of Nepi, a seigneury which takes her oft from Rome, and which hath a strong castle."

"Jest not with me, Migueloto; 'tis ill tickling a gored hound," said Cæsar, with a flash of passion ,which effectually awed his companion out of his jocose mood; and then, as if wishing to banish the subject, he continued, "But truly this strange success of the French alters all my views! I am already sufficiently pressed by the rebellious confederates, and I fear me France will be peevish for my necessary denial of the troops to the constable of Milan. Who could have dreamed of so sudden a turn in the luck!"

"Your enemies will everywhere take heart, my lord," said Migueloto, dolefully.

"One good may yet be derived from this evil," returned Cæsar. "I can depend no longer on the French, and the pope cannot deny me now to raise an Italian army of my own, which Niccolò doth above all things advise."

Migueloto shook his head with a crafty smile. "He will rather make peace with the Colonnas themselves, than set your grace in such mastery," he replied.

"Said I not that even this mischance of the Orsino was meant by fortune to my advantage?" exclaimed Cæsar. "I must have peace with his faction at every risk, to avert the Colonnas, and therefore do now rejoice in his safety."

"At every risk, my lord?" said Don Migueloto, with the same disgusting leer overspreading his evil countenance.

"No, I will never again endure—but, tush, let us to our news again!" said Cæsar, with a vehemence which he almost instantly checked. "How is the Cardinal Borgia, my cousin? he was ailing when he left me at Faenza."

"Alack, my lord, he died of a disease as sudden as the plague, on his way to Rome, three days are gone," said Migueloto, in a tone of hypocritical sorrow.

"He was no friend of mine; and I regret only that he did not die coming from some other quarter than my camp," returned Cæsar. "I'll warrant me—because the man was always eating melons—they will say I poisoned him! But at all events, tell me better news of my dear friend, Monsignor Agnelli, archbishop of Cosenza, clerk of the chamber, and vice-legate of Viterbo?"

"The morning I left Rome he was found dead in his bed, after eating a most hearty supper!" said Migueloto, laughing outright.

"Alas, poor man, that was sudden! but such holy men are always ready for their calls," said Cæsar, smiling too. "Alas! and what part has my father assigned me in his relics?"

"'Tis to be spent, I hear, on the ceremonies of your reception, and in those of the holy week," said Don Migueloto. "But I marvel your highness has never once inquired after your royal wife."

"Doth she still live then, being in Rome?" said Cæsar, carelessly.

"I have not heard of her death, my lord!" replied Don Migueloto, somewhat startled.

"Why, then, no doubt she is still alive; and Donna Fiamma must be singularly out of spirits with this marriage of mine," continued Cæsar, with a degree of agitation which was visible even in the unconcerned manner which he knew so well how to assume.

"Your grace indeed should have seen her when, six months ago, I delivered her your letter from France, announcing the marriage," said Don Migueloto, with a slight shudder, which, in a man of his steely nature, was of no ordinary significance.

"What! did she stamp and rave like any other deserted drab?" said Cæsar, smiling scornfully.

"Signor, she spoke not a word for many minutes, but looked fixedly at me, and her face grew white as lightning, and writhed into the very likeness of the Medusa in the Capitol!" replied Don Migueloto. "At last she sighed such a sigh that it seemed as if her heart were reft in twain; and yet she shed but one tear—as large and heavy as a drop of molten lead—wiped it disdainfully away, and gave me a rich ring, as she said, for my good news; and then she laughed, said it was a fair day, and that the sun shone very brightly for a wedding—and so fell senseless on the ground!"

"I am quits with her now, indeed, for that matter of Sultan Zem!" said Cæsar, hurriedly.

"Nay, my lord, I must needs think your highness was jealous there on small occasion," replied Don Migueloto, in a timorous and insinuating tone.

"Perchance!—perchance I think even as thou dost; but, thou knowest not how excellent it is to have an answer ready for an upbraiding woman!" returned the Borgia. "And thou shalt see how easily, with a few honeyed words and lying protestations, these foolish souls will believe where they love! She will weep and rage at first; but at last will ruffle down like a sea after the storm, when the sun breaks out—for love in a woman's breast, even in its fury, is at worst but the sun murky with a tempest. The violence of its own winds will tear open a way to the golden light, and then is all but the sweeter and calmer for the past frenzy. But peace awhile—this is a fair scene beneath our feet."

It was, indeed, a fair scene; for the travellers had now reached an elevation between the lofty mountains which form the valley of the Nar, which, projecting beyond their vast bases, overlooked the plains of the Tiber. The valley immediately below was filled with a dense forest, beyond which the famous river wound like a monstrous golden serpent, with its yellow folds gleaming at intervals through the rank verdure of the stagnant marshes which bordered it. At the base of the hill upon which they stood were visible the naked columns and shattered porticoes of some Roman ruins, gleaming red in the sultry light. Beyond the river extended a vast savannah, grazed by herds of buffaloes, whose large carcasses were sometimes nearly covered by the rank grass of the marshes; a range of violet-coloured mountains terminated the view to the north; to the south extended a vast plain, bounded only by the silver line of the sea; and immediately in front,—still at a great distance, although from the purity of the atmosphere it seemed almost beneath the point of view,—shone a broad lake of the purest celestial

blue, set in a basin of woody hills, the highest of which had the town of Ronciglione at its base, above which arose the massive towers and battlements of its gothic castle.

"Yonder is Nepi!" said Don Migueloto, checking his horse, and pointing to the left of the tract of country just described, where, on the summit of a craggy eminence, shot high into the air the silvery pinnacles of the ancient cathedral.

"What penance doth she at Nepi? Is it akin to the pilgrimage of my Lady Isabel Visconti, on her vow to St. Mark of Venice, which was so pleasantly spent that on her return she was obliged to poison her husband to preserve his peace from tale-bearers?" said Cæsar, after a moment's pause of gloomy thought.

"Nay, for the rigid Dominican directs it," replied Migueloto. "A man who would whip Venus herself at a cart-tail, and rebuke Diana for forwardness."

"Ay, the Dominican! if I thought that she valued this Orsino so far as to have sent him on the errand which he executed, no circumstances of policy should prevail on me to spare him!" said the Borgia. "I must win some light on this matter; but, meanwhile—yonder they are crossing the bridge—we must clearly decide on what we have to do, for an order understood is half obeyed."

Leaving the Italian chieftain and his confederate to form their plans, we rejoin the cavalcade in the plain, at a moment when crossing the river the canon exclaimed, in a fit of poetical and learned delight:—

> "Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
> Soracte!"

and, pointing to the mountain, which shone in the brightness of the horizon like a prodigious mound of frosted silver, he translated the lines for the benefit of his un-Horatian hearers: "Behold how, white with snow, Soracte towers!"

"Sant' Oreste!" repeated the soldiery, and every head was instantly bared in homage to the supposed saint.

"No, no, my brothers!" said the canon, somewhat confused. "But 'tis all one, for if I may credit the short shadows of the poplars, it is noonday, and, consequently, the hour of the Ave Maria against the Turks, which we will all say together." So saying, he stopped his mule, clasped his hands, and looking upward to the hot blue sky, fervently chanted half-a-dozen invocations to Our Lady for protection against, not only the Turks, but all enemies far and near, in which the canon most fervently but secretly included the whole Borgian dynasty. A bright golden cloud which hovered over the military devotees, to a poetical eye might have seemed a throne, from whence the Virgin Queen of heaven listened to her suppliants.

"And now, benedicite, my children, and heartily on, for I trust we shall none of us live to see the church wronged in my person, or in those of the pious pilgrims, my companions!" said Messer Bembo, assuming much comfort from the reverence with which the soldiers followed his religious guidance. But at this moment Don Migueloto approached, disencumbered of his late companion on the crupper, and directed the march of the escort from the main road over a dismal volcanic waste, diversified at far intervals with cities and monasteries, perched as it seemed on inaccessible summits. A wavy succession of hills, on which the sun shone white with excessive heat, terminated the view in every direction.

The bright verdure of the vegetation which overspread the swamp concealed its pestilential depths, which the sulphurous miasma it sent forth betrayed. The incessant croaking of frogs, the green glister of lizards, darting out of their coverts, the shrill cries of moorfowl, revealed the treachery of that lustrous verdure. But at last even that false luxuriance vanished; a black plain, furrowed all over with streams of lava, which ages of time had not effaced, spread before them. Then appeared a still blacker forest, which climbed the side of a mountain in front, and looked like hearse-plumes waving to the sky, against the radiance of the now westering sun.

The aspect of the country was not such as was likely to diminish the sinister forebodings of the Orsino; but Ser Niccolò himself seemed to take fright, for he talked of resuming his direct way to Rome. A short conference with Don Migueloto either allayed or overruled his apprehensions, and the whole cavalcade finally entered the forest, which wound upwards with great steepness along lofty layers of crags. Abysses of forest soon appeared on every side, ancient as the mountain itself, the trees so gnarled and intertwisted at times that light could not penetrate, and seeming as if struggling together in inextricable conflict into the ravines below. Strange gleams of red light pierced at intervals; the howlings of unseen wild beasts were audible; the cries of ill-omened birds; and yet the ferocity of man was as usual more direful than that of nature. On reaching the summit of the mountain, and commencing the descent on the opposite side, the road was skirted with oak trees of extraordinary majesty; on every twelfth one of which, for the space of sixty, hung the carcass of a man! These unfortunate persons seemed by their garbs to be serfs belonging to some chieftain, who had been pleased to brand their right arms with a cross.

The jester had again rejoined Migueloto, who was now in advance of his prisoners; and after a moment's careless glance at the carcasses which poisoned the air with the scents of decomposition, he inquired for what and by whom they had been thus suspended.

"By Don Remiro, for the love of the Colonnas!" replied the malignant captain of Ronciglione. "Yonder is the fortress of Agapit Colonna, which, in defiance of his lordship's orders to the contrary, and your sworn determination, he persisted in secretly furnishing with provisions and men of his vassalage. Whereupon, refusing to undertake a siege without danger or difficulty, the podestà sent him word that until he submitted to receive your garrison, he would hang one of his thralls every day, until not a living soul remained to till his lands. And so he proceeded,—and as Agapit continues obstinate, heaven knows what the end may be!"

"The villain! he but spares the castle for the sake of his wife's kinship!" said Cæsar fiercely. "Had he slaughtered a hundred nobles I could sooner have forgiven it than the murder of these stalwart knaves! What is the use of these dead bodies to me?"

"The podestà is indeed a bloodthirsty butcher!" said Migueloto.

"He is, indeed!" returned Cæsar, in a milder and somewhat regretful accent. "And I will be convinced of his treachery ere I deprive myself of so valuable a minister! Thy device is too violent, Migueloto mine!—neither imagine that I will make thee podestà in his room, for I need thee elsewhere, and mean to govern the poor people so that they shall take a singular love for me! But, saidst thou not that he carries

on his traitorous correspondence with my enemies in Rome, by means of carrier-pigeons?"

Migueloto stretched his gaunt neck round, to observe that no one was near, and then replied, "Nay, my lord, I said—with his fair wife, Beatrice Colonna."

"When thou hast informed Don Remiro that I desire him to keep the Orsino till he hears further from me, and that I have gone on secretly to Rome, if he be the traitor thou wouldst have me think him he will send his pigeons with the news!" said Cæsar. "Now, when thou hast privily admitted me to the castle, I will sit and watch his doings in the tower of the winds, with my good hawk, Gorebec, that never failed, on my wrist! I trust that thou hast kept him well fleshed?"

Even Migueloto stared in astonishment at this subtle and strange device; but he had no time to offer objections, even if he intended any. The report of a cannon suddenly awakened all the echoes of the lake, towards whose golden expanse they were now descending. The direction of the sound, and the smoke which arose on the stilly evening air, announced that the castle had caught sight of their approach, and was inclined to receive them with unusual honours. This opinion was confirmed when, at the entrance of a deep glen, the crags above which were crowned with an endless succession of towers and battlements, a group of persons appeared as if assembled to await the arrival. Cæsar exchanged a few more words with his captain, and then, with one of his fantastic gambols, disappeared from the train.

Don Migueloto hastened on, and soon came up to the group in anxious expectation, which was composed of Spanish soldiers, like those of the escort, excepting one personage, who was mounted on a snow-white mule, and was attired in the black-furred mantle and cap of a doctor of laws, his rank of podestà marked only by a gold chain which hung to his feet. A lean and shrivelled body, a visage furrowed all over with the lines of thought and care, long hair prematurely grey, an expression sinister and troubled, a frown quivering with nervous emotion and restlessness, like a loadstone in the box, composed the personal attributes of the merciless administrator of the law.

Don Migueloto requested to speak with the podestà in private; and together they proceeded down the glen, until their figures were darkened under the shadows of the huge black rocks upon which the castle was built, and of the woods above; the brawl of a stream which fell through a distant archway in the walls, and rattled through the ravine, rendering their voices inaudible at a distance.

The podestà had undoubtedly been the dupe of the message brought on the previous night by the African runner; and he heard with surprise and alarm, which distorted his wiry features in the struggle to seem calm—that the duke had met Migueloto at Narni, in disguise, and directed him to proceed instantly to the rescue of the Lord Paolo. That his highness was not displeased with the obstacles the podestà had thrown in the way of that baron's destruction, traitor as he was, since he had heard the ill news from Milan, of which doubtless the podestà had been informed. But the duke still thought it expedient to have Signor Paolo detained until he found how matters stood in Rome, whither he had secretly hastened. He therefore ordered him to keep the Orsino at Ronciglione until he had news from himself at Rome; by fair means, if possible, but at all events to detain him.

CHALDEA.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Scenery of the Palm Forest—Mounds of Girah and Irkah—Erech of Scriptures—Chaldea Proper—Its Towers and Palaces—Circle of Mounds at Sunkarah—Pyramid of Til Aidah—Quadrangle and Tower of Guttubah—Pyramids and Tower at Zibliyah—Great Flag-stones at Iskuriyah—Arab Tradition—Glazed Earthen Coffins—Tombs of the Assyrian Kings—Field for Colonization.

In traversing great tracts of alluvial country, where every thing presents almost the same aspect—uniformity of level, similarity of vegetation and identity of living forms,—the eye fatigues itself in seeking for distinctions and differences, which are scarcely supposed to exist, because they are not easily discovered. A varied outline or a contrasted configuration of country is not met with, there is scarcely even the relief of gentle undulations, but still a rigid observation and careful research establishes that even among tracts of so much similarity of character, there is in reality often the greatest difference in nature and origin.

Thus it is in the long delta of the Euphrates, embracing as it does, the great territories of Babylonia, Chaldea and Susiana. On quitting the first of these ancient lands, the steamer bends its way through continuous forests of palm-trees towards the Babylonian marshes. There may be some monotony in these long forests of date trees, but there certainly is nothing wearisome. Their naked upright stems rise out of the plain like tall well-proportioned columns, while their gracefully pendant fronds blend into a dense verdant canopy above, or hang upon the forest skirts like a natural fringe. They thus not only present within themselves a scene of exceeding beauty, but as this is susceptible of much variety at different times of the day and under different states of the weather, it is of an untiring character.

> The date tree bowers
> That erst, mysterious rites concealing,
> O'ershadow'd silent Pharaoh's kneeling,

as the amiable Lord Lindsay writes, afford an admirable shelter to the thinly-clothed Arab in the rainy season, and in the fine weather they offer an equally inviting refuge from the broad glare of the sun. It is not on the long banks of the Euphrates, as it is on the tax-oppressed verge of the Nile, where every palm is registered and mulcted in a sum of twopence or fourpence. The "banner of the climate," as it has been expressively called, waves freely here: and within its warm sheltered recesses the Arabs repair at certain seasons of the year, to feed themselves and family without either trouble or expense. On these occasions, an open space between a few trees, is a ready-made house, and the native scarcely deigns to mark the place of his abode: the ashes of the fire alone remaining to indicate to these children of nature where they spent the date season of the year before. The possession of a date grove is sometimes the cause of warfare among tribes, but except in the neighbourhood

of towns, where artificial fructification is practised, they are not often, on this river, the property of any particular person.

The palm forest is in the evening, or at night, as magnificent an object as in the day-time. The sun setting over and beyond these green seas of waving leaflets, is one of the most glorious visions of the East. There is a peculiar bright green tint communicated to the horizon, which can never be forgotten, and the great orb of day seems to be sinking into some distant prairie, or quitting the desert for the bright and verdant realms of fairy land. This last brilliant scene over—and night after night have I watched such sunsets in rapt admiration—and the palm-trees

> Bending
> Languidly their leaf-crowned heads;
> Like youthful maids when sleep descending
> Warns them to their silken beds,

appear all slumbrous, like the scenery of a dream. Milnes, as well as Lord Lindsay, seems to have been most struck with the palm forest at this intermediate hour. "Princess of the sylvan race," he says,

> She reigns! and most, when in the evening sheen
> The stable column and the waving plume
> Shade the delicious lights that all around illume.

But it is merely transitory to the gorgeous splendour of cloudless moon-light. At such an hour when stem, frond and leaflet, are asleep and still as sculptured things, and the bold relief of the occasional light only renders the shadow still more dark by its closely severed contrast, then there is in the endless succession of these natural temples and their obscure shadowy vistas, a perception of mysterious enchantment, which by adding the instincts of fear and awe to the sense of the beautiful, begets a feeling of positive sublimity.

How much is the tourist to be pitied, who labouring to say something new, rather than wishing to enjoy the beautiful in sincerity of heart, asserts that the eye is so much pained by the sight of so many sharp-pointed leaves, that it amounts to *ocular impalement*. There is a fashion, as in every thing else, in the present frequent sacrifices that are made of taste, feeling and learning, to saying something witty; but as wit, at least when humorous, has to depend chiefly upon forced contrasts, it is a wayward path for fashion to follow, from which she will return to more dignified practices, so soon as her fickle nature is surfeited with the unnatural vagary.

The Babylonian marshes which succeed to these palm forests, are neither more nor less than ancient lagoons, not yet dried up, which the higher land of Chaldea once shut out from the sea, as in after times the accumulated alluvia of Messene and Teredon did the Chaldean and Susian lakes. In these marshes the river is divided into several branches, some of which, unless artificially banked up, would lose themselves in the surrounding hollows, which are filled with an almost boundless extent of tall grasses and reeds and lakes dotted with large flowering plants, or enlivened with snow-white pelicans. In this strange region dwell the Khizail Arabs of Persian descent, with long dark ringlets falling over their naked spare forms, and their limbs lengthened as if by habitual wading. These Khizalis are rather vassals than sub-

jects to the Porte, and although they have embraced the Shi'ah form of Islamism, they appear to be lineal descendants of the Parsis, who so long opposed, in these very districts, the victorious progress of the first followers of the prophet.

The emergence out of these marshes, the ancient *Paludes Babyloniæ*, is so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible. At first a gradual rise in the soil affords a territory, which is the seat of rich cultivation during certain months of the year, but which is overflowed at others. This is followed by a clayey, and then a sandy soil, totally reclaimed from the waters and abounding in recent sea-shells, but for the most part useless to man and sparingly clad with the usually hardy shrubs and prickly plants of the desert.

This first tract of dry land that is met with is marked by a mound, indicating a Chaldean site, and upon which stands the modern Arab castle called Kal' ah Girah, a name which with the remnant of old, brings to mind the Gerar, which in Abraham's time was governed by Abu Malik, "the father of kings."

But although Kadesh might be sought for in the Kadisiya, renowned as the battle plain of the Persians and Arabians, and Shur might be referred to the Sur of Baruch, afterwards Sura, which D'Anville places to the south of the site now in question, there are insuperable difficulties in this identification. The valley of Gerar, as it is described when Isaac digged there for wells of water, was in the land of the Philistines, and contained the well-known Beersheba.

Beyond this, a gigantic mound of truly imposing appearance rises out of the plain to the east of the river, with which it is connected by means of a canal called Graiyim. This vast pile of ruins was called by the natives Al Asaiyah, or the "Place of Pebbles," but it is also known by the name of Irkah or Wurka, which Colonel Taylor was led to believe to be a corruption of the Biblical Erech, and hence to suppose that this was the site of one of the four principal cities of the world.

But the Erech or Arach of Scripture has been generally identified with the classical Aracca or Areca, of which Tibullus said in his Elegics,

"Ardet Arecæis aut unda perhospita campis,"

and which placed by geographers on the confines of Susiana and Babylonia, and renowned for its natural fountains of fire, was to all appearance the same site which became the seat of a temple of Anaïtis, a place of pilgrimage of the Brahmans and the Babylonian Ecbatana.

Upon this important subject, Mr. Fraser remarks that the name of Erech appears to be well preserved in the present appellation of Irkah or Wurka, while its locality with reference to that of Babel as now assumed, appears confirmatory of the conjecture that it commemorates the second-mentioned city of Nimrod. "Yet it is possible," he continues, "that it may represent only the Orchoe of the Chaldeans, instead of Umgeiyer." And he further remarks that the term Orchoe may be nothing more than a modification of the ancient Erech, and Wurka or Irkah, a more modern pronounciation of both.

To this we would object that Orchoe is itself a corruption of the Chaldean Ur, the name being Urchoe in Ptolemy, as we see the first and most ancient Ur of the Chaldees now called Urfah or Orfah. The

second or post Babylonian Ur or Urchoe, was also, on the combined authorities of Arrian, Pliny and Salmasius, situated upon the bed of the Pallacopas which was to the westward of the Euphrates, while the mound of Irkah lies to the eastward. Hence it is that the identification of Orchoe with the great mound of Umgaiya or Mugaiya is more likely to be the correct one than that proposed by Mr. Fraser.

The whole face of the lands in the midst of which we now advanced was interspersed with the mounds and ruins of ancient time. It was inhabited by the children of Shem, after they had attained power and prosperity in Babylonia, and at a time when the Chaldeans exulted in their ships (Isaiah, xliii. 14). As the Borsippean Chaldeans were distinguished by the love of science and by their proficiency in the industrial arts; so the Orchenian Chaldeans were renowned for their skill in astronomy and the mathematical sciences, while the men of Teredon were distinguished for being navigators of distant seas, and merchants of fame and enterprise. Hence it was that after the captivity this region was designated as peculiarly the land of the Chaldeans. "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness: they set up the towers thereof, they raised up the palaces thereof, and he brought it to ruin." It was for the same reasons, and after Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, that the Greeks and Romans became accustomed to consider this country as Chaldea Proper, which their geographers described as bordering upon the desert Arabia.

Far more of the ruined towers which the Assyrians set up, and of the crumbling palaces which they raised, exist in this wide and little explored country than is generally imagined. Unlike the "ruinous perfection" of the remains of olden time which are met with on the banks of the Nile, the vestiges of ancient Chaldea have, from their extremely fragmentary character, attracted hitherto little or no attention. Yet to the archæologist, to the historian, to the philosopher, and to the man of religion, a fragment however small, but which is of a positive character, must have the same monumental interest as an entire pyramid. The traces of a laborious and aspiring people are however at once numerous, of great extent, and are of a most imposing character upon the Chaldean plains. In whatever direction the traveller moves he meets with long and continuous mounds like ramparts of ruin, or he finds the country intersected by ancient canals of irrigation, and in whatever direction he turns his eye he observes pyramids or colossal piles rising out of the level either close by, or in the far off dim and distant horizon,

> Chaldean beacons, over the drear sand,
> Seen faintly from thick-tower'd Babylon,
> Against the sunset.

The present degenerate hordes of the tent and the spear attach a name and a tradition to each of these extensive tracts of ruins and lofty artificial mounds, but it is almost impossible to detect out of these in the present day, anything to associate them with biblical or classical sites.

The mounds designated as Jayithah and Tel Siphr, or "the mound of copper," lead the way to the greater heights of Irkah; at the same time that the inlet, now called Graiyim, bears the waters of the Eu-

phrates to a more extensive series of mounds and ruins, among which one in particular is distinguished by its dimensions. It is called Sunkharah, and is one of a large number of mounds, which form a sort of circle and which are built of fire-burnt bricks, the whole surface being strewed with scoriæ, agates, cornelians and bits of copper. To the north and east of these are also several other clusters of mounds, the largest of which is called Yukkah. It is of considerable size, and towers up in the centre of a wide tract of debris.

Further to the north-west is a lofty pyramid called Til Aidah, which is surrounded by the relics of old habitations. Pyramids were not peculiar to Egypt, but apparently, from the descriptions left to us of the Tower of Babel and Xenophon's account of the pyramid at the biblical Resen, was a primeval form of architecture familiar to the Assyrians and Chaldeans; or which, as we find it in far distant countries, is most probably among the first and simplest forms of monument that suggests itself to the human mind.

The circularly-disposed ruins of Sunkarah must have extended over a space of three miles and a half, but seven or eight miles to the north-east of the pyramid of Til Aidah, are ruins of a city which must have attained still greater magnitude. The central portion alone of these latter ruins (and which are marked by walls that can be traced by irregular heaps and fragments, converging at right angles to one another), form a quadrangle of at least five or six miles each way. At the north-east corner of this quadrangle stands a structure like a great tower, built of sun-burnt bricks, with layers of reeds between each tier, and which rises to a height of at least fifty feet above the plain. The country around this enclosed space is everywhere covered with debris and low mounds, while long ridges of ruins stretch away to an almost boundless distance beyond. The Arab name of this site, Guttubah, bears some resemblance to that of Chuduca, one of the few Chaldean cities enumerated by Ptolemy.

Towers, such as are here described, appear to have been used as defences to the inner quadrangle of the city, where were probably the residences of the chief men and of the priests and soldiers. We find such towers described as "towers of strength" and places of defence "within the city," in Judges (chap. viii. and ix., 51).

Pyramids and towers of a similar or analogous character occur in other parts of the Chaldean plain, and are described by Mr. Fraser (who, with Mr. Ross, are as yet the only travellers that have crossed the interior of these unexplored lands), as occurring at a spot about thirty miles northward of these ruins, at a place called Zibliyah. At this place four pyramidal mounds, built of sun-dried bricks, rise abruptly out of the plain to a height of forty or fifty feet, while close by is also a still loftier structure, a tower about eighty feet in height, the exterior of which is formed of sun-dried bricks, but the interior of furnace bricks, like the temple of Birs Nimrud.

These pyramids occupy a position nearly half-way between the Euphrates and the Tigris, and near to the latter river, in a north-easterly direction, is another great group of mounds called Iskuriyah, of which the highest rises twenty-five to thirty feet above the plain. These mounds are further remarkable for being covered with immense quantities of scoriæ and slag-like stones, often several feet square and many inches in thickness. The size and multitude of these stones is ex-

tremely perplexing. The tradition of the Arabs regarding them is, that this was the country of Lot (Lut), and that Heaven in its wrath showered them down on its wicked inhabitants.

It is to be remarked, that Messrs. Fraser and Ross also found glazed earthen coffins on some of these Chaldean mounds, which is corroborative of the statements of Arrian, who says, that these eminences were sometimes, like the pyramids of Egypt, the tombs or mausolea of the Assyrian kings.

Such, then, is the character of the remains of Chaldea of old. Lofty artificial mounds arising in silence and in isolation out of the plain; groups or clusters of mounds dispersed upon a surface itself irregular, and raised in gentle undulations or sunk in alternate hollows; irregular heaps and fragments of ruin grouped around some central pile, and dotted all over with the black camps of Arabs; wide tracts of debris, or walled quadrangles enclosing vast bare areas; pyramids, towers and bastion-shaped buildings, of sun-dried and of fire or furnace bricks, with layers of reeds, as in the Babylonian edifices; great flag-stones, black, porous, heavy and semi-vitrified; scoriæ, agates, cornelian, bits of copper and other fragments, but no glass or inscriptions; glazed earthen coffins exposed as on the mounds or dakhmah's of the fire-worshippers; and lastly, long ridges of ruins traversing the country as far as the eye can reach, and themselves intersected by canals of irrigation and of navigation which interlace one another like a network.

This great country of shepherds, manufacturers, merchants and navigators, the home of men of science and philosophers, and famed in all antiquity for its peaceful virtues and the pursuit or knowledge, still contains all the elements of prosperity and riches, if it were in the hands of an industrious race of people. The site is exceedingly fertile, being everywhere meadow-land adapted for grazing, or a rich soil ready for the plough; water is abundant, and the climate, as of old, incomparable. It would form an admirable district for colonisation, and in such a country, and under such a heaven, Chaldea would soon rise again to eminence and distinction, as if by enchantment.

THE LEGEND OF LE PETIT SAINT ALBERT.

The spire shines bright
In the soft moonlight,
The tower is high, and the church is white,
'Tis Christmas Eve—'tis a solemn fast
For sins to come, and sins that are past.
But ere the last sleeper
Has shut up his peeper
The shades of the night grow deeper and deeper,
The clock strikes twelve—and a dismal cloud
Envelopes the scene in a pitchy shroud.

The villagers are all gone to rest,
And a rumbling sound is heard from the west:
Pit-pat go the drops
Of the rain as it flops
Down from the trees and the cottage-tops;
And the wind it whistles its way through the trees,
And the howl of the wolf is borne on the breeze,
And owls that shriek
In their nightly freak
Are welcoming loudly the Christmas week.

But near to the church is a little abode,
And to it there winds a little bye-road,
There are two little chimneys and one little door,
And within is an odour of priestly lore.

Who is it that rides through that little bye-lane,
Without a stirrup, without a rein,
On a lumb'ring, clattering Breton bay?
Catch the galloping beggar, who may!
At the little white house he at length pulls up—
Is it for bit? or is it for sup?
Is it for something short? or does he
Feel sick, or bad, or only muzzee?

But look we within the little house-door,
We see a face, and we hear a snore,
          And the face is round,
          And the snore is sound,
And we guess from a certain fragrant shroud,
That the sleeper has just been blowing a cloud.
Over his head is put on awry
A three-cornered hat right jauntily.

A voice salutes the sleeper's ear,
A voice that's neither sweet nor clear,
          "Awake! awake!
          A soul's at stake!
Minutes are short, and time is flying!
Delay not a moment, the lady is dying!"

Slowly the priest gets up from his chair,
And arranges his three-cornered hat with care,
And gathering his petticoat round his knees,
He bids his housekeeper mind the keys.
But who is the lady that's taken so ill,
She cannot swallow her draughts and pill,
But can only groan through the livelong day,
And beg that the priest will come and pray?

Alas! her life has been none of the best,
Full rarely she fasted, and never confest;
In short her behaviour was rather so so,
And she always said "Yes," when she should have said "No!"

O'er desolate lands, and through furze-bushes prickly,
The father he ambles along pretty quickly—
Yes, onward he urges his little gray mare,
And keeps up her pace though she turns not a hair.

"He's there, I declare," cries the little *soubrette*,
"I hope your dear rev'rence hasn't got wet!"
"Why, bless me! it can't be my pretty Annette!"

Now behind the door the priest tarries a space
To learn all the pros and the cons of the case,
Then mounting the stairs with a heavy tread,
He takes up his post in a chair near the bed.
A skull-cap covers his shaven crown,
And his white locks wander his neck adown,
Around his form is a silken band,
And a little black book is in his hand.

"I'm sorry to find you, ma'am, so ill
That you can't take either your draught or pill:
I grieve to tell you your chance is slight
Of getting well over another night;
So, pray excuse, if I seem to press—
But you must—you really must confess!"

The lady turns in the bed and sighs,
But never a word to the priest replies.

The priest is about to essay once more,
When a crack is heard, and from out of the floor
Arises a form all black and red,
With a cloven foot and a horned head;
A vicious look is in his eye,
And the frighten'd Annette shrieks out "Oh my!"
While the priest for a moment is taken aback,
And can only exclaim, "Good lack! good lack!"

But good Father Migeote is not to be done;
A soul has yet to be lost or won!
He calls on St. Dunstan, St. Giles, and St. Anne,
And invokes Saints Michael and Athelstane!
But all in vain,
With might and main,
With tweak and with pain,
Again and again,
The Devil asserts his rights to possess
The soul of the lady who won't confess.

But all on a sudden the father bethought him
Of the little black book which a pilgrim had brought him.
'Twas a book that only a priest may see,
And not allow'd to the laity.
The "Petit Saint Albert" is its name,
And far and wide has spread its fame.
And amongst its uses both good and wise,
(And this no Catholic ever denies,)
The first and the foremost is, I know,
To send off Satan when he's *de trop*.

So the book right stoutly the father shies
At the head of his foe, and away he flies
In a crack and a blaze
And a sort of haze,
While the lady is left in a great amaze.
But after a time she receives absolution,
And takes a good dose of soothing solution,
While the pretty Annette puts the room to rights,
And there's left but a perfume of Lucifer lights.

Now, whether the lady lived or not,
Or sinn'd again, and the priest forgot,
Or whether old Nick,
Who cut his stick
For fear of Saint Albert ever came back,
In his terrible costume of red and black,
I cannot tell—but great is the glory
The father has gain'd by his share in the story.
And after this happen'd, for many a day,
Whenever the devil is mention'd—they say,
That the villagers always are ready to shout
For the jolly old father who bow'd him out.

SCHWARZKOPF, THE POACHER.

A TALE OF BAVARIAN FOREST LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

LION AND FOX.

On a certain May morning of the year 1825, and about an hour before daybreak, an unusual degree of bustle was apparent in the extensive domain of Westwald, in Rhenish Bavaria. A strong party of mounted gendarmes, under the command of a lieutenant, and a still more numerous body of keepers, well armed with their double-barrelled guns and broad-bladed hunting knives, arrived at one extremity of the forest that occupies a considerable portion of the magnificent chase. From this point detachments were sent to beat the wood, others to skirt it, and sentries were stationed on various elevations whence they could observe the adjacent country. Besides these, two men were posted in the neighbourhood of a small hamlet, inhabited by peasants and labourers, which stood at a distance of a few hundred yards from the forest.

The battue for which these preparations were made, was neither for hare nor partridge, nor yet for the boar or roebuck, with which the preserves abounded. A formidable gang of poachers, who had already cleared several extensive parks of the last head of deer they contained, had, within a few weeks, made their appearance in the Westwald. Count Armfeld, the owner of the property, a wealthy nobleman, who cared little for field sports, and rarely visited his hunting seat, might perhaps not have taken much trouble to punish these audacious trespassers; but his chief ranger was by no means so indifferent to the preservation of the game, and after vainly attempting to apprehend the offenders with the aid of his keepers, he had called in the gendarmes to his assistance. The exploits of Schwarzkopf,—such was the name by which the chief of the poachers was known,—and of his band, exceeded all that the annals of poaching could show. Their custom was to establish themselves in the well-stocked woods and preserves of some rich nobleman, and to remain there till they had completely depopulated them. With hares and partridges, and such small gear, they rarely meddled, but neither stag nor roebuck of which they came within shot, escaped their unerring rifles. The length of time that this had gone on, the importance of the persons aggrieved, and the repeated complaints that had been made, had induced the authorities readily to grant the assistance of the gendarmes, who had moreover received orders to fire without hesitation upon any of the poachers of whom they might obtain a view, and who did not instantly surrender themselves.

The first grey light of morning had scarcely appeared in the east, when the arrangements of the keepers and gendarmes were completed. The wood was surrounded by a chain of sentinels, the various detachments had taken up the posts assigned to them, and were awaiting the sound of a shot or the blast of a horn, to hasten in the direction in which that signal should summon them. All was silence, suspense, and expectation. Suddenly, and just as the first beams of the morning

sun gilded the upper branches of the loftier trees, the door of a barn adjacent to the village above alluded to, was thrown open, and a man in a shabby green coat, carrying a rifle under his arm, issued forth and advanced leisurely towards the wood. The vedettes posted at either end of the village caught sight of him at the same moment, and spurred their horses in pursuit. No sooner did the man perceive them than he commenced running at the very top of his speed; but presently perceiving that his retreat to the wood was cut off, he altered the direction of his flight, and endeavoured to regain the houses, choosing his path over several hedges and ditches, which in some degree impeded his pursuers. As he ran, he put his fore finger in his mouth, and whistled loud, long, and shrill. A single field now intervened between him and the village, and he darted across it with the speed of a hunted fox. He had reached the end next the houses, when he heard the gendarmes close upon his heels. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang into the nearest cottage, shut and fastened the door behind him, and rushed into the room where the peasant and his family were at breakfast.

"The gendarmes are after me," cried he, panting for breath; "deliver me up, but inform my comrades of my capture." As he uttered the words, his pursuers, who had dismounted from their horses, were heard thundering at the door.

"Boy," said the peasant to his son, a lad of twelve years of age, "when the sogers are in the house, sneak thee out and tell the others. Thee knowest where to find them?"

The boy grinned assent, and his father hurried to open the door before the gendarmes should break it in. With his naked sabre dangling from his wrist, and a cocked pistol in his hand, one of the soldiers stepped into the house, leaving his companion on guard outside. Pushing the peasant aside, he pressed forward into the room in which the poacher was standing beside a table, still out of breath, his rifle leaning against the wall.

"You are my prisoner," said the gendarme, levelling his pistol.

"As you please," returned the other sulkily; "you are the strongest this time."

"Are you Schwarzkopf himself?" demanded the soldier.

"May be," was the reply.

A smile of exultation overspread the countenance of the successful gendarme, who already, in imagination, heard the chink of the two hundred dollars that had been long offered as a reward for the capture of the notorious Schwarzkopf. Taking up the rifle, he shook the priming out of the pan, replaced the weapon in the corner of the room, and proceeded to bind the hands of the prisoner firmly behind his back; then, calling in his comrade, he bade him ride with all speed to the lieutenant, and request an escort to convey the prisoner to a place of safety. These arrangements completed, he began to interrogate the unlucky poacher concerning the whereabout of his companions; but to all his inquiries the prisoner opposed an obstinate silence. "Well, friend," said the gendarme at last, "you may hold your tongue if you like it better; I warrant there will be ways of making you speak by and by. For the present you will have the goodness to sit beside me upon this bench. Remember," added he, "that at the very first movement you make, I send a bullet through your head."

During this brief dialogue between the victor and the vanquished, the peasant was bustling about the room, and busying himself in the stable, which formed part of the ground-floor of the cottage. Presently his son came in, a spade and a basket of potatoes in his hand, as if he had just returned from the fields, and on entering he made a slight but significant sign to his father. The latter crossed the room and stood upon the bench on which the gendarme was sitting, in order to reach down a bottle and glass from a shelf above the window. In getting down his foot slipped, and, as if to save himself from falling, he caught hold of the cocked pistol which the soldier held in his hand. The pistol went off, and the bullet lodged in the opposite wall. Scarcely had this occurred when a pane of glass was shivered to fragments, and the astonished gendarme, turning quickly round, saw the muzzles of two rifles levelled at his head. At the same moment the cottage door was thrown violently open, and a tall man, in a dark shooting dress, carrying a gun in his hand, entered the room, followed by five resolute-looking fellows similarly armed. In an instant the prisoner was free, and the gendarme lay bound upon the earthen floor of the cottage. The rescued man looked down with a comical smile upon his recent captor.

"The tables are turned," said he; "but I can give you some small consolation under your misfortune: the reward you were calculating upon would not have been yours a bit the more for having taken me. Schwarzkopf is not my name, nor does he who bears it allow himself to be so easily captured. I am only one of his huntsmen or foresters—one of his gang, as you yourself would probably say."

"Enough," said the leader of the party; "we have no time for idle talk. To the wood, and keep together."

In prompt obedience to this order, the poachers left the cottage, gained the edge of the wood, and disappeared amongst its thick masses of foliage. In vain during the whole of that day did the gendarmes and keepers seek them in every direction. They had vanished as if by magic. The peasant in whose house the prisoner had been rescued was taken up and subjected to a severe examination, on suspicion of connivance with the poachers; but, although there was little doubt of his complicity, nothing could be proved against him, and he was again set at liberty.

On the fourth day after the one upon which the above incident occurred, a dozen men were assembled in a glade of the forest of Westwald; the sun was rapidly sinking, and its horizontal rays darted through the bright green leaves, and between the moss-grown trunks of the ancient trees, dappling with their light the short fresh grass that covered the ground. In the centre of the glade a small fire was burning, and above the flame hung an iron pot containing melted lead. Two of the men were busily engaged in casting bullets, from which, when turned out of the moulds, two others cut off the tips, and then threw them into a leathern hunting pouch. The remainder of the party were occupied in various ways, cleaning the barrels and oiling the locks of their rifles, or repairing their hunting accoutrements; and a few were lounging upon the turf, with pipes in their mouths. A little apart from the others, a man whom a certain superiority of manner and appearance indicated as the chief of the band, was leaning against a tree, his arms folded, his eyes fixed upon the ground, himself apparently absorbed in thought.

Suddenly, from the summit of a neighbouring beech, the croak of a raven was heard, thrice repeated. At the sound all occupations were suspended, and every eye was turned in the direction of the tree, on the topmost branch of which the form of a man, carefully shrouded amongst the leaves, might with some difficulty, by those acquainted with his position, be discerned.

"Thrice," said the leader;—"it comes then from the east. Go, two of you, and see who approaches."

Two men seized their rifles and hurried away. In a very few minutes they returned with the intelligence that a man in hunter's garb, but alone and unarmed, was approaching the glade. Their alarm tranquillized by this report, the poachers—for such was the profession of the men thus assembled together—resumed their several occupations. Scarcely had they done so, when a rustling was heard amongst the bushes, which the next instant were put aside, and a young and handsome man, dressed in a shooting coat, and wearing a game-bag over his shoulder, made his appearance. The flush of health was upon his manly pleasant countenance, and his muscular and well-proportioned frame gave promise of stength and activity combined. His large dark eye glanced undauntedly around him, and finally fixed upon him who has been already pointed out as the chief of the poachers.

"You are Schwarzkopf?" said he, in a tone of voice at once firm and friendly.

"And if I am," replied the poacher, "what seek you of Schwarzkopf?"

"Protection, and admission into his band," answered the young man.

"Protection!" repeated the other. "What crime have you committed? I admit no malefactor amongst my people."

"Nor am I a malefactor," replied the stranger calmly.

"Nay, then," said Schwarzkopf impatiently, "in the Devil's name, who and what are you?"

"My name is Werner," was the reply; "and for the last five years I have been learning woodcraft under a forester in Westphalia. My instructor cheated his employer in the sale of the venison, and was dismissed in disgrace. Although I had no share in his fault, a part of the odium attached itself to me, and notwithstanding that I am skilful in my profession, no one would give me employment. I have wandered thus far, seeking occupation and finding none, and am reduced to my last stiver. I heard by chance that you were in the neighbourhood, and resolved to seek you out and crave admission into your band."

Schwarzkopf fixed his penetrating gaze upon the countenance of the young man, who bore the look without flinching. The poacher glanced complacently at the active, muscular figure before him, and at last, nodding his head, as if well satisfied with what he saw, he again broke silence.

"I like your appearance," said he, "your frankness pleases me, and I am willing to believe your tale. But a woodsman without a gun is a novelty. Do you knock down your game with a stick, or run it down by speed of foot?"

"My rifle is at hand," replied Werner; "I laid it aside lest your people should take me for a keeper, and welcome me with half an ounce of lead."

"Young man," said Schwarzkopf sternly, "outlaws though we be, we never fire on our fellow-creatures but in defence of life, and when we are chased and hunted down like wild beasts. Go, fetch your gun."

Werner walked away, and presently returned with his rifle, which Schwarzkopf took from his hand, and examined with the air of a connoisseur.

"A good gun," said he, "stock, lock, and barrel; but the best rifle that ever was put together is of little value without a steady hand and a sure eye to direct it. Can you knock the eye out of a stag at a hundred paces?"

"I never tried," replied Werner, laughing; "but I might do such a thing in case of need."

Schwarzkopf looked around him, and pointed to a squirrel which was climbing along the branch of a tree at the distance of a hundred and twenty paces. Cocking his rifle, Werner raised it to his shoulder, and almost, as it appeared, before his eye caught the sight of the weapon, the report was heard, and the squirrel fell to the ground. One of the poachers ran to fetch it, and brought it to Schwarzkopf. The little animal was hit in the head.

"A good shot, men," said Schwarzkopf.

A murmur of approbation was heard amongst the poachers.

"You please me," said the captain to Werner, "and from this moment you are one of us. Wolf, read him our regulations; they are few and short."

Wolf, the second in command of the band, took from his pocket a greasy leathern case, and opening it, produced a scroll of parchment, considerably creased and thumbed, from which he read the following code of poacher law:—

Article 1st. We promise our captain unconditional obedience, and hold him responsible to no one for his actions.

2nd. Every member of our society has a right to leave it when he pleases, upon giving twenty-four hours' notice of his intention.

3rd. It is expressly forbidden to fire at a man, except when absolutely necessary for the preservation of our own lives. Whoever does so without such necessity will be held guilty of a crime, and be delivered over for punishment to the authorities.

4th. Whoever is guilty of treason to the captain or the society, becomes outlawed by the act, and his life is forfeited.

5th. All game shot shall be brought to the common stock and disposed of for the joint benefit of the society. He who infringes this law incurs expulsion and the loss of his rifle.

6th. All profits arising from the sale of the game are to be divided equally amongst the members of the band. The captain to take a double share.

"Have you heard and understood our regulations?" said Schwarzkopf to his new recruit, when Wolf had done reading.

"I have," replied Werner, "and I will abide by them."

Evening was drawing in, and the sun had already sunk below the western horizon, leaving in its place a streak of red-golden cloud which each moment that elapsed rendered narrower and less vivid. Suddenly the cry of a night-owl was heard, proceeding from the tree trunk against which Schwarzkopf was leaning. Werner looked round in astonishment, and as he did so, Schwarzkopf took his two hands from before his mouth and smiled at the surprise of his new acquaintance.

"You will have to learn our signals," said he, pointing to the beech before alluded to, from which the sentinel was now descending.

"Here is a new comrade, Hare," cried several of the band, as the vedette reached the ground. "As good a shot as any amongst us, not to say a better."

The man addressed by the name of Hare approached Werner and held out his hand.

"I saw your shot," said he, "it was excellent. What name have they given you?"

"Truly, we have forgotten to christen him," said Schwarzkopf, laughing. "We none of us go by our real names here," continued he to Werner, "lest a thoughtless exclamation should betray us to our enemies. Each man who joins the band adopts the name of some animal. Which will you take?"

"You may call me Lion," said Werner.

"We have a Lion already," cried several voices. "It is the captain's name."

"Nay then, let me be Fox, or whatever you choose."

"Good," cried the poachers, "Fox let it be."

"And now, my dear Fox," said Hare, "let me have another look at your agreeable physiognomy. I am sure I have seen it before this evening, but may I never shoot another deer if I can remember where. Well, I shall think of it just now, no doubt."

So saying, he turned away from Werner and applied himself vigorously to his supper, for which his sojourn at the tree-top seemed to have sharpened his appetite to a very acute edge. Even whilst eating, however, the man appeared uneasy and thoughtful, and from time to time examined his new comrade with a sidelong glance of suspicion. At last he approached Schwarzkopf and whispered something in his ear. The captain started and looked keenly at Werner.

"Are you certain of it?" said he.

Hare nodded affirmatively.

"Tell it to no one," said Schwarzkopf, "but do not lose sight of him." Then, turning to his men, "Up, lads!" said he, "and to our quarters for the night."

CHAPTER II.

SIGISMUND HOLZ.

On the skirt of the forest of Westwald, which covers a space of nearly a square league with its venerable trees and thickly-matted brushwood, there stands, or stood at the period of this narrative, a dwelling-house of small dimensions but comfortable aspect. It consisted of half a dozen rooms, all upon the ground floor; its exterior was painted white and overshadowed by the branches of some lofty trees. On one side of the house was a small building used as a kennel for a score of hounds of various descriptions, a pair of many-tined antlers were fixed above the principal entrance, and in front of the dwelling a broad carriage-road swept round a small garden in which flowers of the gayest hues grew in luxuriant profusion. The house was inhabited by Carl Sturm, the chief ranger of Count Armfeld's forests.

Of all the persons who had suffered from the lawless proceedings of

Schwarzkopf and his band, not one had taken their depredations more to heart than the ranger Sturm. An enthusiastic sportsman, and adopting the interests of his employer as if they had been his own, no punishment appeared to him too great for the outlaws who depopulated the woods under his care. Since their appearance in the neighbourhood he had scarcely given himself a moment's repose, his rifle was never out of his hand; his hair, already grizzled by age, was growing daily greyer from anxiety and mortification. In vain had he stimulated the zeal of his subordinates by promises of liberal reward, and endeavoured to bribe the peasantry to spy out the haunts of the poachers; all his efforts had proved fruitless, and the failure of the grand battue in which the gendarmes had taken part, had driven him to the verge of despair. His thoughts by day and his dreams by night all tended to one object,—how he should get within rifle-shot of the detested Schwarzkopf.

It was evening, and in the sitting-room of the ranger's house the family were assembled at supper. At the head of the table sat Sturm himself, a portly, broad-shouldered man, some fifty-five years of age, whose robust appearance and ruddy countenance bore witness to the healthy nature of his occupation. There was an air of honest independence about him, and that degree of good breeding in his manner which men of his class sometimes catch from the persons of higher rank with whom their profession brings them in frequent contact. But on the evening in question, his humour was silent and moody, and he ate his frugal supper in silence. Beside him sat his only daughter, Bertha, a blue-eyed girl of eighteen, who, since her mother's death, which had occurred three years previously, had acted as her father's housekeeper, and whose pretty face and gentle manners had made her the toast of the country for twenty miles round. Next to her sat the under-forester, Sigismund Holz, a tall, handsome man of six or eight and twenty, whose sunburned features were set off to advantage by his well-trimmed moustache and short curling beard. It was easy to perceive, by the marked attention that Sigismund paid to Bertha, by the eagerness with which he listened to each word she uttered, and by his stolen and lover-like glances at her bright eyes and charming face, that he had not escaped the fascination which the ranger's pretty daughter exercised over all who approached her. His admiration of her was obvious, and although Bertha's encouragement of it was less apparent, she could not be said to accept with anything like repugnance the homage and attentions of the handsome forester. Another of the ranger's assistants, and Bertha's younger brother, a lad of seventeen, had taken their places on the other side of the table.

"Bertha," said the ranger, pushing away his plate, "fill my pipe, and give me the last number of the Forest Register."

Bertha obeyed her father's directions. The ranger opened the pamphlet, read a page, and then tossed it impatiently away.

"I cannot even read," said he, "anger and vexation won't let me. These scoundrels have knocked ten years off my life. The deer-park is regularly ruined. Day and night have I been after them, without catching a sight of the infernal thieves. One sight of them, that is all I ask, with my rifle in my hand and half a dozen of my trusty keepers at my back, and if I don't give a good account of the villains, may I never pull trigger again."

"But, father," said Bertha, soothingly, "why vex yourself thus? The poachers have not been heard of in your district for the last three days, and it is said they have left it for the neighbouring one of Gemsheim."

"So much the worse," returned her father. "So long as they were here, I hoped to catch them, and to wipe out, by the destruction of the whole band, the disgrace they have occasioned me. If they have left the Westwald, they are out of my reach. Somebody else will catch them, and I shall pass for a careless or incapable forester."

"If they have gone to Gemsheim," said young Sturm, "they will give my brother Albert something to do."

"Is your elder brother still employed upon that domain?" asked Sigismund of Bertha.

"He is so," was the reply, "and I would he were any where else, for he is imprudent and hotheaded. One so often hears of foresters losing their lives in contests with poachers, that I cannot help feeling anxious on his account."

"Pshaw! no fear for him," said the ranger, who was striding impatiently up and down the room. "Albert can take care of himself, and has more prudence than he gets credit for. And if he shoots Schwarzkopf, he may ask me for any anything I have in the world, and it shall be his. It would be next best to shooting him myself."

The hour for retiring to rest had now arrived, and the party broke up, leaving the old ranger turning the pages of the Forest Register, and consoling himself as well as he could for his non-capture of the poachers, by the hope that his son would be more fortunate. About a quarter of an hour had passed in this manner, when the room-door was opened, and Sigismund Holz entered the apartment. Sturm looked up, surprised at his re-appearance.

"Ranger," said the young man, in a voice less steady than usual, "I have a boon to ask of you. I love your daughter Bertha, and, although she has not told me as much, I have reason to believe that I am not indifferent to her. If you, as her father, have nothing to object, I would fain woo, and should hope to win her."

The ranger looked at his subordinate with surprise and some displeasure.

"I am sorry, Sigismund," said he, "that you have thought it advisable to make this request. You have been but three weeks in my house, you confess to have nothing but what you here earn, and you aspire already to my daughter's hand. I am sorry for it. You are a smart and useful fellow, whom I should like to keep with me, but that is now impossible. I cannot give Bertha to a mere forester, whose sole possessions are his green jerkin, his horn and rifle, and as I do not choose to risk my daughter's happiness, we must part at once."

"I admit the justice of your remarks," replied Sigismund, "but you have not yet heard me out. Like the patriarch of old, I propose to earn my wife, not by a seven years' bondage, but by what will please you better. If I deliver into your hands the poacher Schwarzkopf, and obtain as a reward a ranger's appointment, will you still refuse me your daughter?"

"You are raving, man!" cried Sturm. "How should you accomplish what everybody else has failed in?"

"That is a secret which I shall disclose to you alone," replied Sigis-

mund. "My plan is this—to-morrow I join the band of Schwarzkopf."

The feasibility of this project at once struck the old ranger, whose eyes sparkled at the idea of seeing his mortal enemy at his mercy. He reflected for a moment, and then grasping Sigismund's hand, shook it heartily.

"A bold plan and a good one," said he. "Do but what you have proposed, deliver Schwarzkopf into my hands, and though you may not have a ducat in the world, my daughter shall be yours."

"Agreed!" cried Sigismund, joyfully. "By to-morrow morning I will invent a pretext for leaving your house for a while. But during my absence I may want to see you, and I shall do so with most safety at night. Three pebbles thrown against your bed-room window will be the signal."

"'Tis well, lad," said the ranger, "go and prosper—keep your promise and I will not forget mine."

And with another friendly pressure of the hand, the two men parted.

CHAPTER III.

SCHWARZKOPF'S STORY.

Shortly after the incidents already narrated, and in one of the wildest and most remote parts of the forest in which they occurred, two men were to be seen walking slowly along under an avenue of trees and talking together in low and earnest tones. The two men were Schwarzkopf and his lieutenant, Wolf.

"You are certain, then," said the former, "that Fox is in communication with the ranger Sturm?"

"Quite certain," replied Wolf, "and equally so that he has an understanding with Banner, the officer of gendarmes. But he sees that we suspect him, and will not risk his neck by hurrying the execution of his treacherous project. Were it not for your precaution of never saying beforehand where the day's hunt is to take place, or the night to be passed, I am persuaded that by this time we should all of us have either a bullet in our brains or irons on our heels. We have difficulty enough already in avoiding our pursuers, and it is high time to make an example of this fellow."

"Not yet," replied Schwarzkopf. "We must get an unequivocal proof of his treachery. One of these days I will mention before him where we are to pass the night; you shall take the men in another direction, and I will be on the watch to see if the gendarmes visit the place I named. In that manner the gentleman will be caught tripping to the satisfaction of everybody."

"He was right enough to choose the name of Fox," said the lieutenant.

"It seems to me, Wolf," continued Schwarzkopf, "that our affairs are in a most critical state. There is no longer any confidence amongst us. The perpetual pursuit to which we are exposed, and the fatigue it entails, have demoralized and disgusted the men; our profits are daily diminishing, the dangers and hardships of our occupation are beginning far to outweigh its advantages. How many amongst our

people would hesitate, think ye, if they saw their opportunity, to earn the price that is set upon my capture?"

"It is hard to say, captain," replied Wolf, gloomily, "but that some of them would act the traitor, if they dared, there can be little doubt."

"What think you, then, if we were to break up the band?" returned Schwarzkopf. "I will not conceal from you that I am weary of this lawless mode of life. Now is the time to make our conditions for a pardon, before the authorities discover how desperate our position has become. If we delay, it may be too late. According to our laws, it is in my power to quit the society by giving twenty-four hours' notice, but ——"

"That you would surely not do?" interrupted Wolf. "Without you, what would become of us?"

"I will not do it," replied Schwarzkopf, "not only because I am convinced that within those twenty-four hours I should be betrayed and delivered up, but because I know that I am the soul of the band, and I should be ashamed to desert it in the hour of peril. But I have another plan, and I look to you, Wolf, the only man in whom I fully confide, to assist me in it."

"I will readily do so," replied Wolf, "for I also am tired of this restless and dangerous existence. How can I be of use?"

"By doing all in your power to increase the discontent amongst the men. Complain continually of the fatigues and dangers to which we are exposed, extol the comforts and advantages of a peaceful mode of life, under the protection of the law. Trust to me for the rest."

Wolf promised to attend faithfully to the instructions he had received, and the two men repaired together to the place where the poachers were assembled.

It was about eleven o'clock on the evening of the day on which this dialogue took place, and the household of the principal magistrate of the small town of Neuburg, situated within a few miles of the Westwald, had already retired to rest. The magistrate himself, Herr Freidorf, was busied amongst his books and papers, when he heard a knock at his study door, which the next instant was opened, and a man of agreeable countenance, and plainly but not inelegantly dressed, entered the room.

"Pardon this untimely intrusion, Herr Freidorf," said the stranger, "but I have to speak with you on business of the greatest importance."

The magistrate bowed, uttered some common-place phrase of civility, and pointed to a chair.

"Whom have I the honour to address?" said he, when his visitor had seated himself.

"My name is Schwarzkopf," replied the stranger.

"Schwarzkopf!" exclaimed the magistrate, thunderstruck at the name, "not the celebrated ——"

"The celebrated Schwarzkopf," since you are so pleased to style him," interrupted the unabashed intruder.

The magistrate sat for a moment petrified with astonishment; then recovering his presence of mind, he sprang from his seat and seized the bell-rope. The bell did not ring, and the rope came off in his hand.

"It is useless calling for assistance," said Schwarzkopf, smiling, "I have taken all the measures necessary to ensure my safety." So saying,

he opened the door of the study, and the magistrate saw in the corridor a man dressed as a peasant and holding a dark lantern in his hand. At the same moment Schwarzkopf drew a pistol from his pocket. Herr Freidorf sank back in his chair.

"I am in your power," said he.

"Which you have no occasion to fear," replied the poacher. "I come on a peaceful errand, to crave your mediation between myself and the authorities. They have long made war upon me, and are as far from victory as ever. I am willing to treat for peace."

"Your offer," replied the magistrate, "betrays your weakness. And did it not do so, how can you, a violator of the laws of your country, expect to be treated with on this footing of equality?"

"Why not?" replied Schwarzkopf. "You have more to fear from me, than I from you. But I am weary of my manner of life, and desirous of returning to the society of my fellow-men. Consider the expense to which the government is put by the search made after me, and remember that this expense may last for years, and at the end of that time the object proposed may still be unattained. Think of the blood that may be shed, of the destruction of your woods, the ruin of your deer-parks. And what do I and my men risk if we are taken? At the most, three years' imprisonment. You see that I have studied your criminal code."

"I cannot deny the truth of what you say," replied the magistrate, "and it is not impossible that some arrangement might be come to Your conditions—what are they?"

"You have them here," replied Schwarzkopf, placing a paper upon the table. "A free pardon for my men and myself; for each of the former a passage to America, and fifty ducats on arriving there; for myself the situation of ranger in one of the royal forests. I can neither live in idleness nor abandon the noble profession of woodcraft."

"And supposing that these conditions were granted you," said the magistrate, "how are we to know that you have not been guilty of other and worse crimes than poaching? Schwarzkopf, I presume, is an assumed name. What is your real one?"

"I shall not disclose it till my conditions are accepted," answered Schwarzkopf. "It will be time enough then to investigate my former life, and if any crime can be alleged and proved against me, let me be punished accordingly."

"And how," continued Herr Freidorf, "could you, who evidently possess abilities for better things, betake yourself to so precarious and disreputable a course of life?"

"I was driven to it," replied Schwarzkopf. "My father had intended me for the church, but my addiction to a woodsman's life was so strong that he was compelled to yield to my wishes and place me with a ranger whose district adjoined the frontier of the duchy of Nassau, the part of Germany where the game laws are most severe. I had completed my apprenticeship, and was waiting for an appointment that had been promised me, when one day, as I was shooting near the limits of our district, I fired at a stag, which, although mortally wounded, had still strength enough left to cross the boundary. The temptation was too great to be resisted, I followed, and cut the animal's throat with my hunting knife. Scarcely had I done so, when

three of the duke's keepers burst out of the wood, seized me, and conveyed me to prison. I was tried, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, the most horrible of punishments to one who, like myself, was never happy but when the turf was under his feet and the greenwood over his head. On the way to my place of confinement, I managed to escape, and in my exasperation at my unjust sentence I swore to become a poacher, and to exterminate, to the utmost of my ability, that game, of which the preservation was prized more highly than an honest man's liberty."

There was a frankness of manner about the poacher which interested the magistrate in his favour.

"I am inclined to give credit to your story," said he, "and will do my best to obtain the conditions you ask. To-day is Tuesday. Sunday next, at the same hour, come here and receive your answer. Should it be unfavourable, I guarantee your unmolested return to the forest."

"I shall be punctual," replied the poacher, rising to depart. "You will pardon me, Herr Freidorf," added he, "if I leave my companion for a couple of minutes at your door, as a measure of precaution. Your guarantee does not include this evening."

He bowed to the magistrate and left the room. When, after a short time, Herr Freidorf ventured to open his study door, the corridor was empty. Upon investigation the bell-rope proved to have been cut nearly through with some sharp instrument. The house door, upon which no traces of violence were visible, must have been opened from within, or with a false key.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LETTER.

FIVE days had elapsed. It was Sunday evening, and Schwarzkopf was seated in a peasant's cottage, his head leaning on his hand, awaiting the hour at which he should betake himself to his rendezvous with Herr Freidorf, when he was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of Wolf. "What brings you here?" said Schwarzkopf to his lieutenant.

"Our fox is in the trap," replied Wolf, with a satisfied smile; "cunning as he is, I have caught him at last, and we may knock him on the head with a safe conscience."

"You speak in parables," said Schwarzkopf, impatiently; "say at once what you mean."

"I mean," replied the poacher, "that Fox has been writing a letter to the officer of gendarmes. I was in the loft above the room in which he wrote it, and I looked through a crack in the floor. I could not distinguish the contents, but the direction I saw as plainly as I now see you. When he had folded the letter, he put it in the breast pocket of his coat. What say you, shall I take it out to-night whilst he sleeps?"

"It would hardly be advisable," said Schwarzkopf, after a moment's reflection, "now that we are in all probability on the eve of receiving our pardon, and changing our mode of life, to punish Werner with the severity which our regulations authorize. It will be sufficient if we

prevent him from injuring us, and that I can easily find means of doing. Bring him here to me."

Wolf went out, and presently returned accompanied by Werner, who entered the room with a firm step and confident glance, evidently quite unaware of the suspicions entertained of him. At a sign from Schwarzkopf, Wolf left the apartment. The outlaw captain fixed his keen gaze upon the countenance of Werner, who did not sustain it without some signs of embarrassment.

"Give me the letter which you have in your breast pocket," said Schwarzkopf, sternly.

Werner gave a violent start, and then mechanically obeying, he produced the letter. Schwarzkopf snatched it from his hand.

"To Lieutenant Banner, of the Gendarmerie," said he, reading the superscription.

"I am betrayed," exclaimed Werner.

"Say rather that you are a traitor," returned the captain. "Have you so soon forgotten the fourth article of our regulations? Your life is forfeited."

"Read what I have written before you condemn me," said the young man, in some degree regaining his composure. Schwarzkopf opened the letter and read aloud as follows:—

"I am unable to put into execution the intention which I lately communicated to you. I cannot make up my mind to betray a man possessed of so many estimable qualities as the one with whom I have for the last few days been associating. I have abandoned my design, and shall take the first opportunity of returning to my usual occupations."

"The letter is not signed," said Schwarzkopf, when he had done reading. "Would your correspondent know from whom it came?"

"He would so," replied Werner. "I did not sign, lest it should fall into wrong hands. For the same reason your name does not appear in it."

"There may be listeners at hand," resumed the poacher, and therefore I will not tell you your real name, though it is well known to me. But the man who refused to betray me when he thought he had it in his power, shall not be injured if I can help it. There are at least two of the band who know you, and suspect your object in coming here. You are closely watched, and I could not ensure your safety if you were to remain another day amongst us. I will enable you to escape, but upon one condition. Promise me that to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock precisely, you will be at the house of Carl Sturm, the Westwald ranger, and that previously to that time you will tell him nothing of your proceedings since you have been with us."

"I pledge myself to do your bidding," said Werner, "and in return for the service you so generously render me, let me warn you against your own men. There is a spirit of mutiny and discontent abroad amongst them, and he in whom you most confide, your lieutenant, Wolf, is its instigator."

Schwarzkopf smiled. "Thanks,' he said, "for the warning, but Wolf acts by my directions. Leave me now. So soon as it is dark I will fetch you and accompany you till you are out of all danger."

About two hours after midnight of the day on which this conversation took place, the ranger, Sturm, was awakened from a sound sleep by something striking against his window. The noise was repeated a

second and a third time. The ranger got out of bed and opened the casement. "Is it you, Sigismund Holz?" he asked.

"It is," replied the forester.

"And what have you to say to me?"

"Merely this. Remain at home to-morrow afternoon till I come. I have much to tell you. Farewell! Time presses."

And with the word, the young man disappeared in the dark shadow of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

On a rustic seat in the ranger's garden, beneath a bower of vine leaves and honeysuckle, Bertha was seated, her fingers busy with needlework, her thoughts wandering to the handsome forester, who had now been many days absent from her father's house. At a window of the dwelling sat the ranger himself, enjoying his after-dinner pipe, and impatiently awaiting the appearance of Sigismund. Presently an exclamation of joy from Bertha reached his ear, and looking out, he saw a green hat and bunch of cocks' feathers appearing above the tall shrubs in the garden. In a few moments Sigismund approached the house, with Bertha leaning on his arm.

"You seem to have made your cause good with my daughter," said Sturm, somewhat testily. "But how is it with our conditions?"

"Here is something towards their fulfilment," replied the forester, drawing a paper from his pocket. "My appointment as ranger of one of the royal forests in Franconia. The post is not the most lucrative of the kind, but it yields sufficient to support a family."

"The devil!" said Sturm, looking at Sigismund with great astonishment; "it is no bad beginning, young man, and may lead to better things. But Schwarzkopf?"

"Shall be delivered up to you," replied Sigismund, confidently.

At this moment a man in a forester's dress was seen coming up the road leading to the house. "My brother Albert!" exclaimed Bertha, joyfully.

"Albert himself," cried the ranger. "What can bring him here, on foot, and so unexpectedly?"

With rapid step Albert reached the house, and entered the room in which the three persons were assembled. Scarcely, however, had he cast his eyes upon Sigismund, when he started back in surprise and consternation.

"You here, Schwarzkopf!" he exclaimed. "You in my father's house!"

"Even so, my dear Fox, or Werner, or Albert Sturm, by whichever name you best please to be called."

"Schwarzkopf!" shouted the ranger, springing furiously from his chair. "Who is Schwarzkopf?"

"I am, or at least I *was*," answered Sigismund. "Pardon the deception I have practised on you."

Beside himself with astonishment and rage, Sturm rushed to the side of the room where his guns were hanging against the wall. Before he could reach them, his son seized his arm.

"Be not hasty, father," he cried; "Schwarzkopf is a brave and generous man, who saved my life when I had sought to take his."

"Have I not fulfilled my conditions and placed Schwarzkopf in your power?" remarked the poacher, smiling.

"Your stratagem shall avail you nothing, villain," cried Sturm. "It was not to you, but to Sigismund Holz that I promised my daughter's hand."

"And Sigismund Holz now stands before you," replied the forester. "Schwarzkopf, the poacher, no longer exists. He has made his peace with the authorities, and his band is broken up. You will surely not refuse me your daughter, for love of whom I have done this good work?"

It is scarcely necessary to explain, what will have been already inferred, that it was Albert Sturm, who, desirous of delivering Schwarzkopf and his band into the hands of justice, had joined them under the name of Werner. Neither shall we relate in detail how it was that the ranger yielded to the united entreaties of his children, and how, within a month after the scene above narrated, the bells rang merrily out for the wedding of Bertha and Sigismund.

THE MOURNFUL TOURNAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

SEVEN riders free rode forth so bold,
With shield and spear and banner,
Good tournament they went to hold,
The king's fair child to honour.

And when they saw both tower and wall
They heard a faint bell tinkle,
And when they trod the monarch's hall
They saw seven tapers twinkle.

There saw they lying deathly pale
The lovely Adelaide;
The king, with tears and bitter wail;
Sate by the clay-cold maid.

Then spoke the haughty Dagobert;
"My grief I cannot bridle
That I my steed in vain have girt,
That shield and spear lie idle."

Sir Adelbert the gallant said,
"Let not that damp our spirit;
A trusty lance, a good stout blade,
May still the maiden merit."

Sir Walter spoke, a rider bold,
"We best were homeward wending;
To fight for a maiden dead and cold
Can ne'er have happy ending."

Sir Adelbert said: "True she is dead,
Yet lives there none so fair;
She wears a wreath of roses red,
A ring of jewels rare."

So they rode forth upon the plain,
The brave free riders seven;
And until six of them lay slain,
The mortal strife was striven.

The seventh was Adelbert the good,
All other knights excelling;
Dismounting pale and stained with blood
He sought the monarch's dwelling.

He took the wreath of roses red,
The ring of jewels rare;
He fell to earth all pale and dead,
Pale as that maiden fair.

The king a mourning garment wore,
The mourning bells rang slowly;
Six knights the sad procession bore
Unto their graves so lowly.

The seventh was Adelbert the brave,
With his own lovely maid;
In the cool earth their rest they have,
Beneath one gravestone laid.

J. W.

THE GAMBLING BOOTHS AT BADEN.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

OF whatever nature the spell, not unfelt even by the strongest minds—a spell which induced the witty Sedley to travel five hundred miles to witness a single execution, and which extends its power, more or less, over all, impelling us to witness scenes of powerful excitement—who can question its existence?

"Is it not strange," I said to myself, on returning from the promenade, "that I, who have seen so much bodily infirmity and suffering during the day, should feel such a desire to behold a far more terrible exhibition at night? The hallucination of the intellect—the scourge of reason—the very leprosy of the soul!"

But while musing upon the why and the how, I had entered the "Spielsaal," that grand receptacle of vice and folly—the Temple of Fortune's triumphs over the prostrated faculties, and every quality that is estimable in man.

As I proceeded up the rooms, I thought of Virgil and Dante in their "*descensus Averni*," and felt as if I should like to have had them for a guide, to instruct me in its dread mysteries and secret recesses of sorrow. Unluckily no guide to this great Cacus's den, can show a foot-print back again, or teach the redeeming art *revocare gradum*; a more than Herculean task, when once the victim of play has entered these doors, which might appropriately borrow Dante's inscription over the infernal gates. My object is simply to record, as exactly as possible what I saw, on the night of my visit, a single leaf out of the innumerable volumes of Transactions in a Society, which far surpasses in its destructive principles that of the assassins of the east, or the blood tribunals of the north and west, which all seem to have found their centre in the modern rage for play.

Not without a slight shudder had I passed the police Cerberus that guards the illuminated portals of this realm of darkness, sin, and pain; yet which bases its title to patronage and support upon the supreme will and pleasure of those who live beyond the law. It always produces a melancholy sensation to see guards posted round a place professedly devoted to scenes of gaiety and pleasure. What a contradiction! What an idea of selfish exclusiveness does it not convey! Then what a retribution for the proposed indulgence of a kind of patent happiness, against which laws are made for the people; and in which the rest of the world must not join. When first confined within the pale of rank and fashion, was it imagined that it contained in its germ the vilest and basest passions, with all those horrors and fatal consequences which the great are so rejoiced to make a present of, and leave exclusively, if they could, to the profane vulgar? No! pleasure, and the love of excitement only were taken into account—the rest, like the ingredients of the witches' cauldron, were supposed to be left behind with Pandora's box, for the enjoyment of the world at large. It was not quite anticipated that suicide, duels, highway robberies, house-breaking, murder, and ignominious deaths, were to fill up at least three-fourths of

the canvas in the glorious picture of monopoly which rank and title had chalked out.

Yet an institution which combines all the ferocities and horrors which met only in a thousand domineering crimes of other times, cannot surely be without some good—as a scourge, like the plague or cholera—to inflict punishment for some other misdeeds, and put the crown to men's sins by a public execution even while on earth. For instance, I could not but approve of the delegated power of the modern Cerberus alluded to, which had the effect of keeping the tortured souls in order, and making their vulture appetite and inward raging passions all assume the mild and gentle aspect of the lamb. The respectful silence which reigned throughout reminded one of the school of the ancient, who made all wisdom to consist in ruling the unruly member for a given time ; and it had certainly an aristocratic air, spite of the ins and outs—the change of seats and places among the observers and the observed—"peace" where there is no peace was the sovereign law.

All along the sides sat in a shining row the beautiful and the plain, the Graces and the sister Fates, all belonging to the fair sex, and if the awarders of the domestic destinies grew weary of observing, music, cards, or chit chat, waited to welcome them close by. Clouds of flatterers and admirers hovered round them ; others lounged about, roving from table to table, where Plutus was busy, pushing for the government and its lessees a very pretty and thriving trade. There he was, like the talisman we read of in eastern story, whose business it was to bring every thing wanted within the prescribed limits in a given time ; the magician, who, with his squares, circles, and magic numbers, threw his absorbing spell over every table, making statues of men as stony as their hearts ; or like that noble metal, which, declining any connexion with low iron, deigns to draw unto itself only silver and gold. Rolls and caskets, and shining heaps added to the potency of the charm ; the four-and-twenty kruitzer piece, that seemed to ask you to come and clutch it at the " Roulette " as you passed by—the greater crown at the second table—the half-crown at the " Trente et Un," and so in proportion, that you might just take a little step, or mount the great ladder of fortune at your option.

It is this adaptation of such an institution to all sizes and tastes that. with the varying moods and motives, insures its infernal success. Next come the magic forms and incantations, in the shape of, " Play, play ! *faites votre jeu !* " from the eager croupier, in a tone to electrify the younger comers, while the veterans are already seated, hard at it ; at the same time flourishing his rateau of the hour as new corsairs of the green table seat their intended victims and prepare to fleece them.

Suddenly, as if conjured from their ocean home, you see the gold and silver fishes—apt symbols of those doomed to the net and the hook—flying about in all directions, in all the sparkling colours of hope, upon the green smooth surface. All things are arranged, change aspect, or are settled in a twinkling, no want of energy, no delay complained of here, as the quick, business-like question, " *Jeu fait ?* " as the ball flies to its destined point ; and then the " *rien ne va plus !* " in a suppressed tone of thunder, when some unlucky one pockets his last piece, in the superstitious notion that it will be better to reserve it, and

thus perhaps break the tide against him, for some happier occasion. All the pangs of suspended fate are concentrated in the brief period before he shall venture his final stake, or in what he shall venture it, as he watches the golden showers pouring upon the head of some one who has plucked him, the heap growing larger and larger upon the board. All is in deep and desperate contrast.

In other parts, however, fortune's tide preserves a more agreeable course; ebbing and flowing as if with some regard to conscience. Here again, where play rages like a dance of drunken bacchanals, its contrast is seen in the quiet serious air of the banker, who presides over the destinies of the card-tables. His party was not a large one, while the quarter crown table was full, and the little "Roulette" overflowing; the whirl, the clash, and the ring of money changing hands, being in proportion to its minor stakes, and its conflicting numbers. It was the theatre of the smaller interests; of passions less repressed, and of maledictions often loud as well as deep. It was a sort of "High Life below Stairs."

Soon my attention was drawn to a few of the more distinguished performers; the masters of the art, deeply versed as the old Egyptian priests in the arcana of their business, and of whom rather than speak impartially, I had rather not speak at all; for like other Briarean rulers, they have long arms. As little use would it be to caution their great rivals and former victims—those veterans among the *dilettanti*, who have survived the "ordeal fierce," and succeeded in forging weapons to turn against the professors, who first initiated to victimise them. Such caution could only extend to their younger connexions, to their special friends and companions, not yet sacrificed. The sharp practice of these grand specimens of their genus is typified in the sharp and sinister expression, in the keen reckless eye, and pointed feature; in each fold of the brow, each wrinkle and line of the face are written former care and present want of prey.

The same characteristics, by no means favourable to beauty, will apply to the female votaries of the card-table, on whom—the case being hopeless, all advice would be lost. But there is another class—the more recently initiated—whom I easily recognised as not yet bearing the mark of the beast, and in so far open to redemption if their better genius interpose. But this is a miracle he seldom performs.

Just opposite where I was standing sat a very striking figure, whose powerful frame, strong, yet aristocratic cast of countenance, proud sarcastic expression, with his richness of costume, seemed to attract more eyes than mine. He wore a dark riding coat, a bright red plush waistcoat, over which hung a large broad gold chain and opera-glass; his whole appearance and ease of manner marking the man of rank and fashion. With an air of apparent absence and indifference he was playing with the seals of his gold watch, which, with a massy gold snuff-box, and a gold musical box, lay beside him; indeed, he seemed to be environed with gold and silver, large heaps of dollars, to which he was carelessly adding, lying near him. A few minutes before taking his seat he had been observed in the public walk to spurn the prayer of a poor cripple; but here the great capitalist in the realms of fraud spread his treasures lavishly, with an expression of contempt, as if he cared not how soon they should disappear. And was he fated to find his match where he least expected it

The dice-box—to which he now challenged a stranger—a simple-looking and apparently plain, unpretending character, whose fate I looked on as sealed—was the only game for a mind like his. The gold fish, it was whispered, were fast following the silver ones into his net. Pale, lean, and shrivelled, with a hanging look and a stupid expression that flatly said he knew nothing and cared for nobody, he was yet reputed wealthy withal. He was "a fresh one," another sheep come to the shearing; he was deemed hardly worth a contest, but he coolly accepted the challenge. The stakes ran high; a few throws went in favour of the grand aristocrat, who looked round him with an air of triumph—the eyes of the by-standers following his, while I kept mine fixed on the ugly little man right before me. Was it fancy, or did I observe a rapid motion of his left hand on making a throw, after which a fierce gleam shot from his sharp, deep-set eye, and he evidently what is termed "brightened up." The tide turned; the great speculator at every throw became less the favourite—bets were speedily made high on the other side to cover the first;—stakes are again and again doubled—still in favour of the little ugly man—the charm works deeper and deeper—the hell broth bubbles up from its lowest dregs, sparkles and hisses till it runs over the infernal cauldron.

Such a storm and hurly-burly of the passions could not last long, and there are limits even to the most astounding wrath. As the battle grew more and more animated, the expression of the different passions through the whole scale, from indifference, pride, scorn, to fear, hatred, revenge, horror,—the entire scene as it drew nigher its close was truly terrific. It then seemed as if all the evils the human mind could anticipate—shame, grief, want, desperation, were all there painted indelibly upon the features of the but now proud, high-soaring spirit that seemed as if born to look down on his fellow-man? It is all over! Every bit of gold and silver, to his watch, chain, and seals, his snuff-box, pencil-case, were all put into requisition ere the last hope expired. As he rose and passed on, gliding like a spectre from the scene of his former triumphs, a sort of horror seemed to seize the bystanders, and I felt a strange icy chill run through my frame.

But see! all eyes are rivetted upon that little man, while his grand-looking predecessor is forgotten. He seemed to exult for some moments after the successful exercise of his demon power, and then looked more insignificant, ugly, and stupid than before. Who will finish or unmask HIM, was the whisper? Yet he was not the worst nor the most formidable of his class.

"Once mounted—sit fast!" cried a jockey-looking personage, but evidently of some rank, as he reached his hand over the table and laid down a few gold pieces. "When I bet it is upon my horse, for I know whom I have to trust to—he'll show game; and it's the surest game for me of all."

"My lord," whispered a chatty little man at my elbow, "is just arrived with eighteen high-bred horses in Baden. He loves them much more than wife, children, friends, r latives, and all the world put together, indeed he is a true friend and father of the turf. But he may well boast of his horse, for he has lost sixteen out of the eighteen already in this place;—he does right to use himself to the singular number 'my horse,' in time—for you saw him put down his money; there is a race to-morrow, and at the end of it he most likely won't have one

left. Spite of his motto of 'once mounted,' &c., he must walk or hire like other people until a fresh batch arrives. No! he will never learn to ride the high horse here."

"But who are those people with the unconscionable-sized breast-pins, the brilliancy of which, if pure stones, would become a kingly crown. Are they poets, musicians, exiles, or lovers—as their attentions to those two beautiful neighbours of theirs would seem to imply?"

"They are officers in plain dress," was the reply, "and you see how they are trying to prevail on their fair companions to try their luck at one of the card tables. But Eve's fair daughters, by that little shrug of the shoulders, seem to have some more serious game in view, and love and conquest assuredly become those features better than the demon power of avarice, which real play is. Did you ever hear a gambler laugh like them, with that clear ringing sound? Could they see the hidden furies that preside over those tables, the hateful, baleful passions that metamorphose human hearts into so many Adramelechs—a prey to every gust of fortune, they would not call it play, but most serious and hard work—half the energy necessary for which being directed to noble pursuits would raise men to honourable fame and independence."

"See!" observed my chatty friend, "there is one of the handsomest, noble spirited young fellows now in Baden. He is losing, and mark the power of the horrid vice in deforming the finest features. Nay, I have seen it, and it can make the most beautiful woman's face look absolutely ugly."

This last observation seemed to attract the attention of the young party near us, for one of the ladies being again solicited to join a new set, exclaimed with peculiar energy, "Not for the world! I detest cards, and I will detest them as long as I live, though I had very nearly become fond of them," and as she spoke she bestowed a particularly com plaisant look upon my little neighbour.

The case of the young man alluded to was evidently becoming desperate; with trembling hand, and looks of mingled rage and terror, he was seeking for his last piece, if he had one.

"There is more than shame and remorse in that look, his honour is lost too; he is paying his last in part of what he owes. Were I that winning neighbour of his, I should not like him to see me home tonight. I saw an expression that I know well from long observation here; it is even worse than despair, for it augurs danger to others; he will not die without a struggle—perhaps a fearful crime."

That unhappy man had married a rich and fashionable woman—already initiated in the fatal vice. She had married for what is called love, but it had not banished the stronger passion. To the woman then who loved him he owed his present ruin, and she too was there to witness it. A splendid beauty and reigning toast not long ago, she was still an object of pursuit to the most seductive and abandoned of his class—a gay Lothario of sixty who, long scorned, and now thinking his conquest sure, was insidiously inviting the ruined man's wife to play. She has nothing. See, he offers her gold,—her eye is directed towards him she has ruined—shall she venture—shall she save him at any price—him whom she still loves—then, perhaps, more fondly, distractedly than ever? What a moment! and for a decision on which hung impending ruin and death, or dishonour. Could she have foreseen that the card-table would have brought her to such a moment, how would her soul

have abhorred the thought of play—that mere speck which had slowly and gradually assumed the dimensions of a giant. Ah! she rejects the golden bribe; but she puts down a crown piece—is it her last?—and —she wins. With a forced laugh,—not the happy, ringing laugh we had just heard,—she handed to her husband what she had won. He arose, approached, and having placed it in her reticule, hurried from the spot. Her eye followed his receding form, and I was so near her that I could hear a deep drawn but suppressed sigh that shook her whole frame as if it came from the inmost recesses of her soul. A small heap of shining gold lay near where she stood: her eye rested on it, there was a large prize to be thrown for in a lottery. With her last gains she bought a ticket—it was soon over—the croupier announced the happy number, it was that she held in her hands. One uplifted look, one gentle folding of the hands towards heaven, and, with a look of ecstasy I can never forget, she stretched them forth to receive the prize, and she was gone. A laugh of scorn followed her retreating steps, while a gleam of disappointed rage and malice shot across the features of the wily seducer, whose long pursued prey was thus snatched out of his very grasp.

But I had no time for comment: quick as light, my little friend hurried me away, and we hastily followed the steps of the lady, to learn as far as possible the result.

"I fear," observed my companion, "that she will be too late. Fortune seldom plays such pranks with a family as with hers to-night, without some singular fatality or notable result. I have visited that hall thirty years in search of such, just as you go to see a man's head in the mouth of a lion bit off; but I never met with a more curious case. The fine aristocratic-looking man, plundered by the agent of the hoary seducer, an English lord, is the father of that lovely young creature. From him and in his parties she imbibed her fatal love of play; she married that noble-looking fellow, whom you saw lose his last penny, for he was drawn into the same vortex. I wonder if he has yet shot himself, gone off, or robbed some bank—I am most curious to learn—for I cannot imagine she will find *both* alive—there would be nothing to add to my cases and precedents—the study of a life. No, no, she cannot find them safe! But, see, there she is."

We had followed her to the most lonely and shady part of the chestnut-walk—the first spot, my friend assured me, to which the ruined victims of this vice resort, to decide upon what they shall next do.

There was a tall figure seen at some distance, towards which that lady was fast hurrying. He moved not a step, leaning with his head against a tree, though conscious of her approach.

"Father!" she cried, trying to arouse him, for it was the proud portly figure we had seen early in the evening; "do not despair! God has helped us this time, and, oh! never let us tempt our fate again—no, never; for I played with my last crown, and see what it has brought—without this we must have wanted even food for to-morrow. God has helped, but were I to live a hundred thousand years, I never would again risk the possibility of suffering the soul-distracting anguish which I have endured to-night."

"You are right," replied the once proud man, completely overcome; "my dear child, I have already a load of guilt enough upon my soul—I am the author of all those sufferings—we must try."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "try to forget the past. But where is my Frederick? it was his good genius surely that protected me; nothing but my love, my reverence, my deep devotedness, amid all my cruel faults and errors, could ever have supported me through such a terrific scene. Oh, take me to him!"

Scarcely had she uttered these words when a sudden flash, followed by a quick report, threw a momentary light through the trees at a distance.

"Did you hear?" cried my friend; "was I not right? it could not end without something dreadful. When did it? and especially in any chronic affair like this: one or two single isolated faults, or even crimes, may boast impunity and escape; but when did any connected series of vices or errors fail to meet with a most tremendous visitation at last?"

All the time he uttered these philosophic ejaculations, we were hastening towards the spot; ere we reached it, a wild, piercing shriek seemed to confirm my friend's worst predictions. There, stretched upon the turf in the arms of death, from which no love nor remorse could snatch him, lay the lifeless form of him for whose sake she had been impelled to make one last heroic effort, and then to renounce the soul-destructive vice for ever.

"Oh, my love! oh, father!" she murmured, "one moment earlier, and he was safe. Ah! why did you not tell me—but Heaven is angry, I see! I feel its retributive justice—I see it all now—too late—too late!"

And again she gave way to those heart-piercing shrieks, as she fell on his dead body.

MY ANCESTORS.

My ancestors were glorious
  Midst England's barons bold,
In many a field victorious
  They proved themselves of old.
But now their race ye scarce may trace
  In earth's extended fold.

On many a castellated tower
  Their banner reared its pride,
And many a serf in danger's hour
  They mustered to their side.
But now their might has vanished quite
  In Time's destroying tide.

O'er many a mile of hill and plain
  Did they extend their sway,—
O'er many a hall and fair domain,
  O'er many a village gay.
But now their wealth has fled by stealth,
  And passed away.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

No. I.

FEW men made more noise while living, and have descended more silently to the grave, than the distinguished gentleman whose *nom de chasse* we have placed at the head of this paper. Two pages, we believe, will comprise all that has been written about the writer of more than twenty volumes.

Charles James Apperley, for such was the real name of our author, was born at or near Wrexham, in the county of Denbigh, in, we believe, the year 1778. He was the second son of a gentleman of ancient family, a stout old church and king Tory, living on his own property on the Welsh side of the county of Hereford. The family consisted of eight children, two sons and six daughters. Nimrod's father lived to the advanced age of eighty-six; at eighty-two being equal to all the enjoyments of life. His mother, who was a Miss Wynn, attained the age of seventy-three. Of her family, all that we glean from Nimrod's writings is, that three out of four "own brothers to his mother," as he sportingly terms them, drank themselves to death before forty, while the fourth was a man of great stature and personal prowess, and called "Leg Wynn," from the symmetry of his formation. This gentleman could carry a table about in his teeth, and thrash the best man in Oxford, whether gownsman or raff. He was what is called an awkward customer, as the following anecdote shows.

The county of Merioneth having been very severely contested, it was necessary to place a guard at the gate of the castle-yard at Harlech, the county town in which the voters on one side were assembled. Leg Wynn was on the opposite side, and on his being seen approaching, a voice exclaimed, "*Double the guard at the gate, there is Bob Wynn coming, three parts drunk.*"

Old Nimrod, if we may so designate a gentleman who we believe did not hunt. was a scholar—at least so says his son.

"My father," writes Nimrod, in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, "was a literary man—corresponded with Dr. Johnson—read Greek before breakfast—and being himself a scholar, he fondly hoped he should have made one of me; but in the weakness of his affections, being unable to say 'no,' his hopes were blasted. He suffered me to follow fox hounds in a red coat and cap, like puss in boots, before I was twelve years old; so instead of a scholar, he made me a fox-hunter, which in my humble opinion was a much better thing."

The old gentleman was more successful with the elder brother, who we believe was induced to become a clergyman, but he too had a passion for hunting, and according to Nimrod was a capital performer across country. Nimrod, in his early career as a writer, we remember was mistaken for his brother, and at one time it was currently reported that the author of "Nimrod's Letters" was a clergyman. The brother, it seems, had some other propensities, besides hunting, at least if we may judge from the concluding portion of the following lamentation on the sale of the paternal estate, written some five-and-twenty years ago.

Speaking of a good anecdote, which he would reserve as he was "not in the humour" for telling it then, Nimrod says,

"This is a day of bad import. On this sad day comes to the public hammer the last and only remaining birthright of my family. When I read the description of the property, 'The ancient monastery surrounded by its own grounds, gardens, lawns, and woods,' when I think of the ages in which it has answered to the name of its owner, and when I picture to myself the classic elegance of the house—now perhaps to be occupied by some half-bred Englishman, some Dutch Jew-broker, my heart bleeds within me. But it is gone! the name of * * * * * is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. Had this fine estate been spent in fox-hunting, some consolation would have been left to me; but the greater part of it has been frittered away in the pomps, the vanities, and the nothingnesses of this empty world."

Nimrod, thus early in the day, exhibited his dislike to trade and mercantile pursuits—a feeling that is traceable throughout the generality of his writings.

Our author was educated at Rugby, and seems to have had some idea of the nature of scent even in those early days. Rugby appears to have been rather an ill-conducted school, if we may judge from what he wrote of it in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "Memorabilia Bacchanalia."

Talking of drinking in early life, he says, "It too often commenced at a public school, as mine did at that of Rugby. How often have I been hoisted over a wall at night, and rehoisted by the same means with a bottle of wine under my great coat from '*Master* Lamley,' as we used to call him of the Spread Eagle, or 'old Brummage,' of the Black Bear. The price of the bottle was half-a-crown, and what it was composed of mattered not; it was black and strong, and called *Port*.

"The old master, 'a dear lover of a drop himself,'" says Nimrod, "used to try to get to the windward of the boys whom he suspected of drinking, and so to deaden the scent they used to have recourse to bits of orange and lemon-peel."

Nimrod says there were boys at Rugby in his time who became habitual drunkards.

On leaving school our hero entered the army—a dragoon regiment—though which we do not remember. It was chiefly in Ireland, we believe, during the time Nimrod was in it, at all events it was there during the rebellion. How long he remained in it we do not know, but he appears to have left it by the beginning of the present century. He hunted in it one season, as we learn by his writings, though in what part or with what stud does not appear. He found out, however, that the way the Irish horses became such good drain-leapers, was to be attributed solely to their education; it being the custom to put a fellow more than three parts drunk on the horse's back, with a pair of sharp spurs and a cutting whip, who would take no refusal at any thing he put him at. Quitting Ireland, and we presume the army too, Nimrod made his appearance in Leicestershire in 1802, just at the close of the great Mr. Meynell's hunting career.

"Casting over my boyish days," says he, in his "Hunting Reminiscences," written in 1843, "I will proceed to the first year of my visiting Leicestershire, which was in 1802, I believe; at all events it was the first year of Lord Sefton taking the Quorn hounds from Mr. Meynell, and I cannot do better than commence with Mr. Meynell himself."

He then goes on to describe a run, during which he rode alongside this pattern for fox-hunters, and had his figure before him in his mind's eye.

"He rode a strong black horse, possessing twice the speed he appeared to have, and of course a perfect fencer; indeed, I saw his rider charge a very fair brook just before the finish, scarcely appearing to look at it, his attention being riveted to the hounds, which he was frequently heard to cheer. Although forty-one years ago, I have a good recollection of his face, and still better of his person; his gray locks more than peeping from under his black cap, and his keen, ay, piercing eye; I remember also that he sat rather on one side on his saddle, as if he had one stirrup shorter than another, and was without spurs, but kept kicking his horse's sides with his heels, not at all afraid of going the pace over all kinds of ground. His appearance was extremely sportsmanlike."

Nimrod then took Bilton Hall, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, formerly the residence of Addison, where he cultivated the chase very assiduously; Bilton being within reach of five packs of fox-hounds. Here he remained, we believe, the greater part of twenty years, when he removed to Beaupaire, Hampshire, close to the Vine, the residence of the late Mr. Chute, thirty years member for the county, and owner of a capital pack of hounds. Nimrod's first acquaintance with this gentleman and removal into Hampshire is so quaintly told by him, that we may as well continue his memoir in his own words.

"My first acquaintance with Mr. Chute," writes Nimrod, "was by accident, for although I had heard of him and his hounds, I never crossed him in my path till I went from London, in the spring of 1822, to look at the house I afterwards lived in in Hampshire; and in returning from an inspection of it to a post-chaise that was waiting for me in a lane, I saw a person tit-up-ing along on a little brown hackney, in rather a shabby surtout, with saddle, bridle, hat and boots, all a dead match. Now to tell the real truth, when he approached me, I took him for the parish-doctor; but the sight of his pig-tail, in addition to a slight bow that he honoured me with *en passant*, convinced me of the fact. Seeing him then open the gate that led to Beaupaire House, I ventured to holloa him back, when he instantly pulled up his horse.

"'Pray, sir,' said I, 'can you give me any account of this house, for there is no one here but a drunken keeper who can tell me any thing about it?'

"'What, sir!' said he, 'have you a mind to take it?'

"I told him such was my wish.

"'Are you a sportsman?' said he, looking at my boots and breeches, in which I chanced to be clad.

"'A bit of one,' was my reply.

"'*Then take it, sir*,' said he, emphatically, '*you will be within half a mile of the best pack of fox-hounds in England*.'

"'My God!' said I, 'is it Mr. Chute whom I have the honour of addressing, and with whom I have taken this liberty.'

"'WILLIAM CHUTE IS THE MAN,' replied he. 'I am going to see two puppies that are at walk, but I will overtake you directly, and you must call and see my hounds.'

* * * * *

"In three weeks from this time," continues Nimrod, "I became a

neighbour to Mr. Chute, but as hunting was concluded, I saw nothing of his hounds in the field till the summer was over, and I believe that never passed too quickly for him. Nevertheless I saw a good deal of him, and he certainly was, in his way, a very singular character—something approaching Sir Roger de Coverley, but without his gravity. He had, however, many of the good qualities of the worthy knight—he was a good landlord and a good master. He conversed with his tenants as if they were his equals, and treated his servants as if they were his friends; indeed, the easy, good-humoured, but rather unfashionable manner in which he generally spoke to them, gave somewhat a licence to their tongues. He told me that one day, as he was sheltering from a storm, under one side of a thick hedge on his farm, and some of his labourers were doing the same thing on the other, he overheard a conversation in which the names of his butler, his bailiff, his huntsman, and himself were every now and then introduced. 'There was *Mr.* Chapman,' said he, my bailiff; there was *Mr.* Woods, my butler; there was *Mr.* Nixon, my huntsman; but when my name was introduced I was *old Billy!*'"

Nimrod of course soon took a turn with the renowned hounds. Riding to cover with them one morning he asked the huntsman, *Mr.* Nixon, if Mrs. Chute liked the hounds.

"To be sure she does," replied the huntsman, "they keep master quiet, for he's a terribly noisy man about a house."

But to return to Nimrod. Having got himself settled in Hampshire, and taken a couple of farms, he bethought himself of turning his sporting career to some account, accordingly he opened a treaty with Mr. Colburn for the publication of a work on sporting. Pending the negotiation, a friend advised Nimrod to offer his services to *The Sporting Magazine*, a work then but little known, but which it was conceived might be made something of. *The Sporting Magazine*, up to that time, was a very different sort of work to what it is now. It was published at a low price, theatricals, *crim. cons*, prize fights, dreadful accidents, cocking, chit chat, and other matters, were admitted into its pages, and what was original in the literary department was evidently supplied by persons without much knowledge of their subject. A bargain was struck, and Nimrod commenced quietly with some papers "On Pleasure," signed with the letter A, after which he adopted the signature of Acastus, then a British Sportsman, and, finally, the name of "Nimrod," into which he merged all others.

On referring to Nimrod's early writings it will not be surprising that his first really good article should have been on Warwickshire. His long residence in the county, his friendship with many of the leading men in it, and his partiality for it as a hunting country, all conspired to throw energy into his pen, and cause the production of a masterly article. That feeling remained in full force after all his subsequent experience, and it is worthy of remark how the same spirit glows in an article written many years after, describing "Warwickshire" as a hunting country, though the language and arrangement is perfectly different.

"When I first hunted in it, the county of Warwick," says Nimrod in 1822, "was not as universally known as it is at the present moment. Leamington was then only a small village, which we galloped through as we did any other by the road-side, without looking at it. It now

contains magnificent hotels and houses. It is the resort of all descriptions of persons, who during their residence there have little else to do but explore the beauties of the country, and they are well paid for their trouble."

In 1831 he writes:—

"Descending Long Compton Hill we enter the rich vale of Warwickshire—rich in agricultural possessions; lavish of rural beauties, and renowned for the wealth and respectability of its inhabitants.

"As a hunting country, Warwickshire ranks third. With some this point has been disputed; but that it *once was* the third best hunting country in England no sportsman who knows it can deny. Look at its dimensions:—it commenced at Hooknorton, just on the confines of Oxfordshire, and ended at the town of Birmingham. So much for its length, at least forty miles. In breadth, say from Woolford Wood to Ladbroke, within two miles of Southam, not less than twenty-five."

And so he proceeds throughout the article, for which see *New Sporting Magazine*, Vol. II., p. 343. Mr. Corbet was the Magnus Apollo of Warwickshire in Nimrod's early days, just as Mr. Meynell was of Leicestershire, and his admiration for them appears to have been equal, though his acquaintance with the former was greater. Mr. Corbet was a master of fox-hounds upwards of forty years, thirty-one years of which they were in Warwickshire, and he never received a guinea subscription to them, with the exception of five pounds a year by each member of the Stratford Hunt Club to reward the earth-stoppers of the country.

"Succeeding to a fine estate," writes Nimrod, in 1822, "Mr. Corbet went abroad after having concluded his education, and returned to his native country a finished gentleman of the old school."

And here we may observe how different that statement is to the generally received opinion of the education of sportsmen of the old school, and how men of the present day flatter themselves in supposing they are superior in manners, accomplishments, or refinement, to those who have gone before.

It is worthy of observation, also, that Mr. Meynell did very much the same as Mr. Corbet. Mr. Meynell was a second son, but his father having disinherited the elder brother, he came into a fine estate at an early age, when finding that he had not made the best use of education to qualify him for the proper enjoyment of fortune, he engaged a tutor with whom he studied diligently for two or three years.

But to return to Mr. Corbet:

"To the last year of his life," writes Nimrod, "Mr. Corbet was remarkable for the neatness of his person and extremely gentlemanlike appearance. His manners were peculiarly adapted to a man at the head of a pack of fox-hounds, being civil and obliging to the whole field, and particularly so to the farmers, by whom he was so much respected, that the destruction of a fox by foul play was never heard of in Warwickshire in his time."

The following anecdote gives one a pretty good idea of the man:

"Though no man," says Nimrod, "performed the duties of life more correctly than Mr. Corbet, he was wrapped up in his hounds. *His mind was with them* although *corporeally absent*, as the following anecdote will prove. He had lost his hounds one day, as also had a friend of mine who was out with them; and as he was riding in search

of them he was passed by Mr. Corbet at a pretty slapping pace, when he exclaimed, '*Pray don't ride over the hounds!* you'll only spoil your own sport!' The hounds were not within five miles of him at the time."

"Warwickshire," writes Nimrod, "never knew happier days than during the period of Mr. Corbet hunting it. The farmers had plenty of money and so had their landlords, and the greatest good fellowship and sociability prevailed throughout the county. Every man who was a sportsman, and had a good horse in it, made a party for some of his brother sportsmen on the day preceding a favourite fixture, and I recollect on one occasion turning out every morning for a week together among eight red and two black coats, from under one man's roof."

Nimrod thought the Hunt Club at Stratford, where the dinners were not more than twenty-four or twenty-six shillings a-head, very reasonable, an opinion in which few of our provincial brethren will, we think, be disposed to coincide. But Nimrod was no economist. The best of every thing satisfied him, and he was as well qualified to spend that now common *conversational* income—"ten thousand a-year"—as any man we ever met. We believe too he would have spent the greater part of it in hunting.

Simultaneously with "Warwickshire" and other articles, appeared the papers on "Riding to Hounds." The latter were among the best of Nimrod's productions. His heart and soul were in his subject. Nor was the mere personal prowess of the thing the only light in which he viewed it.

"Independent of the pleasure arising from *the chase*," he says, "I have always considered a covert side with hounds to be one of the most lively scenes in nature. The pride of the morning—the meeting of friends, and the anticipation of diversion, contribute to raise the spirits and expand the soul. In my experience in life I have found or heard of but few friendships formed on the associations of very early years, and for one lasting friendship founded at a school or college I have known a dozen proceeding from fox-hunting."

Nimrod's writings had begun to attract attention not only in the sporting world, but in the world at large. *The Morning Post* noticed his contributions, saying "that a sensation had been created by the letters of a gentleman in *The Sporting Magazine*, who appeared to have passed all his life among hounds, horses, and coachmen,—that his style was so excellent, the editor thought it was a pity it had not been more worthily directed."

This reminds me of an anecdote Nimrod used to tell of an interview he once had with Doctor Parr.

After speaking of a former pupil of the doctor's, Nimrod observed, "You had another pupil to whom I have the pleasure of being known, and who was a schoolfellow of mine."

"Pray, sir, who is he?" asked the doctor.

"Mr. P——y, sir," replied Nimrod.

"A very clever man, sir," resumed the doctor, "a very clever man indeed! A strange taste for *horse, dogs, and coaches.* Strange propensities for a clever man!"

It was not until December, 1823, that Nimrod appeared otherwise than as the chronicler of past doings of the chase, or the writer of sporting essays and sketches. His writings, however, were "answer-

ing" to the proprietors of *The Sporting Magazine*, as the following important notice in the November number of the magazine of that year shows.

"It must be obvious to our readers from our recent notices to various correspondents, that we have frequently been under the necessity of suppressing the insertion of valuable and interesting matter for want of necessary space. This difficulty, unless some remedy be applied, is likely to increase on us rather than otherwise, having redoubled our exertions to obtain an additional quantity of original information, such as we pledge ourselves will be interesting to the sporting world. To enable us to put our intentions into effect, we have resolved on increasing the number of our pages; for this we shall be under the necessity of raising *The Sporting Magazine* to half-a-crown; and we doubt not that when the next number is seen, the alteration will be cheerfully acquiesced in."

Accordingly the December number commences the since celebrated "Tours;" and, as if in contrast to what he had written of Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and the flying countries, Nimrod throws off in the metropolitan county of Surrey. His first essay is with the Surrey hounds. Thus he commences:

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

"Sir,

"It has so happened that, with the exception of three days with the late King's stag-hounds, and two or three with the Oakley, five years ago, I never hunted within forty miles of London in my life. Accident, however, bringing me into Surrey, in the beginning of the present month, I lost no opportunity of seeing the different packs of hounds which it contains, and shall offer our readers a short account of each in their turns.

"I confess," he continues, "it excited no small degree of interest to satisfy myself how the system of fox-hunting was carried on within a dozen miles of the metropolis, where, in general, the country is so thickly inhabited, where there are so many gentlemen's plantations, and where, calculating by the points of the compass, it is not three to one that the chase do not lead into London. A few days' experience, however, dispelled all such apprehension, as there is a chain of woodlands through all that part called 'the Hills,' too inviting for a fox to quit for a country of which he can have little knowledge, and where he would not be likely to be very well received."

This may hold good with foxes, but not so with deer; for if we remember right, Davies hunted one into the Regent's Park since the establishment of the Great Western, by which he returned, hounds, horses, and all, after the feat.

An amusing circumstance happened to Nimrod while in the renowned county of Surrey—new to himself, he says, as doubtless it will be to many of our readers.

"The second day," says he, "I missed a very good run by a trick that was quite new to me, and which I hope I shall never experience again. When I got to covert, I found my horse was not there; and as it was on the high road, and I had written down the fixture, I thought nothing less than that he had dropped down dead on the road. It

seems, however, that a gentleman from London told a man who kept one of the turnpike-gates, to tell his servant, who was coming on a bay horse, to go back again. It so happened that my bay horse made his appearance first, and of course obeyed the order."

This reminds us of a wrinkle we picked up in what is called a Down country—a very open one that is to say. Having caught a loose horse, we handed him over to a whip, who immediately turned up the flap of the saddle to see who he belonged to, the gentlemen all having their names written in them for fear of such accidents. A loose horse on Salisbury Plain would have a poor chance without this precaution.

His tour in this number (December, 1823), comprises his visit to the Sanderstead and Mr. Meager's harriers, both then in the neighbourhood of that metropolitan Melton, Croydon. The former were what are called *blue mottled*, or ticked hounds, long-eared, slow, and musical, a breed that has become almost extinct, owing to the increased desire for pace.

Mr. Meager's hounds were true harriers; and the character of the worthy master—now, like blue mottled harriers, almost extinct—is well described by Nimrod.

"There is another pack of harriers kept within a mile of this town (Croydon)," says he, "which an admirer of hare-hunting would ride a long way to see. They are kept at the sole expense of their owner, Mr. *Meager*, who has had them for twenty years, and turns them out in very good style. He hunts them himself, but is assisted by a whipper-in, who knows his business well; but, if I may hazard a pun on the occasion, there is nothing *meagre* about them—hounds, horses, and *men* appearing to be all well fed, and well up to the mark.

"Mr. Meager is an excellent farmer as well as an excellent sportsman, and is said to be the best judge of a sheep and a harrier anywhere in these parts, paying equal attention to the breeding of each. Although in possession of very considerable landed property, he classes himself with the yeomanry of the county. This was the man, however, whom a monarch envied, as enjoying life without being a slave to its formalities, and who is often happier than his more wealthy neighbour, who leaves nature behind him when he dismounts from his horse, and has his part to act for the rest of the day. The former calls for his slippers and his dinner as soon as he comes home, and if (which is rare) no one partakes of his hospitality for the evening, he can snore in his chair, whilst his daughter plays 'Those Evening Bells,' or some other of Moore's melodies on her piano. He retires to rest at an early hour, and is called by the crowing of the cock fresh for the occupations of the coming day."

From so unsophisticated a character, one would naturally expect a corresponding establishment, and Nimrod says, there was no affectation of the fox hound (that curse of modern harriers) in Mr. Meager's pack; his harriers, like his sheep, being of pure blood, and exactly what they should be—full of power, fast enough to kill any hare, and in beautiful condition.

"Mr. Meager," continues Nimrod, "is a great farmer, and having a good eye to business as well as to hounds, never loses an opportunity of transacting to advantage. Being one day in the act of capping a favourite hound to a very ticklish scent in a road, and anxious to reco-

ver his hare, a man stood by him who had some manure to sell, when the following interlude took place:

"'Yo-doit, Nancy! Have you sold that dung?'

"'No, sir,' said John.

"'Yo-doit, Nancy, good bitch! What do you ask a load?'

"'Three shillings, sir.'

"'Yo-doit, Nancy; have at her, good bitch! I'll give you half-a-crown.'

"'Can't take it, sir.'

"'Go and be d—d then! Yo-doit, Nancy, good bitch! She's got it, by God! Hark to, Nancy, hark!'"

A similar sketch of this celebrated gentleman is given by an amusing writer (Wildrake) in a recent number of the *New Sporting Magazine*.

"Few originals in the hunting world," says he, "have surpassed this worthy old man; and no one who ever saw him in the kennel or the field will forget his love for his hounds, or his hatred of a hunting parson. His turn-out was unique, with his old green coat, and broad-brimmed hat, and his whipper-in, such an exact copy of himself in dress and general appearance, that you could never distinguish them from one another, excepting by the large mother-o'-pearl button which the commanding officer wore by way of epaulette on his left shoulder. His voice was very deep and gruff, and if, in beating for a hare, his eye glanced on a jolly red phiz and a black coat on the same horse, his 'dog language' was broken into parentheses by his denunciations of the sporting clergy somewhat after this fashion:

"'Yeh! dogs yeh! gentle, Rantipole!—there's a parson—mind there!—have a care, Bluebell!—I hate a hunting parson!—yooi! yooi!—what business has a parson out hunting?—yooi doit, Rarity, good bitch!—why don't he stay in his parish?—have a care, Gadabout! and take care of the sick—steady dogs—steady—or marry somebody—yooi over, Active!—or bury somebody—Hark to, Challenger!—hark! forward away!—wish I could ride over him—*d—n me, how I hate a hunting parson!*'"

From Surrey Nimrod travelled to Sussex, visiting Brighton for the first time, and inspecting the establishments of Colonel Wyndham, still going on with unabated vigour, and those of the deceased East Sussex fox-hounds, and the Brighton and Brookside harriers. His observations on the country and style of hound suited to it, combine agricultural knowledge with sporting skill, and we hope the following comfortable assurance about horses may induce some of our sedentary brethren to treat themselves to three-and-sixpence a side in the shape of a Brighton hack when there.

"As for horses," says Nimrod, "a hunter is not wanting on the Sussex Hills. A little thoroughbred horse, good in his loins and gaskins, pulling well together, and drawn as light as a cuckoo to enable him to go upon wind, would beat the best hunter in Melton."

Dr. Hooker, the late popular and sporting divine of Lewes, draws forth a story of a neat reproof from a certain bishop to one of his clergy, whom his lordship met not very canonically attired, riding a fine black horse. The bishop patted the horse on the neck, saying, "You are a noble animal, and I wish your master was as clerically dressed as you are."

Doctor Hooker was a good sportsman, rode good horses, and was very much of the stamp of the renowned Mr. Butler, commonly called "Billy Butler," of Dorsetshire fame, of whom we shall have occasion to speak *presently*. Dr. Hooker took a few pupils, and if they did not always turn out scholars, he generally made them sportsmen and gentlemen, which Nimrod would say, was "a much better thing." The doctor, if we recollect right, was a "Brookside harrier man."

The Brighton harriers afforded Nimrod an interesting half-crown's worth before he quitted the country—whether it was out of compliment to him or not we cannot say—sportsmen will smile at the variety of the venery. First they hunted a doe, which wouldn't run; next a Jack hare; then a vixen fox; and lastly, a hare. "It was evident," writes Nimrod, "that the scent of the hare did not relish after that of the fox. It must," adds he, "have been to the hounds something similar to putting men to drink bad port wine after good claret."

Nimrod was out of luck with Colonel Jolliffe's hounds, and in five days' hunting did not get a run. Roffey, the huntsman, however, compensates for want of sport.

"When I meet with *a character* in my travels, I cannot pass him over, and of this genus I must class Mr. Roffey. As has been before observed, every situation in life serves to form one, and a huntsman above all cannot hide his talent in a napkin. His calling will not suffer him to do so. 'Every block, however, will not make a Mercury,' nor will every fellow with a wide throat and a good voice make a huntsman."

Roffey was quite a character, and would have made an admirable subject for an artist wanting the *beau ideal* of a huntsman of the old school. He weighed, we should think, about eighteen stone; at all events his blue-plush coat, lined with buff, substantial leather breeches and boots, looked as if they contained that weight. To see him mounted on his big chesnut-horse, with the spare stirrup-leather round its neck, his long gray locks protruding beneath his hunting-cap, his penetrating eye and cheery holloa, was worth riding twenty miles any day. Nimrod relates a good answer he gave to his master as to how he liked a certain out of the way part of the country. Colonel Jolliffe had sent Roffey to hunt one day when he was not going out with the hounds himself. "Why, sir," said Roffey, "*they just knows when it's light, and that's all.*"

Roffey told Nimrod, or the "Bookman," as he used to call him, an uncommon crammer about a run, and on some one remonstrating with him about it, Roffey said, "Oh, why I thought I must give the gentleman something to put in his book."

The same season, 1823–4, saw Nimrod in Hampshire and Berkshire, visiting Sir John Cope's, the late Mr. Chute's, and the late Mr. Warde's hounds. Sir John is generally understood not to be particularly partial to "pen and ink sportsmen;" and Nimrod's observations favour the supposition. He does not say much about the worthy baronet, further than bearing testimony to his extreme keenness as a sportsman. When he had him through hands, some years after, in his characters of "masters of hounds," he went rather beyond the Nimrod licence mark.

In the great John Warde, Nimrod met an old acquaintance. He had hunted with Mr. Warde twenty years before, when he had what is

called the Pytchley country, in Northamptonshire, one of the best, if not the best hunting country in England.

As showing the turn Nimrod's mind had always had for hunting, we may requote what he quotes as having been written respecting that day's sport at the time.

"Thus," says he, "it stands in my book. Friday, December 30, 1803, met Mr. Warde at Warwick Warren. Ran a fox to ground, bolted him, and killed him. Found again, five minutes before twelve, near the same place, and killed him when attempting to reach the earth at Thorncomb, in Leicestershire, after a run of an hour and three quarters, with only two trifling checks, and which was declared by Mr. Warde and Lord Spencer to be the quickest run *for the time* ever seen in Northamptonshire. A large field was out, and among the few who saw him killed were Lords Spencer and Althorp, Mr. Elwes, Mr. Butler, Rev. Mr. Barnard, &c. &c. Mr. Warde came up twenty minutes after we had killed the fox. But Forfeit got a bad fall at a brook; horses, Caravan, and Snuff-box."

Our readers will observe that Nimrod did the thing well. Two horses out, and a cover hack, no doubt, or a carriage.

In May, 1805, Nimrod added the following note to the foregoing memorandum:

"Snuff-box never recovered this day. A humour settled in his thigh, and after a great discharge, thought it was well. Turned out for the summer, but worse than ever when he came into work again. Sent him up to Mr. Field, who fired him, but all to no purpose, and sold him at Tattersall's for 26*l.*"

Mr. Warde was a great sportsman—a great man—and we trust our readers will not consider it irrelevant in the biography of the great literary sportsman of the day to touch a little on the great practical ones with whom he came in contact. Mr. Warde was an acknowledged authority. About him there was no dispute. All men bowed to his judgment. Nimrod enjoyed his intimate acquaintance. Writing in 1841, Nimrod says, "I know not how it is, but I cannot fancy myself an old man, and yet such must I be, for I can remember Mr. Warde hunting Warwickshire, and his hounds lying in the little village of Newbold, between Shipston-on-Stour and Stratford-on-Avon. This must be at least fifty years back; but I well recollect seeing his hounds pass through the village of Halford, where I was sojourning with an uncle of my father during the Easter holidays, being '*scholæ Rugbiensis alumnus* at that time.'"

Mr. Warde, we may observe, kept hounds fifty-seven years, and was the father of the field. The chief scene of his exploits was Northamptonshire; so that thus early in our memoir we have introduced the three great contemporary sportsmen of the three celebrated hunting countries.

Where our author is now going to meet Mr. Warde, is in the Craven country, in Berkshire, which Mr. Warde used facetiously to observe, he had been condemned to hunt for his sins. We are now back to the year 1824, and the reader will have the kindness to suppose that Mr. Warde has driven to the meet with his friend Sir John Cope, and exchanged the gig for the hunter. Hark to Nimrod!

"When mounted on his hunter, and in the midst of his hounds, I could not help looking at Mr. Warde with admiration—I might almost

say with veneration—when I considered that I had before me a man whose long life has been devoted to fox-hunting, and whose character as a sportsman has always stood so high; whose name is every day quoted as authority for some rule of conduct in the kennel, or as the author of some witty saying, or some pleasant joke, and as a real sample of old English blood."

* * * * *

"I know not what weight Mr. Warde rides," continues he, "but I do not wonder at his telling a gentleman who was out with him, that *it would be the best recipe for his hot horse.* He reminded me of a celebrated character among the Welter weights of the Forest, who, on being asked what he weighed, replied, 'that he was two-and-twenty stone *on the weigh bridge*'—as much as to say, 'no scales will hold me.'"

If we had wanted to show a foreigner a perfect specimen of an English gentleman of the old school, we would have selected Mr. Warde. Poor old John! who does not remember his yellow mail phaeton, with the steady old half-breds, and the brown country liveried lads, as they used to stand at the end of Rotten Row of a summer's eve, while the owner chatted and jested, and scattered his jokes among the surrounding circle.

Mr. Warde was a fine-looking man, tall, handsome, and portly. He adhered to the ruffled wrists, leathers, tops, and knee-garters to the last. Alack-a-day! we haven't a pair of London leather-breeches left, but old Beecher's. Lord Westmorland wore his to the last—the same pair, too, we should think; but Colonel Jolliffe hid his legs in trousers before he died. Mr. Byng, we suspect, has been faithless to the garb; Sir Charles Knightly has deserted it, and does not look half so knightly as he did.

Then the neat kerseymeres and boots have long flown. Old Lord Scarborough with pepper-and-salt coat, pony, and pig-tail. The late Duke of Dorset, the late Duke of Manchester, the late Delmè Radcliffe, the late Loraine Smith, and the living Duke of Grafton, who, in his boot days, was Lord Euston.

The first time we ever met Mr. Warde in society was at dinner at Mr. Tattersall's. It was on a spring or summer evening, though the time of year may be better defined by saying it was the Sunday before Epsom races, and the old gentleman was seated in the bow-window of the drawing-room as we entered. Though nearer eighty than seventy, Mr. Warde rose and bowed to the stranger, a compliment he paid to each succeeding arriver; so different to the frigid suspicious manner of the present day, which carries the caution of the coffee-room into what ought to be the social circle.

We well remember Mr. Warde's finely-shaped snow-white head, his clear black eye, and the playful smile that hovered round his good-natured mouth. Then his well-got-up linen, smart dress coat, well-washed white waistcoat, nankin shorts, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes, all contributed to the character of the "fine old English gentleman." Peace to his manes! He was a real fine fellow, and an enemy to no one but foxes.

Nimrod finished the season with Lord Derby's stag-hounds, which in those days hunted the county of Surrey; but his descriptions evidently show that his predilections were not for venison—at least in the field.

Still as an almost certain means of procuring exercise, which fox-hunting cannot command, he considered it praiseworthy. His paper on these hounds is dated from the "Study at Halston," Mr. Mytton's seat, in Shropshire.

The summer of 1824 produced divers papers on the condition of hunters, and the "Road," which latter Nimrod thought had then reached the acmè of perfection.

"Had our present expedition in travelling," says he, "been proposed to our ancestors as a possible thing, they would have scouted it as the illusion of a madman. So lately as 1742, the coach from London to Oxford was two days on the road, taking ten hours to go half way: the whole distance is now done without the least distress, without the point out of the thong being out of the coachman's hand, in six hours."

Twenty years more, and the perfection of those days is thrown as much in the shade as the more remote travelling of 1742 was in the year 1824.

Still the dawn of steam was then apparent, and Nimrod observes that unless a second Dædalus should spring up and teach us to fly, there was little doubt but that, either by steam or air, before the present century expired, carriages would be transported without animal power.

Nimrod was a great man for animal power, and for the appropriate fitness of things.

"When I first started in life," says he, "a gentleman would have been ashamed of being seen in the streets of London in a gig; whereas now, he is almost ashamed of being seen out of one—the use of them having nearly superseded that of legs, or a saddle-horse—so much for fashion!"

Nimrod considered the medical men and the undertakers profited quite as much by the introduction of two-wheeled carriages as the coachmakers.

"When I see a modern gig," says he, "with a powerful thoroughbred horse, full of condition, in its shafts, two similes always present themselves. First, it reminds me of a boat, inasmuch as there is only a one-inch plank between those who sit in it and eternity; and secondly, it brings to my imagination a canister tied to a dog's tail."

He finds consolation, however, even in these two-wheeled eyesores.

"One great advantage arising from the present style of gig-building is, that it has pretty nearly exploded tandem driving, as the low seat of the driver precludes his having any power over a leader. In a former letter I ventured to assert, that hunting bag-foxes with harriers was only doing things by halves, but driving tandems partakes still more of the mongrel system."

To demonstrate the want of power even a superior tandem driver has over his leader, he tells a story of a friend of his, who being on the point of starting for a drive out of a livery stable-yard in London, and being asked by a friend which road he was going, replied, "*You must ask my leader, for I cannot tell you till I get into the street.*"

We have not seen a tandem about London for we do not know when —poor little Captain Bridges we think was the last. We well remember his lofty home-built looking thing, in which he used to rattle himself and a lady about in the park, himself attired in a sort of Jolliffe hat, and no end of coloured handkerchiefs about his neck. Bridges

was a sportsman; it was he who rode down the Devil's Dyke at Brighton, after the harriers, a feat that is rarely if ever attempted. He used to boast that he could upset his tandem without hurt to any one aboard. He was very skilful, but as is generally the case in these sort of experiments, he tried it once too often, and pitching head foremost on the stone parapet of Burford Bridge was killed on the spot. Captain Bridges was a jockey as well as a fox-hunter and a coachman. Nimrod once rode against him, and on mounting was greeted with shouts of the "Captain wins for a guinea!"

On inquiring if the party offering it knew any thing of the captain's prowess, the farmer, for such he was, replied,

"No, but the captain wins for a guinea, for all that."

It was the sheer popularity of the rider, without reference to either him or his horse.

The following is a good sketch of a bygone fashion, affectation, rather.

"A fashion has lately prevailed in the neighbourhood of the metropolis," writes Nimrod in 1824, "of driving gigs without a whip, than which nothing looks more uncoachmanlike or absurd. A man in a gig, with his coat over his knees, squaring his elbows with the affectation of a coachman, and all this to manage one horse, cuts but a sorry figure at best; but without a whip he is still worse, as he does not know what to do with his right hand."

Cabriolets were just then coming into fashion.

"Though we know nothing of them on the road," writes Nimrod, "they are very good things for Frenchmen or for Englishmen who are afraid of being melted."—We wonder what he would have thought of Broughams.

Nimrod commenced the season 1824-5 early, by a trip into Devonshire to see the wild-stag hunting of that county, which is in perfection about the beginning of September. This is evidently its objection—hunting then is an unseasonable sport.

"To see a field of sportsmen clad in scarlet coats and mounted on good looking horses, in one field," says Nimrod, "and a crop of standing corn in another, with a burning sun, usefully employed in ripening it, is to a fox-hunter like green peas at Christmas. There is a *tout ensemble* which would almost make him exclaim, 'Surely I am not hunting! it is a dream!' Such, however, is the case with the North Devon stag hounds. They commence their stag-hunting long before fox-hunters think of hunting at all, and begin their hind-hunting at a time when fox-hounds leave off."

The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, which we presume are the continuation of the North Devon stag-hounds, began hunting on the 13th of August this year.

The magazine continued to prosper, and in addition to the extra sixpence the proprietor now commenced publishing double numbers, or rather supplements, containing some of the most inviting articles. The November number, 1824, contains the following notice:

"With the present number is published a supplement, in which is comprised the conclusion of Nimrod's 'Sporting Tour into Dorset and Devon,' embracing a description of the North Devon Stag-hounds—Sir A. Chichester's Fox-hounds—the Hon. Newton Fellows's ditto, and Anecdotes of his Huntsman—Poem, 'A Day with the Eggersford

Hounds,' Mr. Froude's Hounds—Mr. Templer's Fox-hounds and extraordinary system of Hunting—Anecdotes, &c., also Nim North's account of Kelso Races and the Caledonian Hunt Meeting, and many other very interesting articles "

" The Hampshire " and " Hambledon hounds," in the same county, underwent the scrutiny of Nimrod during the season 1824-5. The hounds and their arrangement pleased more than the country, of which he said, " that to ride a good hunter over a bed of flints was a misery reserved for him till he came to reside in the county."

The " H. H.," or Hampshire hounds, were then kept by the late Mr. Villebois, a fine old sportsman of the John Warde school—a gentleman resembling in appearance the late Duke of Beaufort. Mr. Villebois hunted the country at his own expense, a noble instance of patriotism, seeing the money he spent would have procured him any of the best in England. He hunted it above thirty years, always four, but oftentimes five days a week. There was a capital hunt club, of which his late majesty, George IV., was a member.

The Hambledon hounds were then hunted by Mr. Smith, since known as the author of the " Diary of a Huntsman," and the " Life of a Fox," which former work Nimrod exercised his last efforts upon in the shape of an almost total transplantment of a review that spun itself out for eighteen months after his decease.

It will be encouraging to young masters of hounds to learn that so signal a sportsman as Mr. Smith has since become, commenced under most discouraging circumstances—his hounds going out day after day without killing a fox, until at length they attacked an old ewe, when returning to the kennel with their faces all smeared, Mr. Smith observed to the feeder that they had " got blood enough that day, at all events." Nimrod prophesied in 1824 that Mr. Smith would make a good huntsman, a prediction he saw fulfilled to the letter, for no man can beat him at killing foxes—an apparently easy feat to those who have never tried.

We remember hearing amusing cross observations, as we may call them, though they had nothing of that sort in their nature, these parties made on each other.

" I met Tom Smith," said Nimrod, " all figged out in a bag wig and sword the other day. 'Where are you going to ?' asked Nimrod. 'To court,' replied Mr. Smith. 'What the devil business has a fox-hunter at court ?' rejoined Nimrod.

" I met Nimrod the other day in St. James's-street," observed Mr. Smith. " He was looking smart and well. As we were talking, he dropped a clean kid glove in the kennel, so pulling off the other he stamped them both under foot."

It was not until March, 1825, that the title of " Tour " was conferred on Nimrod's peregrinations. The title-page of that number commences with these words, " A Tour by Nimrod," without describing the whereabouts. The letter-press, however, shows that it was into Oxfordshire to visit the late Duke of Beaufort and the late Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds, Nimrod having despatched his horses to the seat of learning itself. His first gratification on arriving was to find that his luggage had gone to Holyhead instead of being in his bedroom, as he expected.

That portion however of the " Tour " being written right in the

middle of the hunting season, it was not until the following volume—in the second or May number of it that Nimrod got into his stride—as we may call it, with his Tour.

The experiment of publishing a supplementary number, appears not to have answered, as at the end of the April number is the following notice :—

" Our readers are respectfully informed that we shall publish *two* numbers on the 1st of June. The extra number will not on this occasion be as a supplement—the two will form the regular numbers for May and June. By this plan our publication will in future bear the date of the month in which it appears, agreeably to the established usage of most other periodicals, and the mistakes which frequently occur in ordering *The Sporting Magazine* will also be avoided. Amongst the contents of the two numbers will be a 'Tour by Nimrod,' during which he visited the hounds of Sir Thomas Mostyn, the old Berkeley, the Dukes of Grafton and Beaufort, the Warwickshire, Colonel Berkeley, Lord Anson, the Quorn, the Duke of Rutland, and of Lord Lonsdale."

By this arrangement there appears to have been two months of May in 1825. Nimrod, however, did not flower till the second one. He then appeared in full feather, with five hunters and a hack. The early tours,—the Surrey one certainly—was made with his own horses, Mr. Pittman, the proprietor of the magazine, paying the stable bills, and allowing Nimrod at the common magazine rate of payment. Now he was found every thing—horses, servants, and money, without end—a very fine life, and one that would have lasted too if he had played his cards well. He had rather a trick of over-rating its difficulties, if difficulties indeed they could be called where none existed. In a subsequent volume we find the following passage :—

" But t'other day an old acquaintance addressed me thus :—' How I envy you your moving life. You start off as soon as hunting begins, with four or five good hunters, and (perhaps) with as many hundred pounds in your pocket, and go into a far country, where you are kindly received and take your fill and pleasure.' 'Delightful!' I replied, 'and quite to my taste.' But this pleasant picture is not *scot free.* There is the reckoning to be paid by a draft—not on the banker, but—on my poor brains; and what if it should be returned for *nulla bona*—no effects. Believe me, reader, this is not impossible. Memory is the only magazine of my treasures, and I fear it is sometimes but indifferently found."

That is all imaginary. He had nothing to do but tell what he saw, and the danger was not being brought up short for want of matter, but making his matter too expensive in the acquirement. If his memory was bad, a metallic pencil and a pocket-book would have cured all that. Telling what one sees and hears is very different to drawing on the brains for scenes, characters, and situations. However, now we have him fairly started—five hunters and a hack, and we must do him the justice to say that he was not churlish in the goods the god in Warwick-square had provided him with, for the first page of the Tour finds him mounting an Oxonian, who but for him would have had to stay at home.

Thus Nimrod worked his way through Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and

Warkwickshire, and arrives at the Atherstone, then hunted by Lord Anson (now Lord Lichfield) the next step in his opinion to Melton itself.

"Lord Anson's Atherstone country is well known to me," writes he. "I hunted in it in Mr. Adderley's time, I hunted in it in Lord Vernon's time, as also with Sir Bellingham Graham; and I now pronounce it, with the acquisition which Lord Anson has received to it, to be—barring the Duke of Rutland's and the Quorn—the best country I ever rode over. It all holds a good scent, is easy and gentlemanlike to cross, the Leicestershire part of it is very fine indeed."

It was March ere Nimrod reached the chosen region of hunting. On the 22nd he met the Quorn hounds at Oadby toll-bar, five miles from Leicester, on the Market Harborough road.

Mr. Osbaldeston, then in the zenith of his fame, hunted Leicestershire in a style that it had never been hunted before, and never has since. He hunted six days a week, not unfrequently having two packs out, one for the morning, the other for afternoon, always riding to covert, though residing at Quorndon Hall, a place wide of the best part of his country.

The Squire, as Mr. Osbaldeston is called, though no longer on the list of masters of hounds, belongs more to modern times than the great characters we have chronicled while journeying onward with this biography, and his feats we shall leave to the pen of future historians, observing that for successful variety in field sports, Mr. Osbaldeston would compete with any of them, though he partakes of some they perhaps would not have indulged in.

The following sketch of a hunting stable will be interesting to many of our readers. It is the Quorndon one, built we believe by Mr. Meynell:—

"The stable in which the hunters are kept (stated to be 300 feet in length) has stalls for thirty horses, all standing in a row. When I cast my eye up it, I could not help fancying myself looking at King Solomon's stud, having never seen so many horses in one stable before; but in compliment to the groom I must say that it bore no resemblance to that of Augeas, for it was remarkably clean and sweet. A well polished watering bridle, neatly folded up, hung on the right side of each horse, and there is a patent lamp between every fourth stall."

The following observations on the effects of draining will be interesting both to sportsmen and farmers. The winter of 1824-5 was remarkably wet, and Nimrod said the vale of Bicester was never known to be as tender as it was in the month of February.

"Draining, however," adds he, "appears almost entirely neglected there, whereas that is not the case in Leicestershire, and I have heard Mr. Lockley say, that it does not require a horse to be so good, by a stone, to carry his rider over the greater part of that country now as it did when he first rode over it, when much of it was neither drained nor enclosed."

Furrow draining we believe is almost as good a friend to fox-hunting as it is to the farmer. It makes arable land ride as light again.

The following is a little of Nimrod's Leicestershire flash:—

"I was asked by several," says he, "why I had not come to Melton sooner in the season, and before the dry weather set in? My answer o this was obvious.

"'A man,' said I, 'with five hunters and a hack, makes a very respectable appearance in the provincials, but he has no business in Leicestershire. He would be more than half his time kicking his heels in the town where he was quartered, whilst his friends were enjoying themselves in the field.'"

There is a good deal of exaggeration in all this. In the first place, whatever he might have been, Nimrod's riding days were past, and six horses would have carried him every day in the week, and to church on Sundays; besides the chronicler of the run was not expected to ride in front, or how could he tell what was going on behind. Added to this, some of his "twenty-horse power friends" would have given him a mount, as many of them did, when he afterwards exchanged into the "dismounted troop." But Nimrod was quite a top-of-the-tree man, forgetful of the fact that no one then supposed he was hunting with his own money. Strange contrast to a subsequent gentleman, who having advertised his coming, cast up at Melton with nothing but his boots and breeches, and was indebted to a runaway hack for a glimpse of the hounds, before it floored him at the first fence.

Moreover, Nimrod was not always very consistent in carrying out his own theory, and having announced that a large stud was indispensable for Leicestershire, strong nerves, weak nerves, or no nerves at all, he proceeds to tell us of another application of horseflesh, other than the exertions of hunting.

"Exclusive of work for horses," says he, "when the hounds are running, there is another way of making use of horseflesh in Leicestershire, and that is in coming home from hunting, or what in the language of the day is called 'larking.' One of the party holds up his hat, which is a signal for the start, and putting their horses' heads in a direction for Melton, away they go, and stop at nothing till they get there."

This, as Nimrod observes, is all very well for men with fourteen or fifteen horses in their stables, and it accounts for one or two of his friends, who with that number had only two fit to ride.

We remember a story of a noble lord at Melton, one of the larking tribe, who, on pulling up at the end of one of these cross-country gallops, exclaimed, "See what sport we might have, if it wasn't for these d—d hounds!"

Nimrod says in a note, "It is a well-known fact, that a season or two back, two very hard-riding Meltonians went half a mile neck-and-neck over the country, beyond where the hounds had killed their fox."

So much for attending to what they *profess* to go out for.

Nimrod thus sums up his opinions of Leicestershire: "Leicestershire, desirable as it is, has disadvantages; first, the crowd in field; and, secondly, it spoils a man for any other country, on which account no poor man should ever go near it.

"On the other hand, its advantages are innumerable. It is the only country in the world that appears to have been intended for fox-hunting, and where fox-hunting can be seen in all its glory. The flower of our English youth also (of those at least worth looking at,) have always been to be seen there; and a winter in Leicestershire has ever been found to be, to those who are entitled to it, the *passe-partout* that leads to the best society in the world."

There is a great deal of exaggeration in all this too. Why should not a man, with a moderate stud, go into Leicestershire and take the best meets just as he would in any other country? Are there no frosts—no bad days—no failure of scent—no ringing, short running foxes in Leicestershire as well as in other countries? Of *blanks* we say nothing.

There was always a disposition on the part of Nimrod to magnify Leicestershire and Leicestershire men into something beyond what they will fairly bear. No doubt it is a fine grass country, and many famous sportsmen resort to it from all parts of the kingdom; but it also draws a lot of noisy, perfumed, chattering coxcombs, who have no idea of hunting, and no real pleasure in the thing. One may go to Almack's or the park to look at the flower of English beauty, but as to going to Melton to look at the flower of English youth, that is an expedition few fox-hunters, we think, will be inclined to undertake. The man who is entitled to be in good society, will soon be in it whether he goes to Melton or not, while he who is not, will neither have his progress quickened nor retarded by his pilgrimage there. A gentleman's a gentleman, and a snob's a snob wherever they are. We use the word snob in the real acceptation of the term, not in the Nimrodian one, as applied to an unfortunate stranger in a country-cut coat in the hunting-field. Neither do we subscribe to the doctrine that Leicestershire is the only country in the world that appears to have been intended for fox-hunting. Nay, we are Goth enough to know countries we prefer to it, but having conducted our hero to his Elysium of the Chace, we will now leave him till the first of the ensuing month.

THE SEARCHERS OF THE SEWERS.

A TALE OF MODERN LONDON UNDERGROUND.

BY CHARLTON CAREW.

London above ground, and London below! two worlds in close connexion, yet unseen, one by the other. As we walk through the busy streets of London above ground, and see its long line of densely populated houses, and its many thousand carriages whirling by, making earth tremble as they pass; and its crowd of human beings, jostling, pushing, and driving, as they flow onward in perpetual motion, intent on everything and nothing—when we see all this hurry and turmoil, does the thought never strike us that underneath the very roots (so to speak) of the houses, a river runs, while close to the water are lines of iron pipes choked with fire? A dream evoked by an Arabian fabulist could hardly present to our wondering senses fancies more strange or magician-like than this *reality*. Light and water—great luxuries of life—stream into our houses at the will of man; and the same voice that bids them come, sends them back again to their silent home. A marvel, yet a truth, of which we daily feel the benefit.

More extraordinary still is the fact that men are to be found who peril life in traversing the sewers, to search for things of value that have been swept into the stream through gutters and other openings. We gape with astonishment on reading Belzoni's feats in Egyptian caverns

and tombs; how he crawled into the dusky grave of the shrivelled mummy, and fetched into the light of day strange things of by-gone times; how, with untiring perseverance, he set at nought the opposition of crafty guides, and burst into the granite pyramid—vast emblem of man's ambition. We read of this, and wonder at his daring. Yet there are men who now plunge into subterranean London, where perils equally frightful to those of the great traveller, await them—perils that even the miner knows not; for, in these underground places, rats breed by myriads—creatures that, knowing nothing of man, fear him not, and would punish him for invasion of their territory.

Nor has the treasure-seeker of the sewers this alone to dread; to scare away the vermin, he carries a lantern which sometimes ignites the gas evolved in these unventilated tunnels, and the unhappy being within is stifled to death. But in dry weather, when the stream is inconsiderable, trinkets, silver spoons, or other small valuables, are sometimes discovered in the mud deposited by the turbid water in the sewer.

On an afternoon in the early part of September, a man emerged from the mouth of the great sewer, opening into the Thames, and bent his way towards one of the poorer streets that lie between Whitefriars and the Strand. He held a lantern in his hand, which, together with all parts of his dress, was covered with splashes of mud. People stared at him as he went along the dusty streets, and wondered "where on earth he could have picked up so much dirt;" but he was too tired to attend to them, and too ragged to care for their sneers, if he had.

He turned up a narrow court, and was greeted by the words,—"Here's father, here's father," from many little voices. The man, though he was trembling with fatigue, smiled pleasantly to see his children thus welcome him back; but he sighed a minute after: one little thing was gnawing a bone that she had picked from the gutter. He kissed the eldest—she was a pretty child, though but half-clothed in rags—and something very like a tear dropped from the man's eye as she whispered, "Have you brought any bread home, father? Johnny's been crying for his supper."

He turned his head away while he told her quickly (she thought it sounded harshly, but it was not so) to bring all the children in, and they should have some supper. The girl jumped away to do as she was bidden, and the father turned into his squalid room, where a woman sat, busily plying her needle. On hearing him enter, she lifted up her aching eyes, and starting from her seat, exclaimed, "Thank God! Robert, you're come back. I'm never happy when you are away in those frightful places."

"There's nothing to fear, Ellen," returned the man; "though even if there were you'd have nothing to distress yourself about, for I don't think I shall go again. I've met that Canfield, with another man, and they swear I shan't hunt the sewers any more. They say the privilege of doing so belongs to them, as they've been at it many years, and I've no *right* there. Right! What's *their* right any more than mine? What is a man's right, if he mayn't work—ay, and that like a pig wallowing in a ditch—for an honest penny? But the rascals drove me out, and I don't think they'd stand nice about smothering me in the mud. There were two of 'em, or I mightn't have gone so easy."

"Well, well, Robert," said his wife soothingly; "it's a dreadful place,

and you're better away from it. In about an hour's time I shall have finished this work, and then, perhaps, I shall get the money for it. The poor children are very hungry."

"Never mind the work, Ellen," returned Hampton—such was the man's name. "I've not come back quite empty-handed. See here; I've raked out this ring; it's gold, I think, and there's no inscription on it. Look at it carefully, and if you see anything on it by which we may discover the owner, he shall have it; though may be he's dead and gone long ago, for I found it in a chink of the brickwork, and I should say it has been there many a long year."

It was an old-fashioned, chased gold ring; there was no stone in it, no inscription, no crest, whereby its owner might be known.

"Are you sure there's nothing there, Ellen?" inquired Hampton.

"It is a good deal worn," she replied; "but I don't think there's ever been any words marked upon it."

"Go and sell it, then, and bring back some bread and meat. Here come the children; don't be long, Ellen. Now then," he cried, as the little ones, with eager eyes, peered into the room, "we'll soon have some supper. Johnny, my boy, what's the matter?"

"Mother hasn't given me any thing to eat," blubbered Johnny, "and I'm hungry."

She had worked hard, though, to gain food for him, but the child was too young to know that, and cried bitterly; thus adding mental torture to his mother's physical suffering. She did not answer a word to the boy's complaint, though it sorely pained her to hear his words, but hastily putting on her bonnet, she sallied forth with the ring. The children stood in a little knot at the doorway, anxiously waiting her arrival with the food their father had told them she was gone for. They stared up the court with their large eyes, wondering "what made mother so long;" for the baker's was not far round the corner.

At length Mary (the eldest) ran along the court to the street at the end, and looked about, but presently returned to the expectant group without bringing satisfactory tidings. Half an hour passed away, and the little crowd at the door was joined by Hampton, who had now begun to feel uneasy at his wife's protracted absence. Still she came not. Hampton, after speaking to the eldest girl, went out to the silversmith's, where he had directed his wife to sell the ring, and entered the shop. Several people were standing about the counter, talking to the master, and many more were outside the shop, peering through the windows, as though something curious was to be seen inside. Mrs. Hampton was not there. From the few words he heard spoken, the dreadful truth at once struck upon Hampton's brain.

"Where is my wife?" he cried.

"Who do you mean?" inquired the master of the shop.

"My wife. The woman who came here just now to sell a gold ring. Where is she?"

Several gentlemen here gathered round Hampton, and the crowd outside pressed still closer to the window, flattening their noses against the glass; while others blocked up the doorway.

"Did that ring, which the woman you call your wife brought here to sell, belong to you?" inquired the master.

"It did," replied Hampton.

"Where did you obtain it?"

"What right have you to question me in this manner?" cried Hampton fiercely. "I say the ring was mine, and I won't tell you any more. Do you think there an't an honest man in the world but you fellows that have got a fine coat to your back? Is every poor man a thief? Ah! you may look at my rags, and turn up your bottle nose, but I've got a clear conscience, and that's more than many of you *gentlemen* can say. Where is my wife?"

At this moment a policeman, whom Hampton had not previously observed, stepped forward, and taking hold of him by the collar, said, "This sort of thing won't do here, my man. I know you, so come along with me."

Hampton struggled for a minute, but for a minute only. The degradation of being publicly borne along through a hooting crowd in the custody of a policeman, weighed him down, and he was silent. He was taken to prison, where his wife had previously been lodged, and deposited in a gloomy cell, in a corner of which he tumbled down—a heap without life, without hope.

Evening came on, and twilight; deeper and deeper yet, and then 'twas night. Lamps were lighted in the streets, and every shop threw its warm glow athwart the road—comfortable gleams that existed a few hours and then died away—till only the glare from some late tavern betokened life in the houses; at length even that was gone, and busy London slept peacefully. Yet still Hampton's eldest child stood at the door peering, with tearful eyes, up and down the court. The other children had cried themselves to sleep, but the eldest was too sick at heart to think of repose. Both parents gone she knew not whither! Oh! how she watched upward for the first streak of light that should announce the coming of day, that she might go abroad and learn the fate of her parents, even if she could not assist them! So there she stood: motionless as a statue, ay, and as white.

All this time Hampton lay in his cell, bound up in a trance, like a dead thing. Morning dawned, and with it consciousness of his situation; indistinct at first, and dreamy; then, like a blow, it struck him. He started up, seized hold of the iron bars that caged the window, and shook them like a madman, while foam oozed from between his clammy lips.

"Why are these things here?" he shouted. "What were these stony walls built for? why this iron door, and that grated window? They are for *thieves;* yes, thieves; yet *I* am here. Curses on the man who put me into a thieves' house. Why be an honest man, if a jail gapes for one? Rogues, pickpockets, and slanderers can live like kings, while an honest man *is* thrown into a dungeon, and destroyed—crushed for the rest of his life. Ah, I see it; it is a crime to be poor—a dreadful crime; so I am here. And my wife, my poor Ellen; they could not even spare her, but dragged her through a howling crowd to a jail. Oh! that I had seen a man lay a finger upon her! it might have been his last moment!"

He relapsed into silence, and sank down; his face buried in his hands. Then he thought of his hungry children at home; of their little, thin faces, and of their going starving to bed; father and mother both away. Hampton was a man, but his sobs were audible as he constantly ejaculated, "My poor children!"

Hours passed by, and still the deep despair that laid hold of the

man clung to him like a palsy, and crushed those hopeful feelings that conscious innocence should have engendered. But Hampton was not gifted with that martyr-strength that would uphold him in his troubles; that inward might of virtue which keeps man erect, and enables him to look placidly around, though ten thousand howling fiends try to tear him down. For a time he sunk under the overwhelming disgrace of being thought a thief; and, like others whom accident or misfortune has placed in a similar situation, he lost that *moral courage* which should have spurned the hasty conclusions the world might form of his character; a virtue, the want of which makes man the mere slave of designing hypocrites. He was stricken down into comparative imbecility. In time he might have recovered from this state, and looked up proudly, as his innocence would warrant; but now, when the jailer roused him, he suffered himself to be led—not caring whither—to the prison van, hanging his head down as though *he* were the thief, and the thieves about him, honest men. Hampton saw in this dismal vehicle his wife, whose haggard eyes and blanched cheek gave sure evidence of the bleeding heart within. He was not allowed to speak to her, and they saw nothing of each other again till at the bar of a police court before an alderman.

This functionary—a pudding-headed man, with a "fair round belly;" who knew about as much of law as did the candles he made—heard the depositions with a very stolid countenance, and seemed a good deal puzzled at the fact of Hampton being in custody, though it was his wife who offered the ring for sale.

"Let me see," said his worship. He couldn't see much, though, for his eyes were nearly choked up with good living. "Is the charge against the male prisoner, or the female? It is necessary that that should be clearly stated."

There was a slight titter in court at the importance with which this was said; and the clerk, in an under tone, attempted to explain it.

"Ah, I see," said his worship; "the male prisoner stole the ring, and sent his wife to sell it. Is the owner of that ring in court?" (another titter.)

The silversmith to whom the ring was offered for sale, here said that he did not positively know the trinket had been stolen, but that the female prisoner, who brought it to his shop, gave so unsatisfactory an account of the way she possessed it, that he considered himself justified in giving her into custody. Then he related (for about the third time) the fact of Hampton's coming to the shop.

"Now then, I see how the case stands," said the magistrate. "Prisoner," he continued, in a pompous tone, addressing Mrs. Hampton, "how came you by the ring?"

She was about to answer when Hampton interrupted her, saying, "She got it from me, your worship; and I found it in the sewers under Temple Bar."

"Under Temple Bar!" cried the magistrate, in amazement. "How did you get under Temple Bar, my man? come, answer that."

"I tell you I was in the sewers," replied Hampton, doggedly. "I'll take your worship there if you like."

"In the sewers! Do you mean to tell me you slipped down a grating in the streets, like a rat? How dare you trifle with the bench?"

A roar of laughter here burst from every one in court, which it was difficult to suppress. In the mean time the clerk succeeded in explaining the mystery to his worship, and advised him to dismiss the case, unless any one came forward to claim the property. After a few more questions of the prisoner, and inquiries of the police as to whether Hampton was known to them, (which were answered in the negative, though, when the poor man was taken into custody, the policeman said he "knew him well,") both prisoners were discharged with a caution from the magistrate to "beware about being brought before him again; they mightn't get off so easily a second time." But the ring was retained: *some one* might claim it. So Hampton and his wife went back to their starving family laden with disgrace—nothing more: what should a poor man care for that!

Yes; to their starving family and wretched home the couple went there to be grief-torn afresh at the sight of their little ones crying for bread—for *bread* that the parents had not to give them. The woman here showed herself stronger than the man, who had lost the spirit that animated him before the magistrate, and sat amongst his children—himself a child! Mrs. Hampton, though she felt the pain of their situation as keenly as her husband, suffered it not so entirely to prostrate her; but, like a woman, bore up, and plied her needle till the bleeding eyes refused their office But the work was nearly done: a few minutes' rest, and she was at it again: it was finished. In another hour she had the blessed enjoyment of seeing her children eat. Then with true female tenderness she tried to console her husband; and many were the sweet words of cheerfulness with which she hoped to alleviate his misery. Thank God, she succeeded.

Days passed by, and the little stock of money which Mrs. Hampton's needlework had produced was nearly gone. She tried in many places to obtain something to do, but she had been in a prison; that crushed all her efforts, and her husband's likewise. Starvation stared them in the face, and Hampton sat hour by hour in his squalid room, brooding over his fate; his teeth clenched and his brow knit; while his pursed-up mouth told that a sullen fierceness was working within.

About a week after his incarceration in the prison, he was sitting alone with his wife, deep in one of these moody fits, when suddenly he started up, and exclaimed,—"By Heaven, I'll go again!"

"Where, Robert?" said Mrs. Hampton.

"To the sewers! What matters where I go? They can but put me in prison again. I'm a thief! Men point at me in the streets and say so. Who'll employ me now I've been to jail? But I must live for all that; and you must live, and the children must live. Starving's only fit for honest men; and I'm a thief. Oh! curse the man that called me one."

"Calm yourself, Robert," said Mrs. Hampton.

"Calm!" cried he, fiercely. "Calm! It's well for those to talk so who haven't an empty belly and five starving children crying for bread. But *I* must have food, and *they* must have food, and they *shall* have food. If I find it in those loathsome places, well and good: if not, I'll have it elsewhere. I'm a *thief*, you know; and what I find in a place where few men dare to go, I must take to a thief, for the *honest* man puts me in jail. I must couple with the receiver of stolen goods, though I work for what I get, and peril my life to do it. It

makes me mad to see my poor children's haggard looks; and all for want of bread.—Look there!"

He pointed to a heap of rubbish that lay in the narrow court, where one of his children was groping, and had just fetched out something which it ate greedily.

"Give me the lantern, Ellen," said Hampton. "I'll bring something home to-night, though I search the sewers of all London."

He took the lantern, passed rapidly out of the house, and bent his steps towards the principal sewer opening into the Thames. It was low water, so he readily entered the noxious place. The stream was still running, though, being dry weather, it was not considerable. In he plunged up to his knees. The turbid water threw up an inky foam, which played about the surface like foul creatures that the Styx might have bred. Hampton stayed not here, but splashed on through the arch, passed the end of several smaller sewers—long dismal tunnels running into the principal receptacle; traversed the whole length of Farringdon Street in this vaulted passage, and then turned into a shaft on the left piercing Holborn Hill. This was formerly the channel of the Old Bourne. It was here profoundly dark. The little light that crept in from the opening at the Thames had died away. All was silent, except here and there a slight trickling sound of water dropping in from the drains, and the rush of many rats escaping to their holes; the blackened arch reeked with unwholesome moisture; strange insects—things born of the humid air, that know not the light of day—crawled about in heaps; the very atmosphere of the place seemed as though it came from an infernal source; yet here stood a man, with one solitary light for his only safeguard, close by thousands of human beings, but alone in these dusky paths. The stream was here very slight, running through a layer of soft mud, in which Hampton searched, by the aid of his light, for any stray articles of value that might have swept down through the drains. It was weary work: in the centre of the arch the height was barely five feet and a half; so Hampton could not, at any time, hold himself erect. The lantern gave but a feeble light, owing to the bad air; it glimmered like a star, but its rays could not penetrate the solid darkness hanging about this infernal place. Blacker and blacker yet: the light fell lower still—a tiny speck, and a stifling vapour arose which nearly choked the man. He held his breath and rushed back into the larger sewer as though a demon pursued him; while a strange brown thing, shaped like a wasp, fastened on his chin and stung him. But he was now safe, and cared little for the pain, though that was far from being trifling; the light burnt more freely, and after waiting a few minutes to recover from the effects of the thick subterranean air, Hampton continued his search up the main passage, which was higher and wider than the one he had just left.

At least a mile had been traversed in this dungeon-like drain, and yet nothing rewarded the toil of the treasure seeker. Still with indomitable perseverance he held on his lonely way; explored many of the smaller sewers, through which he had to creep nearly doubled up; suffered severely from the damp cold, which gnawed right into the very bone; was lost at times in the intricate ways, from which no human aid could have extricated him, had his courage failed; yet nothing was found. The weary man would have laid him down and died, but the

thought of his starving children animated him, and impelled him to fresh exertion. Never despair, Hampton! No man should, however oppressed he may be, if his own heart tells him he never wronged his fellow creatures.

What is that sparkling at the edge of a little drain, like a chip of light? Hampton seizes it, and holds it close to the lantern. It sparkles in ten thousand places. A diamond! Yes. Hampton securely places the jewel in his pocket, and, half laughing, half crying at his success, prepares to leave the sewers.

"I'm not a thief," he cried. "No, no; they shall never say that of me again. This diamond is of immense size, and I am sure to find the owner, who will reward me, and I shall get bread—ha, ha!—I shall get bread for my little ones! Bread! Ha, ha, ha!"

His laughter, which reverberated with a hollow sound through the tunnels, suddenly ceased, for, as he turned a corner, he saw but a short way off, a man with a light groping about the mud, as he had done before. This was Hampton's way out; he could go no other, and, though he guessed who the man was, and would willingly have avoided him, he was forced to walk on and confront him.

"Halloa," cried the man, as soon as he saw Hampton; "so you're here again, poaching."

"No more poaching than yourself, Mister Canfield. There is room enough for both of us, surely. I wish you success. Just move on one side, and let me pass."

"Who are you as talks to me in that way?" said Canfield, with a sneer. "A thief—a jail-bird. So now you've come here again to splash yourself with mud, to make people believe that what you prig you've found in the sewers. But I'm cursed if you come here again."

"You're a liar and a scoundrel, Canfield. I'm a poorer man than you are, but I won't demean myself with talking to you. Move aside and let me pass."

"Not till you hand over what you've found. I know you've got something, or you wouldn't be in such a hurry to get out. Come, dub up. You've no right here. Everything that's picked up in this place belongs to me, and curse me if you go till I've got it."

"Will you move?" cried Hampton, furiously.

"No, I won't."

"Take that then, you lying fool." And Hampton struck him a blow that would have felled many men. Canfield, however, was not so easily disposed of; he staggered for an instant, but before the other could pass, he threw down his lantern, and rushed savagely on Hampton, who still held a light in his left hand. He was forced to drop this to defend himself from Canfield's attack, and a moment after the two men were fighting in total darkness. They clung to each other, and struck here and there with savage fierceness. Both men knew their danger, and that knowledge made them fight with a recklessness fearfully appalling. In their struggles they were dashed up against the walls, and left there many a sanguine trace of the awful combat. They were nearly exhausted, when Canfield seized hold of his adversary's arm with his teeth, and bit fiercely; but Hampton catching him by the throat forced him to leave go his hold, and with giant force threw him back. Canfield's head struck the wall as he fell, and he rolled into the muddy stream of the sewer. Hampton stood for a minute panting for breath,

not knowing that his opponent had no longer the power to recommence the fight. No sound came from the fallen man: all was still in this frightful place.

"Good God! can he be dead!" cried Hampton: all his passion leaving him on the instant. "And in this horrible tunnel! Canfield! Canfield!"

Hampton stood appalled as a low, rushing sound, but fearfully distinct to his ears, broke upon the silence. They were the rats, who now attacked the body of Canfield. Hampton stooped down, and laying hold of the man, raised him up, and shook the reptiles from his body, while he halloed aloud in hope of scaring the creatures away. He seized Canfield firmly, and ran on a little way with his burden, in the hope—a despairing one—of gaining the mouth of the sewer. Ah, what is that white speck, shining like a star in the blackness? A light!

"This way," shouted Hampton. "Halloa! halloa! Quick with the light, or the rats will kill us. Halloa! halloa! Don't stop; there's a dying man here. Ellen!"

Yes, it was his wife who now came up, exclaiming,—"Thank God, Robert, I've found you. Great Heaven! what's the matter? You're streaming with blood. And this man; what is he?"

"Never mind now, Ellen. I see he is still alive, though I feared I had killed him. What could have brought you into this dreadful place?"

What brought her there! Need he have asked? Mrs. Hampton was a *woman*, and from her husband's protracted absence (he had been nearly twelve hours underground) she feared he was in danger; so scorning the physical weakness of her sex, she had ventured in the subterranean paths of London, to seek and assist him. Noble woman!

As soon as they got clear of the sewer, Canfield, who had only been stunned by his fall, recovered sufficiently to be able to walk to Hampton's room, where he was carefully tended by the wife of the latter. In a few hours he was well enough to leave the house. He was not so utterly hardened as to forget that he owed his life to the exertions of the man whom he had so belied. He shook hands with Hampton before he left, and they parted friends.

The possession of the diamond which Hampton had found, for some days sorely troubled him; but, by the advice of his wife, he took it to one of the principal jewellers in London, by whose assistance the owner was discovered. It belonged to a lady of rank, who had lost it some weeks back, from a ring which she never removed from her finger. This lady—a real lady—one who deserved the title she bore (would that we might record her name)—heard Hampton's story of the frightful way he obtained his living, and thoroughly satisfied of the man's honesty, offered him a situation as gardener at one of her houses in the country, and gave his wife employment in the same place.

Oh! with what intense feelings of thankful joy did Hampton and his wife leave the squalid court where they had endured so much misery, and pass into the sweet country. The fields and trees and green lanes, were each and all pure Heaven. To their ears, the birds chirruped Divine music; and the children laughed. Ay, that was Divine music too.

When they reached the cottage allotted to them, Hampton fell down on his knees and prayed. Tears trickled down his cheeks; but they were tears of happiness, not of pain.

MINSTREL LIFE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,

A SKETCH OF MEDIEVAL MANNERS.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

We hardly need tell our readers that literature, in the Middle Ages, was managed in a very different manner from that in which it is conducted at the present day. There were no printers and no publishers, whereby an author certainly escaped a numerous variety of troubles. Hearers were much more numerous than listeners, so that, although a man gained absolutely nothing by the sale of his works, his fame literally spread from mouth to mouth. The first edition of a new work generally consisted of a single copy; and as no one ever dreamt of such a thing as copyright, any one, at his own pleasure, gave another edition of the same number of copies; and sometimes the new editor thus pirated a poor writer's book, and quietly put his own name to it. But the first edition frequently answered the author's purpose very well, when, by judiciously pitching upon the right individual, he obtained, in return for his book, a fat living, or a comfortable place. To judge from his selection, it would seem that a worthy monk sometimes found it more amusing to copy a dull manuscript than to sit still and do absolutely nothing at all. A philosopher, or a man of science, found scholars who were zealous enough to copy his writings; and, of course, there were men who copied books, in order to profit by the sale. But this was, in a great measure, heavy literature—often the mere lumber of learning; and we cannot discover that anybody made much profit by selling the popular fashionable literature of the day.

This, in fact, was published in a totally different manner. If a poet would make known a song, his only way of proceeding was to go forth and sing it; if a romancer invented a story, he must go and tell it. He must utter his own joke, and recite his own reflections. Hence the popular authors of this description formed a class totally distinct from the others; they indeed stood alone in society, in some degree a separate caste. Clever, joyous fellows, like many of their successors in modern times, they drew upon themselves some discredit by their irregular course of life; and like them also, contented with the enjoyment of the day, they seldom thought of, or provided for, the morrow. They received the general appellation of *minstrels* (from the Latin *ministro*), because they were looked upon as only equal with servants; they were also called *jogeleurs* (in Latin *joculatores*), because they amused by their performances, for they added a great variety of games of different kinds to their literary labours. Eventually, as the class of persons to whom these titles belonged disappeared, the word *minstrel* became used to denote any one who sings, and *juggler* was a term applied only to a mountebank or a conjurer. These general notions are not much calculated to raise the position of the medieval "men of letters" in our eyes.

The reward of the minstrel depended entirely on the generosity of his audience. His chief scene of action was the baronial hall,—the time, dinner, or rather after dinner, when the *convives* were seated at their wine. Money was then a rare article, and the rich host testified his admiration of the minstrel's performances by a gift of some article

of wearing apparel, and sometimes even a horse or a jewel. He was sure, at all events, to get a plentiful share of the good things on the table before him. Thus, a capital joke might procure its author a hat; an attractive poem would gain him a cloak; a good story some other equally acceptable present. In this manner, a James of the thirteenth century must have recited his effusions in some rich man's hall, who in return would have given him an old coat, or some other thrown-off garment; or perchance, if he met with a generous wight, some more valuable article; and he would probably have raised money by selling it to the Jews.

It must not be denied that there were minstrels of different ranks and degrees in their profession, but this appears to have been merely accidental. The medieval writers make no distinction in their characters, although a large portion of the minstrels were probably unable to do more than repeat the productions of others. In the old romances and other literary productions of the thirteenth century, when the minstrel is brought on the scene, he is introduced as distinguished more by the number of pieces which he has committed to memory, than by his own skill in composing. Although any grand festival was sure to bring together a numerous host of these volatile worshippers of Parnassus, a wedding-feast appears to have been their special glory. The Provençal romance of Flamenca gives a singular picture of the crowd of minstrels who attended at the marriage of its heroine. "He who knew a new air, or song, or 'descort' (debate—what the old Scottish writers called a 'flyting'), or lay, put himself forwards as much as he could." A long list of the romances, and stories, and poesies, which they recited, is then given:—"every one said the best he could; between the sounds of the players on the viol and the voices of the reciters, there was a great noise in the hall"—

> "Cascus dis lo miel que sabia.
> Per la rumor dels viuladors,
> E per brug d'aitans comtadors,
> Hac gran murmuri per la sala."

In fact, the listeners must have had little chance of judging of the merits of the compositions thus rehearsed, for the whole body of the minstrels appear to have been individually occupied at the same time. Some of them, however, were employed in a manner rather derogatory to the literary character:—"one played the game of baskets; another tossed knives; one crawled on the ground, and another tumbled; another performed a drunken danse; one passed through a hoop, and another jumped!" This lasted six days, and then all the minstrels went away satisfied, for their host "gave so much to the minstrels, that the poorest of them, if he could refrain from dice, might have been rich." The minstrels were sorely addicted to gambling.

Much of the lighter literature of the thirteenth century carries internal evidence of having been composed by persons who gained their living by the performances above alluded to; and we know that several of the most remarkable poets of that age were minstrels who wandered from hall to hall. Some nobles and knights there were who, in their love for this profession, not only composed and recited themselves, but kept munificently in their courts the men who were dependent on their literary talents for support. It is a race which has been long extinct. William of Nevers, one of the heroes of the romance which we have

been quoting, "knew more songs and lays, 'descorts' and verses, 'sir ventes' (*satirical* invectives), and other kinds of poems, than any minstrel." "No minstrel, bad or good, was sorrowful in his presence; he kept them well from hunger and cold."—

> "Degus joglars lai ou fos,
> No fo marritz, avols ni bos;
> Be 'ls garct de fam e de freg."

But the life of the minstrel, joyous and reckless as he might be, was not all sunshine. The poets of the thirteenth century complain that the times were degenerated; that the rich were no longer generous, or endowed with literary taste; and that "hunger and cold" were not unknown to the poor trobador er trouvère. Colin Muset, a talented French *chansonnier*—a worthy Sam Lover of the thirteenth century—has left us a song, in which he naively relates his discouragement at being sent from the hall of his host without his reward. "Sir Count," he says, "I have performed before you in your house, and you have given me nothing......My purse is ill-furnished, and my knapsack is not well filled. Give me, Sir Count, a fair gift: for I want to go home to my family; and when I go with an empty purse, my wife is far from smiling. She says to me, 'Master Frostbitten, in what land have you been, that you have gained nothing? See how your knapsack bends! it is filled with nothing but wind. Bad luck to any one who wishes to be in such company!' When I come home to my house, and my wife sees that my bag behind me is crammed full, and that I am dressed in a good new robe, quick she throws down her spindle, and her two arms go round my neck. Without delay, my wife begins to untie my knapsack; my boy runs to feed and put up my horse; my maid hastens to kill and cook a couple of capons; my daughter playfully and affectionately brings me a comb. It is then that I am lord of my own house, and my joy is past all belief!"

Another poet of the thirteenth century, the once celebrated, but now almost forgotten, Rutebeuf, has given an amusing description of his own condition in life. Rutebeuf has left us no less than six poems on his poverty and distress. He confesses that he was in the habit of attending marriage-feasts and tournaments, and complains bitterly of the neglect there shown towards the votaries of literature. Rutebeuf, like Colin Muset, had a wife and children at home, who added but little to his comforts, particularly when he returned home empty-handed. He tells us that he concealed his address on account of his poverty, and that he kept his door shut, in order that the misery of his household might not be exposed to the world. The nurse threatened to send home his child unless he paid his wages, and his landlord at the same moment threatened to deprive him of any home in which to receive it, by giving him notice to quit unless he paid his rent. He had put all his goods in pawn, and had nothing left—

> "Mi gage sont tuit engagié,
> Et de chiés moi desmanagié;"

—"I have been living on the money of others, which they have lent me; but now no one will give me any credit, because I am known to be poor and in debt"—

> "J'ai vescu de l'autrui chatei,
> Que hon m'a créu et prestai;

Or me faut chacuns de créance,
C'om me seit povre et endatei."

In another poem he tells us that he "coughs with cold, and yawns with hunger;" that he has neither coat nor bed; that there was no one so poor between Paris and Senlis. His bed was nothing but straw, and in the midst of rich people and luxury he had not wherewith to buy bread. "I have not even a shirt to my back; and I have no fear that either servant or stranger will steal anything from *me*." There are reasons for believing that Rutebeuf, like so many of his profession, was a victim to the dice.

But poverty was proverbially the lot of a minstrel. We are told in a medieval story that a party of thieves were once so foolish as to break into a minstrel's house by night; their victim rose up to meet them—"I know not," he said, "what you expect to find here in the dark, for I have never been lucky enough to find anything even in broad daylight."

Still, however, the minstrel's character and his talents stood him in the place of money and passport, and he wandered without danger from country to country, in an age when distant travel was a perilous undertaking. In the Adventures of Eustache the Monk, a sort of privateer or freebooter of the reign of our King John, we find Eustace on one occasion assuming the character and disguise of a minstrel, in order to make his escape out of England, the king having ordered the ports to be closed against him. When he came to the coast, he found a merchant ship ready to sail, and entered without ceremony. The master of the ship ordered him out, but he persisted in remaining, and used his powers of persuasion to obtain a passage. "I am a minstrel," he said, "of such talents, that you will find few my equals. I know all sorts of poems. For the love of God, fair sir, carry me over! I come from Northumberland, and have been five years in Ireland. I have drunk so much 'goudale,' that it shows itself in my face, and now I want to return home to drink again the wines of Argentuil and Prouvins." The sailors asked him to sing them something, but he complained of sea-sickness, and their respect for his character enabled him to escape the pursuit of his enemies. When on his travels the minstrel easily found board and lodging; and the person who ventured to insult him or treat him with disrespect, was sure in some way or other to feel his vengeance. Among the many stories of the thirteenth century in which the minstrel figures, one furnishes an amusing sample of his cleverness in this respect. There was a rich monastery, which was celebrated for its want of hospitality; the abbot was a bad man, and he selected the worst men he could find to fill the inferior offices. One day a minstrel, overtaken by night, entered this abbey to seek a lodging. The abbot was away; but the prior received him with a sour countenance, grudgingly set before him a forbidding mess of black bread and water, and sent him to a hard bed. The minstrel was highly offended; and, perceiving the character of the place, he set off the next morning by the road on which he understood that the abbot would return, and meeting him, he saluted him with the words—"Thrice welcome, good and liberal abbot! I thank you and all the brotherhood for the noble reception given to me last night by your prior; for he set before me choice fishes and wine, and served me with so many dishes that I cannot tell the number. When I left he gave me these new shoes and

this handsome girdle and knife." When the abbot heard this he flew into a furious rage; and, as soon as he had reached his monastery, he called the prior into the chapter-house, abused him heartily for his extravagance, and in spite of all his protestations, ordered him to be immediately subjected to the discipline, *i.e.*, to be severely flogged, turned him out of his office, and gave him for successor one who, he thought, would be less likely to fall into fits of generosity. In the fabliau *Des trois boçus*, three minstrels receive hospitality even at the table of a miser, and are rewarded with gifts before they leave the house.

The minstrels, it has been already observed, were as proverbial for their reckless character, and love of drinking and gambling, as for their poverty: the latter, indeed, being a natural consequence of the vices just mentioned. One of the fabliaux or metrical tales of the thirteenth century tells us of a minstrel of Sens, in France, who was very poor. he lost all his gains at the dice, and he had seldom a whole robe upon him, even at times he had no more than a shirt to cover himself with. Shoes and other articles of apparel were with him great rarities. His abode was in a garret, so full of holes and crannies, that at all events he had his share of daylight. His true dwelling-place, however, was in general either the tavern or the "bordel." At length he died, with nothing but a shirt on his back; and the evil one, finding no one to dispute his right to the soul, carried it off to his own warm dwelling-place. Of the rest of this droll story we can only give a slight outline, for various reasons: the only employment in which the jongleur could be made useful here, was that of blowing the fires, and he long demeaned himself in this office with becoming diligence and fidelity. One day all the fiends left their home in search of their prey, and left the care of the souls below to our exemplary minstrel They had scarcely gone when St. Peter came in disguise with a bag of money and a box of dice. The minstrel felt his mouth water, but he had no money; his visitor offered to stake his gold against the souls who were under his care; the minstrel resisted as long as he could the temptation, but it was too strong for him, he was led gradually from one thing to another;—when the fiends returned, every corner of the lower regions was emptied of its tenants!

The very talents of this class of men gave them a certain political importance; their wandering habits made them, in an age when there were no newspapers, the general bearers of news from distant lands. The facility with which they passed from one country to another rendered them useful as spies. They were often sent as messengers on secret business. In one of the fabliaux, a person is introduced inquiring privately concerning a man and his wife who lived at Soissons; in return he is asked his reason for the question, and replies—"I am a minstrel, and am sent to him privately by a high personage." In the romance of Flamenca, already quoted, a minstrel is sent by the king to a noble baron, to invite him to his court on a festive occasion. At other times we find minstrels used as secret messengers between a favoured suitor and his "ladye love." All these appear to us at the present day singular attributes for a popular writer.

This facility of access into all places, and among all society, made the character of the minstrel a favourite disguise. We have already given one instance of its adoption for this purpose. In the romance of

La Violette, the hero visits in this disguise his own castle, in the possession of one who had treacherously deprived him of his inheritance. In the fabulous British history, as told by Wace, in his "Brut," Balduf is made to pass through the enemy, who were besieging his brother's castle, and obtain entrance into the fortress in this disguise. These are all pictures of the manners of the age in which these poems were written. In the history of Fulke Fitz Warine, an outlaw in the reign of King John, one of Fulke's companions, named John de Raunpaygne, who "knew enough of minstrelsy," takes upon himself this disguise, to enter the castle of one of Fulke's enemies to obtain intelligence, and the first question put to him, on presenting himself in the castle, was "What news is there abroad?"—"E queles noveles?" Another incident in the same "History," shows us, that so great was the respect for the character thus assumed, that even minstrels from infidel countries met with a favourable reception among Christians, and *vice versâ*, Christians often visited the infidels in the same disguise. This same John de Raunpaygne is made to blacken his skin and present himself before King John as a minstrel from Ethiopia. In the same manner, in the elegant story of "Aucasin et Nicolete," (printed in Barbazan,) the daughter of a king of Carthage, rather than marry a person who is obnoxious to her, runs away in the disguise of a minstrel, in which character she easily obtains a passage over the sea to Provence, and there wanders about and lives by her assumed profession till she discovers the castle of her ancient lover. A chronicle of the twelfth century furnishes us with an example of a more historical character than the preceding. When, in 1108, Louis le Gros, king of France, laid siege to a castle of Hugh de Crecy, the latter made an attempt to enter it during the siege by assuming, among other disguises, that of a minstrel.

A large portion of those who belonged to the profession of a minstrel had, of course, no claim to a literary character: some of them patched up pieces with fragments taken from the works of others, or repeated what they had heard; and might be compared in their class to the booksellers' hacks and penny-a-liners of the present day; and many had no inventive talents at all. In an age when there was no general publicity, as now, it was difficult to distinguish between the true composer and the man who only repeated the compositions of others. We trace, even in the thirteenth century, jealousy between the minstrels of higher rank and those who usurped their attributes without their talents. In the gradual change in society, the minstrels found less encouragement among the rich, and were obliged to depend for their support upon the populace, to whom they sang their ballads or told their stories in the streets and villages. It became then a sort of literature "for the million;" and the character of the profession became more and more degraded, until a minstrel was regarded with contempt only as what Chaucer calls a "lousie jogelour."

ON A FAVOURITE WALK,

WHICH I HAVE CALLED "SAINT MARY'S AISLE."

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.
Author of "Brallaghan," &c.

It is a lone and gentle walk
O'er-arch'd by moss-grown woodland trees,
Beneath whose shade we laugh and talk,
And live in soft luxurious ease;
Our thoughts as bright as Indian seas
A-sleeping in the golden sun;
And rich as that enchanted breeze
That blows o'er woods of cinnamon—
Such thoughts the happy hours beguile
With *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

The ash trees wreathe their silver boughs
Aloft to form an arch of green,
So closely twin'd, it scarce allows
A wandering beam of sun between;
A dim religious vesper light
This walk of trees and flowers pervades,
Save only where thine eyes so bright
Shed morning-radiance through the shades—
Though dark as night, one sunny smile
From *thee* illumes Saint Mary's Aisle.

Along this silent wild retreat
The yellow cowslips thickly grow,
While airs with many an odour sweet
From yonder beds of roses blow,—
Give me thy hand, as white as snow
But warm as sunshine, and we'll stray
Through the green paths with footstep slow,
Till Evening veils the face of Day—
Oh! what so sweet as thus to while
The hours in lone Saint Mary's Aisle?

I see thee like some nymph of old,
Some Grecian nymph with wild flow'rs tress'd,
Thy silken ringlets all unroll'd,
Loose on thy snowy neck and breast.
I hear thee, and thy language breathes
Delicious rapture in mine ears,
Like the light breath of rosy wreaths,
Like the rich music of the spheres—
For angels talk and angels smile
Like *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

How oft by moonlight have we stray'd
Beneath this Gothic roof of leaves,
And gaz'd upon the distant glade
With frequent trees and golden sherves;
How oft in mellow nights in June
We've rambled through the sleeping shade,
While the soft rays of star and moon
Round us like show'rs of silver play'd—
It seem'd some old cathedral pile,
And *thou* the Saint of Mary's Aisle.

At times some flute's melodious sound
Broke through the silence of the night,
Careering round and round and round,
Like as young seraph's airy flight,
Filling our hearts with new delight;
Lending new visions to the scene,
Of fauns and nymphs in festal rite,
And dancing o'er the moonlit green—
Such antique dreams our hearts beguile
At night in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

O beauteous dreams of faëry time,
Of tilt and tourney, knight and dame,
Fain would I build the lofty rhyme
And give your praise to deathless fame;
Fain would I chant the olden days
Of nymph and oread, bard and faun;
But other themes demand my lays
From purple-night till saffron-dawn,—
My songs are *hers* alone whose smile
Makes heaven of dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Bring forth the lute whose silver strings
Have oft beguil'd the summer hours,
And while the wild-bird yonder sings
Recline within th' acacia bowers;
And wake once more its wondrous chords
With airs as sweet as airs can be;
Nor yet disdain the quaint old words
Of song, that once I wrote for thee,
Receiv'd with many a gracious smile—
Of thanks, in dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Or, if thou wilt, sit still and hear
The classic tales we love so well;
To noble hearts like thine, how dear
The great heroic truths they tell;
Spenser, and Shakspeare, wild Rousseau,
The Wandering Childe whose heart grew hell,
Or lonely Dante born to woe,
Or stern Ferrara's shadowy cell,—
Ah!—*these* will win thy tears awhile
When musing in Saint Mary's Aisle.

Thus pass our joyous hours away,
With flowers and music, songs and books,
The stars of night, the beams of day,
The beauty of thy brighter looks;
Why need we sigh for marble halls?
Or Eastern pomp, or stately domes?
More dear to me one word that falls
And one sweet look from her who roams,
With happy heart, and song, and smile,
Thro' thy green shades, Saint Mary's Aisle!

HERMANN AND REGINA.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

A NATIVE of Manheim, after serving his time as a sugar-baker, with the *vade mecum* of operatives, written by one of their own itinerant body (a journeyman tailor, I think) in his pocket, and but little else, after making the tour of Germany, at the expense of the public, settled himself at Hamburgh, and there followed his paternal occupation. The house at which he lodged in that fire-devoted city, was also tenanted by a widow, who had been left,—we come now to the pith of our narrative,—with an only daughter. They were the counterparts of Göthe's—and Regina, (it is a name as common as Josephine in Belgium or Gothon in France,) might have said with her prototype, " We have no maid, and I must cook, and scrub, and knit, and sew, and my mother is in all things ' *so accurat.*' " It might be said, too, that this new Margaret, in addition to her beauty, possessed innocence, simplicity, and humility, which the great poet calls in his untranslateable language, though it has been often attempted in bad prose, and worse verse, " die hochsten gaben der liebevoll *austheilenden* natur."

These gifts were not lost upon Hermann; who could be insensible to them? and to pass over the story of their loves, in process of time this pair became what the Italians call " promessi sposi." Such espousals are held much more sacred than with us. The rite is solemnized by the interchange of rings; thenceforth worn by the man on his forefinger. By a strange application of terms, the betrothed are called Braut and Brautegham before marriage, as before the birth of a child they entitle themselves mother and father. They make no secret of the relation in which they stand to one another; on the contrary, talk of it to all their friends and acquaintances, and receive, as a matter of course, their continual congratulations. The bridegroom claims almost all the privileges of a husband, is constantly seen walking arm-in-arm with his intended, spends all his leisure hours in her society, gives up his kniepe in order to please her, sometimes his pipe, the greatest of sacrifices. In short, he is looked upon as one of the family—an *amico di casa* in Italy has not more power in the house,—and calls their proprietors parents.

Such, alas, in this instance, were the *bridals* of Hermann and Regina. Had he been questioned as to his religion, his replies, however different to Faust's, would have proved equally unsatisfactory, nor is it surprising, therefore, if he should have followed the bad precedent of that heartless libertine, and made a too confiding and unprotected girl his victim. She became a mother, and exchanging for

> " that quiet,
> Which virtue pictures—bitterness of soul,
> Pining regrets, and vain repentances,"

saw him on whom she doted, a few weeks after this untoward event, set out on his return to the place of his birth, whither he was recalled, or so he said, by his father, who had expressed previously his entire approbation of the match. They parted with vows of eternal fidelity, and a solemn assurance and promise, on the part of the seducer, speedily to ratify the contract, and fetch her home as his wife.

Meanwhile, Hermann arrived by the usual mode of travelling, which I have described, at Manheim, whither a twelvemonth later I shall bring myself. That second town in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which from its position ought to have been made the first, is not only a place of considerable activity in trade, but presents many resources to a stranger. The society is the best on the banks of the Rhine, many of the old German families of *Eben blut*, that is, of equal blood to royalty, making it their resort, and keeping up a certain state, forming a magic circle about themselves which none of inferior rank are allowed to enter. I speak of their own compatriots, not of foreigners, especially the English, who have a *passe par tout*. There is also a little court of easy access, a mighty attraction for our islanders, so easy, that a tailor who found himself there, to his own especial wonder, asked the chamberlain to give him a certificate of his presentation. Excuse this bit of gossip. But one of the chief advantages of Manheim is its opera. Even before the time of Schiller, and there the Robbers was first produced,—I have the original play-bill,—this theatre was what Bath formerly boasted to be, a sort of preparatory step to the boards of the great capitals. Very many of the brightest stars have here risen above the horizon. And at the present day, the most celebrated prima donnas never fail, from time to time, even at their zenith, to grace this stage, which, I speak advisedly, and from the best authority, in its mechanical arrangement possesses secrets even unknown to Paris and London. The orchestra is excellently composed. Meyerbeer was satisfied with it, *c'est beaucoup dire*.

But what has all this to do with your story? Don't be impatient, reader.

On the night of my arrival, I saw an announcement, in large characters, on the columns of this theatre, that Schrœder Devrient was to appear in Don Giovanni. Who could resist such an invitation? The pressure at the doors was immense, I was carried in with the stream, and as good-luck would have it, obtained a seat in the very centre of the parterre, by the side of a respectable-looking man, with whom I soon fell into conversation. My neighbour was a master-shoemaker, as he told me, a very different one from Boz's American *Sartor*. Among their many virtues, the Germans possess one,—they *are what* they *are*, i. e., they do not affect to be what they are not, which in these days of *pretension* is no small merit, and more than can be said of most of their visitors. For all that this narrative contains I am indebted to this honest bourgeois, though, for the sake of telling the tale in my own way, I have thus far introduced my characters, without quoting him as an authority. But I anticipate.

The overture is begun, that overture, which if Mozart had composed nothing else, would justify the worship paid him. Though the offspring of a single night, it is doubtless one of the greatest efforts of human genius; and the opera, had I not in my mind's eye Hoffmann's eloquent description of what *he felt* at its first representation, irrelevant as it might be, I should be inclined to indulge in a little rhapsody. But if my enthusiasm yielded to the eccentric composer's, it fell far short of that which the audience displayed on this occasion, I knew their idolatry for Mozart, I was aware that they are almost all musicians, but I was little prepared to witness what I did that night. As the interest of the story waxed greater and greater, with it in-

creased the excitement of the public. A breathless interest pervaded the house. The female part of it seemed to feel the wrongs of Donna Anna as though they were their own—the men to express an undisguised detestation and horror of Don Juan's libertinism, which all the humour of Leporello could not dissipate or diminish. As the plot thickened, and the catastrophe was at hand, some of the women sobbed aloud, others shrieked, and two were carried out in violent hysterics.

From time to time passages were seized on, like the clap-traps of a modern piece, and applied to some occurrence of the day; all the admiration of the audience for Staudigl could not save him from being frequently hissed, as though they were venting their indignation on some embodied form of their distempered fantasies, some being of their creation. In short, the curtain fell in a complete uproar, which did not soon subside. The prima donna was not called for, and the benches were at length cleared in gloomy silence.

Had I been at Köningsberg, the head-quarters of Pietism, instead of Manheim, I should have been less at a loss to account for this extraordinary scene. Are the Germans, thought I, turned into Abderites, or have they such an outrageous sense of morality, as to be shocked with a fictitious picture of vice,—so shocked, that the melodies of Mozart and the magic accents of Schrœder Devrient fail to reconcile them to the bare exhibition of it on the stage.

In my astonishment, I communicated my thoughts to my new acquaintance, who in our way through the streets thus concluded what I have already prefaced.

"You are surprised at this popular commotion, and well you may be, but when I explain it, your wonder will turn to pity: know then, that Manheim has to-day witnessed a frightful tragedy—been the scene of an occurrence that has left an impression on all hearts that will not so soon be effaced.

"Few words are best. Hermann, as I have already said, returned here, and in the course of a very few months his father died, leaving him in the possession of a flourishing trade. Till this period he kept up a constant communication, by correspondence, with Regina, but the acquisition of so much wealth hardened and corrupted his heart; his letters became few and far between, colder and colder, till he at length ceased to write to her at all, or to send her any money for the support of their child; and worse than even this heartlessness, he formed another engagement with a rich citizen's daughter, and a day was fixed for their wedding. This was the very day.

"Imagine to yourself all the preparations made for the ceremony, the bridegroom gone to his mother-in-law's house, in the act of handing his new bride down the stairs, and about to proceed with her to the church,—when an apparition, rather than a woman, so changed had she become by sorrow for the loss of her mother, who had died of a broken heart, and sickness, and want, and outworn by fatigue, for she had begged her way from Hamburgh—presented itself. Poor Regina, staggering as one after the paroxysm of a mortal fever—'wild, pale, and wonder-stricken,'—she gazed dizzily on that scene. 'Deadened, though her lost intelligence' was, within, it needed not the snowy veil and orange wreath entwined about the brows of the new bride, nor the white favours that adorned Hermann, to divulge the harrowing tale of faithless love and betrayed affection, Conscious of all this, in

her agony of mind she threw herself on her knees before them, barring the way, and stretched out with emaciated hands her infant to its father. The unnatural wretch appeared not to recognize, and spurned them from him; she then clung to the bride, appealing to her in broken accents, but she regarded her not. Nor can it be said in her justification, that she considered her rival as an impostor,—both she and her mother were perfectly aware of her prior claims. They scarcely deigned her a look, almost stepped over her as she lay on the ground, entered the carriage; it drove off, and left Regina senseless on the pavement.

"From that swoon she never awoke—was transported almost immediately to the hospital—no blood followed the lancet;—she had already expired.

"The fame of this tragedy ran like lightning through Manheim. A meeting was called, and a subscription immediately entered into for defraying the expenses of the funeral; a sufficient sum being raised, at two o'clock,—you know that in this country interments are never delayed as with you,—a long procession, consisting of the most respectable of the citizens, set out from the *Krankenhaus*. As the mourning train proceeded to the *Gottesacker* it swelled more and more, till a vast multitude, one-third of the inhabitants, joined in it, or crowded about the bier. Women, you are aware, never attend funerals in Germany, but I was not the only person in that group turned into one. I am not ashamed to say that I wept bitterly. So solemn a *Leichen-begleitung* has not been seen for many a year in our town. Catholics and Lutherans, without distinction, were animated with one feeling. The deceased, unlike me, had been of the latter persuasion. The good pastor who performed the service, in his oration over the grave, surpassed himself, and moved all hearts with the pathetic story of the unhappy Hamburgher's love and fate. He dwelt on her virtues, and recapitulated her wrongs, recommended her orphan to the protection of the congregation, reprobated in the strongest terms—none could be too strong—the conduct of the heartless wretch, whom he denounced as her murderer, and pronounced on him the anathema of the church, and the vengeance of an outraged Deity.

"After the conclusion of the affecting ceremony, a mob proceeded tumultuously to the house of the new-married couple. They broke the windows, and were endeavouring to force the door, in order to execute summary justice on the culprit, when a strong body of the police interfered. The riot, however, was not so easily put down. It was scarcely an hour before the opening of the theatre that the street was cleared, and you are at no loss how to account for the excitement you witnessed this evening."

I here took my leave of the good citizen, and returned to my hotel—a better man. Since that day, a melancholy has always fallen upon me, like a shadow, when I have been present at the performance of Don Juan, and with it is mingled a regard, such as I never entertained for any audience.

It has raised the charactor of the Germans in my estimation as a moral people, and does infinite honour to Manheim; nor must I omit to add the tribute of my respect for the excellent and amiable Grand Duchess Stephanie, who adopted the unfortunate and orphan child of the affianced.

THE PARADISE OF MOHAMMED.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

WITHOUT inquiring into the nature of the higher degree of felicity which was promised by the Arabian prophet to those of his followers whose superior virtue on earth entitled them to the greatest enjoyment hereafter—for, according to al Ghazâli and other learned commentators on the Korân, the Paradise of Mohammed does not altogether consist in sensual gratifications—it is intended to confine the scope of the present article to the material pleasures which are said to await the majority of true believers when, mounted on white-winged camels with saddles of gold, they seek the realms of eternal bliss. To this will be added, by way of comparison, a review of the paradisiacal enjoyments which have formed the expectation of pagan nations in general.

The principle will be found the same in all; for it has been justly said that it is scarcely possible to convey to the generality of mankind an idea of spiritual pleasures without introducing sensible objects; and therefore it is that an appeal is invariably made, if not to the passions, at all events to the material perceptions of the living man. It requires a strong faculty of idealism readily to comprehend an existence whose pleasures arise from causes with which mortality has nothing in common; and, save in the Christian dispensation, no founder of a religion has ever trusted to mental gratifications alone to draw worshippers to his altar. Mohammed certainly did not base his plan on, what his countrymen would have deemed, such unsubstantial grounds: he invested it with every attribute of physical delight, increased in a tenfold degree, and the sensuality of the East brought millions to his creed.

To the wandering Arab of the burning, sandy desert, what prospect could be more grateful than a land of perpetual verdure, watered by crystal streams, and abounding in the means for gratifying every desire? His love of the wonderful was satisfied by prodigious fables—his fondness for splendour by descriptions excelling those to which he nightly listened at the door of his tent—his admiration of beauty by the promise of illimitable enjoyment in the presence of ravishing black-eyed maids created solely for him.

The Korân contains numerous passages in which these things are promised in a general way; but it is to the ingenuity and amplifications of the commentators that the specific knowledge of the pleasures of Paradise is due. In the 47th Chapter of the Korân, whose object is to stimulate the true believers to fight for the Mohammedan faith, we find—"The description of Paradise which is promised to the pious: Therein are rivers of incorruptible water; rivers of milk, the taste whereof changeth not; rivers of wine, pleasant unto those that drink: and rivers of clarified honey: and therein shall they have plenty of all kinds of fruits; *and pardon from the Lord;*"—the last blessing thrown in something like Falstaff's half-pennyworth of bread, to qualify the intolerable deal of sack. The commentators have improved on this hint; for the first joy of Paradise offered to the blessed is the pond of the Prophet, from which they are to drink. It is supplied by two pipes from the river Al Cawthar, which takes its rise at the root of the tree called Tûba, or "tree of happiness," of which more anon.

This river is declared to be sweeter than honey, whiter than milk, cooler than snow, more odoriferous than musk, and smoother than cream; its banks are of chrysolites, and the vessels to drink thereout are of silver, and as numerous as the stars of the firmament. Such is the incomparable virtue of this water, that he who drinks of it will thirst no more for ever. Here was an inducement for the thirsty Hadji to prosecute the pilgrimage to Mecca, though to be told of these delights in the midst of the desert was almost as tantalising as the mirage itself.

In the Chapter entitled " The Merciful," Mohammed himself enters more into detail. He says: " For him who dreadeth the tribunal of his Lord are prepared two gardens, planted with shady trees. In each of them shall be two fountains flowing. In each of them shall there be of every fruit two kinds. They shall repose on couches, the linings whereof shall be of thick silk interwoven with gold; and the fruit of the two gardens shall be near at hand to gather. Therein shall receive them beauteous damsels, refraining their eyes from beholding any besides their spouses, having complexions like rubies and pearls. And besides these, there shall be two other gardens of a dark green; and in each of them shall be two fountains pouring forth plenty of water. In each of them shall be fruits, and palm trees, and pomegranates. Therein shall be agreeable and beauteous damsels, having fine black eyes, and kept in pavilions from public view: therein shall they delight themselves, lying on green cushions and beautiful carpets."

Again, in the chapter called " The Inevitable," the Prophet says of the faithful:—" They shall dwell in gardens of delight, reposing on couches adorned with gold and precious stones; sitting opposite to each other thereon. Youths which shall continue in their bloom for ever, shall go round about to attend them, with goblets and beakers, and a cup of flowing wine: their heads shall not ache by drinking the same," (it would seem that Mohammed had some experience in tippling,) " neither shall their reason be disturbed; and with fruits of the sorts which they shall choose, and the flesh of birds of the kind which they shall desire. And there shall accompany them fair damsels having large black eyes, resembling pearls hidden in their shells, as a reward for that which they shall have wrought. And the companions of the right hand (the blessed) shall have their abode among lote-trees free from thorns, and trees of *mauz*, (a species of acacia,) loaded regularly with their produce from top to bottom, under an extended shade, near a flowing water, and amidst fruits in abundance, which shall not fail, nor shall be forbidden to be gathered; and they shall repose themselves on lofty beds."

It has been wittily said by the poet, who has given us the most glowing descriptions of the East, that—

> " A Turkish heaven is easily made,—
> 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

and, as far as Mohammed's account goes, they seem indeed to be the principal ingredients in creating a Paradise; but Jellalo'ddin, Yahya, and others, are not willing to receive the blessings of the promise so literally. Founding their assertion upon the Prophet's traditions, they say that the Paradise promised to the true believers is situated in the seventh heaven, next under the throne of God, the earth whereof is of the finest wheaten flour, or of the purest musk; that its stones are pearls and jacinths, the walls of its buildings enriched with gold and

silver, and the trunks of its trees of gold. Conspicuous amongst the latter is the tuba tree, to which we have already alluded, which stands in the (celestial) palace of Mohammed, and a branch of which reaches to the house of every true believer. This tree produces everything edible: fruit of all kinds, pomegranates, melons, grapes, dates, and figs, fish, flesh, and fowl, with the advantage, moreover, as regards the latter, of their being ready dressed; so that, if one of the faithful wants his dinner, he has only to wish for it, and straightway it is served up with all the profusion, and quite as much reality, as the celebrated banquet of the Barmekide. "The orthodox add," says Sale, quoting Jellallo'ddin, "that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruit; and that it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride on, ready saddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruits; and that this tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse, would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years."

It is clear that, when Mohammed devised the river Al Cawthar and the tuba tree, he had the 22nd chapter of Revelations in view, though he took a wide range in interpreting the spiritual blessings there promised. The words of the inspired evangelist are as follows:—

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruits every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Again, when Mohammed speaks, as we have seen, of the glories of the seventh heaven, he is setting forth materially that which St. John merely figured in a typical sense:—

"And the building of the wall was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones."

It has been the aim of the Soofi poets,—the chiefest of whom are Feride'ddin Attar, Jallalo'ddin Roomi, and the moral Sadi,—to attach a mystical meaning to all the promised joys of the Mussulman Paradise; but whatever the interpretation which their ingenuity has suggested, it is little doubtful that Mohammed's own desire was to rivet the attention of his followers on tangible objects, as on things the easiest of comprehension; and therefore, when he stocked his gardens of delight, he took care to offer to his warlike proselytes the pleasures most likely to allure men whose lives were passed amidst privation, toil, and danger. The grossness of these pleasures was, however, too palpable to escape the lash of the satirist, and we find in an Anglo-Saxon poem, preserved in Hickes's Thesaurus, (vol. iii.) and quoted by Warton as a specimen of the poetry of the twelfth century, a sufficiently ludicrous imitation of the Paradise of Mohammed, professing to be a description of the land of Cokaygne.

We have seen in the Korân that great splendour in furniture and dress is reserved for the faithful, and the commentators supply any details that may be wanting; they add that the godly will be clothed "in the richest silks and brocades, chiefly of green, which will burst forth

from the fruits of Paradise, (like the contents of a Sheffield walnut,) and will also be supplied by the leaves of the tree tûba; they will be adorned with bracelets of gold and silver, and crowns set with pearls of incomparable lustre; and will make use of silken carpets, litters a prodigious size, couches, pillows, and other rich furniture embroidered with gold and precious stones."

But beside the joys of the table and the delights of personal adornment, Mohammed has a greater attraction still for those whose faces are made white by their observance of the law. This consists in the presence of those lovely maidens, the حور or Virgins of Paradise, known to Europeans as the Houris, or more correctly Hooreyeh. These "delicate creatures," called from their splendid black eyes *Hûr al oyûn*, are created, not of clay, as mortal women are, but of musk, which seems to enter into the composition of everything that is esteemed beautiful in the East. They are perfectly formed, and dwell secluded from public view in pavilions of hollow pearls of enormous magnitude. This extension of size forms a prominent feature in Oriental conceptions. The blessed themselves are to be raised to the same stature as that of Adam before the fall, who is said to have been no less than sixty cubits high. Perpetual youth and undiminished strength are the concomitants of this state of being, and "lest any of the senses," says Sale, "should want their proper delight, we are told the ear will be there entertained, not only with the ravishing songs of Israsil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures, and of the daughters of Paradise, but even the trees themselves will celebrate the divine praises with a harmony exceeding whatever mortals have heard; to which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, so often as the blessed wish for music; nay, the very clashing of the golden-bodied trees, whose fruits are pearls and emeralds, will surpass human imagination; so that the pleasures of this sense will not be the least of the enjoyments of Paradise."

The situation of the Mohammedan Paradise is the last point left for us to consider, and here we shall follow the observations of Mr. Lane, the learned translator of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments *.

"According to the common opinion of the Arabs, there are seven heavens, one above another; and seven earths, one beneath another: the earth which we inhabit being the highest of the latter, and next below the lowest heaven. The upper surface of each heaven, and that of each earth, are believed to be nearly plane, and are generally supposed to be circular, and are said to be five hundred years' journey in width. This is also said to be the measure of the depth or thickness of each heaven and each earth, and of the distance between each heaven or earth; and that next above or below it," * * * "This notion of the seven heavens appears to have been taken from the 'seven spheres;' so also the idea of the seven earths seems to have been taken from the division of the earth into seven climates; a division which has been adopted by several Arab geographers.

"Traditions differ respecting the *fabric* of the seven heavens. In the most credible account, according to Ibn Esh-Shehneh, the first is described as formed of emerald; the second, of white silver; the third,

* See Notes to the Introduction, p. 20, Lane's Version.

of large white pearls; the fourth, of ruby; the fifth, of red gold; the sixth, of yellow jacinth; and the seventh, of shining light.

"Some assert Paradise to be in the seventh heaven, but the author above quoted proceeds to describe, next above the seventh heaven, seven seas of light; then an undefined number of veils, or separations, of different substances, seven of each kind; and then Paradise, which consists of seven stages, one above another: the first, (*Dar el-Jelál*, or the *Mansion of Glory*,) of white pearls; the second, (*Dar es-selám*, or the *Mansion of Peace*,) of ruby; the third, (*Jennet el Ma-wa*, or the *Garden of Rest*,) of green chrysolite; the fourth, *Jennet el-Khuld*, or the *Garden of Eternity*,) of green (or yellow) coral; the fifth, (*Jennet en-Na'eem*, or the *Garden of Delight*,) of white silver; the sixth, (*Jennet el Firdós*, or the *Garden of Paradise*,) of red gold; and the seventh, (*Jennet 'Adu*, or the *Garden of Perpetual Abode*—or of *Eden*,) of large pearls; this overlooking all the former, and canopied by the throne of the Compassionate (*'Arsh-Er-Rahmán*,) i. e. of God. These several regions of Paradise are described in some traditions as forming so many degrees or stages, ascended by steps."

In the construction of his Paradise, Mohammed was, as Sale observes, greatly indebted to the traditions of the Jews and the Persians; indeed he availed himself of every religion or form of belief known in the East; and therefore, if similarities are found to exist between the promises of the Korân and the anticipations of the Talmudists and the followers of Zoroaster, the originality must be referred to the latter. "The Jews," for example, "constantly described the future mansion of the just as a delicious garden, and make it also reach to the seventh heaven. They also say it has three gates, or, as others will have it, two, and four rivers, flowing with milk, wine, balsam, and honey. Their Behemoth and Leviathan, which they pretend will be slain for the entertainment of the blessed, are so apparently the Balâm and Nûn of Mohammed, that his followers themselves confess he is obliged to them for both. The Rabbins likewise mention seven different degrees of felicity, and say that the highest will be of those who perpetually contemplate the face of God. The Persian Magi had also an idea of the future happy estate of the good, very little different from that of Mohammed. Paradise they call Behisht and Minû, which signifies crystal, where they believe the righteous shall enjoy all manner of delights, and particularly the company of the Hurâm Behisht, or black-eyed nymphs of Paradise, the cause of whom, they say, is committed to the angel Zamiyâd; and hence Mohammed seems to have taken the first hint of his paradisiacal ladies."*

He borrowed many things besides. One amongst them, for instance, was the narrow bridge, (the *via semita* of Hyde,) over which the blessed are to pass on their way into Paradise. Speaking of the old Persians, Hyde says †: "Credunt defunctorum piorum animas esse apud Deum, aliorum alicubi, usque ad resurrectionem" (or rather *eternitatem*) "in quâ corporibus vestitæ, *per Pontem* (ubi sunt Angeli custodes) tentabunt transitum in terram felicitatis, et judicium subibant in ipso Ponte." This bridge is called in Persian "*Pul Tschînavar*," *Al Sirat* of the Arabs. The locality of the Persian Paradise is various; some place it exactly under the equator, "latitudine destituta seu privata," calling it the city of Giamshid; others suppose it (under the name of *Irân vigj*) on the confines of Persia, which Hyde conjectures to be the

* Preliminary Discourse. † Religio veterum Persarum.

mountain *Demavend;* and others again assign the country of Kanhsmeer as the site, on account of the mildness and beauty of the climate. But wherever situated, it was, as we have seen, an abode of delight, though perhaps not equal to the *Jennet 'Aden* of Mohammed, for the excess of the celestial over earthly bliss was only fourfold. "In Paradiso remunerabiter quadrupliciter."

If Mohammed copied the Elysian schemes of older religions, there were not wanting imitators of that which he had adopted, and accordingly we find numerous Paradises of subsequent creation. The principal of these was the terrestrial Paradise of Sheddád, the son of A'd, called *Irem Zát el-'Emád;* which is said to have been discovered by the Arab Kelábeh (or Colabah) when wandering in the desert in search of a stray camel. The story is thus told:—

"It is related that 'Abd Allah, the son of Aboo Kilábeh, went forth to seek a camel that had run away; and while he was proceeding over the deserts of El-Yemen and the district of Seba, he chanced to arrive at a vast city encompassed by enormous fortifications, around the circuit of which were pavilions rising high into the sky. So when he approached it, he imagined that there must be inhabitants within it, of whom he might inquire for his camel; and accordingly he advanced to it; but on coming to it, he found that it was desolate, without any one to cheer its solitude.

"I alighted," says he, "from my she-camel, and tied up her foot; and then, composing my mind, entered the city. On approaching the fortifications, I found that they had two enormous gates, the like of which, for size and height, have never been seen elsewhere in the world, set with a variety of jewels and jacinths, white, and red, and yellow, and green; and when I beheld this, I was struck with the utmost wonder at it, and the sight astonished me. I entered the fortifications in a state of terror, and with a wandering mind, and saw them to be of the same large extent as the city, and to comprise elevated pavilions, every one of these containing lofty chambers, and all of them constructed of gold and silver, and adorned with rubies and chrysolites, and pearls, and various coloured jewels. The folding doors of these pavilions were like those of the fortifications in beauty, and their floors were overlaid with large pearls and with balls like hazel-nuts, composed of musk and ambergris and saffron. And when I came into the midst of the city, I saw not in it a created being of the sons of Adam; and I almost died of terror. I then looked down from the summits of the lofty chambers and pavilions, and saw rivers running beneath them; and in the great thoroughfare-streets of the city were fruit-bearing trees, and tall palm-trees; and the construction of the city was of alternate bricks of gold and silver; so I said within myself, No doubt this is the Paradise promised in the world to come.

"I carried away, of the jewels which were as its gravel, and the musk that was as its dust, as much as I could bear, and returned to my district, where I acquainted the people with the occurrence. And the news reached Mo'áhwiyeh, the son of Aboo Sufyan, (who was then Khaleefeh,) in the Hejáz; so he wrote to his lieutenant in San'a of El Yemen, saying, summon that man, and inquire of him the truth of the matter. His lieutenant therefore caused me to be brought, and demanded of me an account of my adventure, and of what had befallen me; and I informed him of what I had seen. He then sent me to Mo'áhwiyeh, and I acquainted him also with that which I had seen;

but he disbelieved it: so I produced to him some of those pearls and the little balls of ambergris and musk and saffron. The latter retained somewhat of their sweet scent; but the pearls had become yellow and discoloured.

"At the sight of these, Mo'áhwiyeh wondered, and he sent and caused Kaab el-Ahbár to be brought before him, and said to him, 'O Kaab el-Ahbár, I have called thee on account of a matter of which I desire to know the truth, and I hope that thou mayest be able to certify me of it.' 'And what is it, O Prince of the Faithful?' asked Kaab el-Ahbár. Mo'áhwiyeh said, 'Hast thou any knowledge of the existence of a city constructed of gold and silver, the pillars whereof are of chrysolite and ruby, and the gravel of which is pearls, and of balls like hazel-nuts, composed of musk and ambergris and saffron?' He answered, 'Yes, O Prince of the Faithful. It is *Irem Zát el-'Emád* (Irem with the lofty buildings), the like of which hath never been constructed in the regions of the earth; and Sheddád the son of 'A'd the Greater built it.'"*

According to the account which we have followed, the Khaleefeh desired to hear the history of Sheddád, which we shall briefly give. The tribe of A'd, of which Sheddád was the chief, were settled in al Ahkâf, or the winding sands in the province of Hudramant. "He was fond of reading ancient books, and when he met with the description of the world to come, and of Paradise, with its pavilions and lofty chambers, and its trees and fruits, and of the other things in Paradise, his heart enticed him to construct its like on earth, after the manner of that already described as seen by Colabah. The site of this terrestrial paradise was chosen in the desert of Aden, 'in a vast open plain, clear from hills and mountains, and in it were springs gushing forth and rivers rushing.' The building of the city occupied *three hundred years*, and twenty more were given to the erection of impregnable fortifications around it. When all was completed, Sheddád, who dignified himself by the magnificent title of 'King of the World,' ordered his Wezeers, who were a thousand in number, and his chief officers, and such of his troops and others as he confided in, to make themselves ready for departure, and to prepare themselves for removal to *Irem Zát el-'Emád*, in attendance upon him. He ordered also such as he chose of his women and his hareem, as his female slaves and his eunuchs, to fit themselves out. And they passed twenty years in equipping themselves. Then Sheddád proceeded with his troops, rejoiced at the accomplishment of his desire, until there remained between him and *Irem Zát el-'Emád* one day's journey; when God sent down upon him and upon the obstinate infidels who accompanied him, a loud cry from the heaven of his power, and it destroyed them all by the vehemence of its sound. Neither Sheddád nor any of those who were with him arrived at the city, or came in sight of it, and God obliterated the traces of the road that led to it: but the city remaineth as it was, in its place, until the hour of the judgment."

The Khaleefeh having doubts as to the possibility of this earthly Paradise being discovered, inquired of the traditionist if any man could arrive at that city, and was answered in the affirmative. "Yes," replied Kaab el-Ahbár, whose interest lay in supporting the statement of Colabah, "a man of the companions of Mohammed (a camel driver), in appearance like the man who is sitting here, without any doubt." Henceforward the alleged discovery of Colabah passed current as a fact, though there is little doubt of the whole story being an invention of the commentators.

* Notes to chap. xi. (pp. 342, 3, vol. 2) of Lane's translation of the Arabian Nights.

EHRENSTEIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE morning was dull and heavy, though fully risen, when Ferdinand of Altenburg was summoned to the count's chamber; but by this time he could bear the tidings to his lord that all had been cleared away from the hall, at the sacrifice of the wine which had been left there. "There was enough, indeed, to render the knaves half-drunk," he added; "but it had the effect of making them swear, by all they hold sacred, that they would never shun the hall again, if it were haunted by whole troops of goblins."

"We shall not need to try them, Ferdinand," replied the count; "we must change our plan, good youth. We must not have our food poisoned by doubts and fears; but for the future we will take our meals in separate parties—some in the lesser hall, some in the two rooms on either side. But what makes you look so dull, as if your mind were roaming to other things? You were not disturbed, you say?"

"Oh no, my lord. This last night I saw nothing," answered Ferdinand; "but I am weary, and feel heavy-eyed, having slept but little for several nights."

"Well, hie thee to bed, then, for a while," replied the count. But he was not yet satisfied; for there were signs rather of thought than of slumber in the young man's face; and with suspicions aroused of he knew not well what, he resolved to watch him more carefully.

The day passed nearly without events. The whole party seemed relieved when they found that the haunted hall was no more to be visited. The count and his noble guest walked for a great part of the morning on the battlements in earnest conversation; the knights and soldiers amused themselves with the sports and games of the day in the courts and chambers; and the hour of noon brought with it the usual meal. During the whole morning, Adelaide and Ferdinand did not meet; and even at dinner, by the count's arrangements, the young man was sent to superintend another room, where a table was spread for some of the chief officers of both households. One glance, as he passed through the hall, was all that he obtained; and he thought that Adelaide's eyes looked anxious. Count Frederick was standing on one side of the lady, and his young follower, Martin of Dillberg, on the other, as the lover crossed the hall; and on the face of Dillberg there were smiles and sweet looks, which made Ferdinand's breast feel warm with sensations he had never before experienced. Doubt or suspicion in regard to Adelaide herself he could not entertain; but yet jealousy has many stages, and Ferdinand hated Count Frederick's follower heartily from that moment. He felt or fancied they were rivals; and perhaps, in the whole range of bitter emotions, there is none more painful than that which we endure when we know that even for a time a rival has the ear of her we love. At the meal he tried to be cheerful as well as courteous; and though it cost him a great effort to conceal his uneasiness, yet his manner was so pleasing to all, that he rose high in the opinion of Count Frederick's train; and even at the table, almost within his own hearing, com-

parisons were made between him and Martin of Dillberg, not very favourable to the later.

"I love him not," said one; "I never have; and the more I see of him, the less I like him. Were he like this young squire, one could understand our lord's favour for him."

"Ay," answered an elder man, to whom he had been speaking; "our lord will rue that favour one of these days. He is cunning and false; ever making his own tale good, and seeking to injure others. I never saw one yet, who was so artful and malicious when he was young, that did not commit some treachery before he was old."

"Ay, the count is beginning to know him, I believe," rejoined the first; "saw you not how he chid him for the falsehood he told of Sigismond? He would have done better to send him away at once; but he bears with him because his father was a good soldier and an honest man."

"Ay, and his mother a devil incarnate," answered the other; "she broke his father's heart, betrayed his honour, and ruined him; and this youth is her very image."

In such comments more than one at the table indulged very freely: but Ferdinand heard them not; for he was conversing somewhat eagerly with one of Count Frederick's younger knights, though the subject was one of no greater interest than the history of the jester. Ferdinand sought for information to confirm or remove the suspicions he entertained; but he could obtain little; and, indeed, his companion did not seem disposed to communicate much. "I was with a different band," he said, in answer to one of the young man's questions, "when this man joined the count."

"Then he did join him in the Holy Land?" asked Ferdinand.

"I believe so," was the reply; "but I know nought as certain. He might have known the count before."

"I have heard he saved your leader's life," said the young man.

"Yes, so they say," rejoined the knight. "I was not present, and know nothing of it."

All farther questions were equally fruitless; and the meal was drawing near its conclusion, when some noise was heard in the adjoining hall, of a different kind from that which had preceded; though in those days, as often as at present, the hour of dinner was a noisy one. The Count of Ehrenstein's voice could be distinguished, asking questions in a sharp tone, and every now and then another answering, while the tones of Count Frederick joined in from time to time even more angrily.

"What is the matter in there, Henry?" asked Ferdinand, as one of the servers passed through, bearing some dishes.

"A party of Venetian traders, sir, have been stopped and plundered beyond Anweiler," replied the man; "and it seems they had gold with them belonging to Count Frederick; so they have sent up to seek redress and help. One of them has been killed they say."

"Who has done it?" asked the young gentleman; "I thought such bands had been put down."

"Oh, it is the Baron of Eppenfeld," said the server. "He will never give up that trade; and his place is so strong, it will be difficult to force him."

Thus saying, he went on; and the thoughts of all present turned to the results that were likely to ensue from the event that had just occurred.

"Count Frederick will not be long out of the saddle," observed one of his attendants; "it is not well to pull the beard of an old lion."

"I doubt we shall have enough here to right the affair," rejoined an old soldier: "it is unlucky that one half of the band marched on."

"But the Count of Ehrenstein will not suffer his friend to go unaided," answered Ferdinand; "he can call out two hundred men-at-arms."

"That would indeed be serviceable," said the knight, "and doubtless he will do it; for I have heard that this gold belonged to the late count, and was found safely treasured in a castle of the Knights Hospitallers on the coast."

Ferdinand was about to answer, when old Sickendorf put in his head, exclaiming, "Here, here, Ferdinand, the count would speak with you." And instantly rising, the young man followed into the neighbouring hall. He found the two counts apparently much excited, speaking together eagerly, and a tall, grave-looking elderly man, in foreign garments, standing beside them, occasionally joining in their conversation, which went on for some time after Ferdinand of Altenburg had entered. At length the count turned towards him, saying, "Here is an occasion for you, Ferdinand. The Baron of Eppenfeld has waylaid these merchants on their way hither—from good information of their coming it would seem, but how obtained, heaven knows. He has seized all their luggage, and in it treasure belonging to me. It is judged but courteous to suppose that he is ignorant that I am interested; and therefore, instead of going in arms to demand reparation at once, I send to claim that all be instantly restored to these noble merchants, and that compensation be given for the death of one of their varlets, and the wounds of another: that compensation to be awarded by myself and Count Frederick here. You shall be my messenger; take with you ten men at your choice, and depart at once, so that you be back before morning. If Eppenfeld will restore all, and make compensation, well; if not, defy him in my name, and in that of Count Frederick. The task is one of honour, though of some danger; but I know it will not be less pleasant to you on that account."

"Thank you, my good lord," replied Ferdinand; "but let me know my errand fully. If the baron seeks to delay his reply, how am I to act? It is now one of the clock; ride as hard as I will, I shall not reach his castle-gates till five; and he may say that he will give me an answer in the morning."

"Stay not an hour," replied the count; "I would not have you or any of your troop, either break bread or taste wine within his gates till the answer is given. If he says yes, you may refresh yourselves and the horses. If he says no, return at once, and rest at Anweiler. If he seeks delay, give him but half an hour, and tell him such are our express commands. Now away, good youth, to make ready. You must all go armed."

"I will do your will to the best, my lord," answered Ferdinand; and with a glance to the pale cheek of Adelaide, he was turning to leave the hall, when Count Frederick called him back, and drawing him to the window, said in a low voice, "I would fain have you, my dear lad, discover, if possible, how this worthy knight obtained intelligence of the merchant's journey. I must leave the means to yourself, but I have my reasons for the inquiry. I fear this may be a dangerous expedition for you," he added.

"More full of danger than honour, my good lord," answered Ferdinand. "Small chance of fair fighting—much of being caught like a rat in a trap. But I will do my best, and have nought but to obey."

Thus saying, he left the hall, not daring to turn his eyes to Adelaide again.

Choosing his men from those on whom he could best depend, Ferdinand descended for a moment to the court, gave orders for the horses to be saddled and all prepared without a moment's delay, and then mounted to his own chamber to arm himself in haste. He had nearly done, and heard gay voices speaking on the battlements far below, when some one knocked gently at his door.

"Come in," cried the young man; and Bertha's face appeared, with a look half-frightened, half-playful.

"Your lady wishes to speak with you for a moment before you go, sir scapegrace," said the girl, in a low tone. "She is in the corridor below, and all the rest are away for a minute or two—so make haste;" and without more words, she hastened away, leaving the door ajar.

Ferdinand lost no time; but, as ever is the case when one attempts to abridge a necessary process, one thing went wrong, and then another, so that he was longer than he would have been had he been less in haste. At length, however, all was complete; and hurrying down, he found Adelaide waiting anxiously near the door of her own apartments, with Bertha at a little distance towards the top of the great stairs. As soon as she saw him, the lovely girl sprang towards him, and their lips met.

"Oh, Ferdinand," she said, "I have longed to speak with you all the morning; but the castle has been so full that it would have been madness to attempt it; and now you are going whence you may per chance never return. At all events, you cannot be back in time to do what is required."

"Fear not for me, dear one," answered Ferdinand; "neither imagine that I will linger for a moment by the way, if Adelaide has ought to command me."

"Nay, it is not I who command," replied his beautiful companion, with a faint blush; "'tis Father George, who requires that you and I together shall be at the chapel to-night, some time between midnight and dawn."

"Indeed!" said Ferdinand. "Does he explain for what object?"

"No; three or four words written in a billet closely sealed were all the intimation I have had," answered Adelaide.

"And would you go if it were possible, dear girl?" inquired her lover.

"I will do whatever he directs," replied the lady.

"Then, if there be a means of any kind, I will be back," said Ferdinand. "Do not retire to rest till all hope of my coming is over for the night. But as I might perchance be detained, it were better to send down Bertha to the good priest to let him know that, if not there to-night, we will come to-morrow night without fail, if I be alive and free."

As he spoke, Bertha raised her hand suddenly as a warning, and Adelaide was drawing back to her own apartments; but Ferdinand detained her, saying, "Do not seem alarmed; 'tis our own hearts makes us fear. I may well bid you adieu, as I would any other lady;" and bending his head over her hand, he kissed it, saying aloud, "Farewell, lady! God shield you ever!"

"Farewell, Ferdinand," said Adelaide, in a tone that somewhat wa-

vered; and at the same moment Bertha drew near, and Martin of Dillberg entered the corridor from the great stairs. His eyes were turned instantly towards the two lovers; and although Bertha was by this time close to them, with waiting-maid-like propriety, the youth's lip curled with a smile of not the most benevolent aspect.

"Farewell, pretty Bertha," said Ferdinand, as soon as he saw Count Frederick's follower; and then passing him with very slight salutation, he hurried away, while Adelaide retired at once to her own chamber. The men and horses were not yet prepared; and as Ferdinand was standing armed in the court, waiting for their appearance, the count, with his guest, the priest, and the jester, passed by. The count's eye rested on him, but he did not address him; and as the party walked on, the young man heard the lord of Ehrenstein reply to some question of Count Frederick's, "Yes, he is always prompt and ready—brave as a lion too, fearing nothing living or dead; but there has come over him to-day a sort of dull gloom which I do not understand."

Ferdinand heard no more; and, in five minutes after, he was in the saddle and at the head of his troop, wending onward on his expedition. Crossing the valley, he followed the course of the opposite hills, as if he were journeying to Durkheim, till he had passed the abbey about two miles, where a small village, commanding a beautiful view of the valley of the Rhine, presented itself; and turning through it to the right, he was pursuing his way, when a loud voice from a blacksmith's forge called him by name; and he checked his horse for a moment.

"Whither away, sir? whither away?" asked Franz Creussen, coming forth with his enormous arms bare to the shoulders.

"To Eppenfeld," answered Ferdinand; "the baron has waylaid some merchants bringing gold to the count, and I am sent to ask him to give it up. I cannot stay to tell you more, Franz, but doubt that I may stay longer where I am going, and perchance need arms as strong as yours to get me out."

"Likely enough," replied the giant. "When come you back, if they let you?"

"As fast as my horse can carry me," answered the young man, and galloped on along one of the narrow hill-paths that led towards Anweiler, with an unrivalled view of the whole palatinate below him on the left, and the mountains of the Haard, and their innumerable castles, abbeys, and monasteries crowning every peak and barring every gorge. When he reached the road from Landau to Zwiebrucken, near Anweiler, instead of following it far, he turned away again, before he had gone on a quarter of a mile, in the direction of Weissenburg, and entered a dark and gloomy-looking valley, where rocks and trees were far more plentiful than churches or human habitations. Closing in on either side, the high hills left but a narrow space for the dell as it wound on; till at length, at a spot where the basin extended a little, a tall rock rose up in the centre, covered with wood wherever the roots could find earth to bear them, and crowned with walls and towers above. Ferdinand gave his weary horse the spur, and in a few minutes more stood before the gates of the Castle of Eppenfeld.

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THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO.

The distinguished French novelist, M. Alexandre Dumas, has been introduced to the readers of "Ainsworth's Magazine" in a tale of great interest and dramatic vigour, the Prisoner of If. The reader will remember that the narrative in question detailed the unjust imprisonment and prolonged sufferings of Edmund Dantès, a young sailor, who was falsely accused from motives of jealousy, by a certain Danglars, and basely persecuted from political apprehensions, by the King's would-be loyal solicitor, M. de Villefort, whose father, M. de Noirtier, was a true and staunch Bonapartist.

By this hideous conspiracy, the young man was torn, without even the form of a trial, from the most smiling prospects, a kind master (M. Morel), an aged father, and a betrothed Catalonian maid (Mercédès), to be immured for many years in the dungeons of the castellated island of If. During this prolonged incarceration he obtained the knowledge of languages, literature, and science from an old abbé, a fellow political prisoner, and a man of infinite wisdom, learning, and piety. By a train of circumstances, perhaps more extraordinary than any that have been hitherto presented in the annals of prison escapes, he was, upon the death of the priest, carried away and thrown, upon the supposition of his being a corpse, from a great height into the sea. Roused, however, to almost superhuman exertions by the love of life and liberty, he succeeded in reaching the desert island of Monte Christo, where, guided by the revelations of the deceased, he was enabled to discover the buried treasures of the Borgias.

The first use that he made of his newly acquired liberty and riches, were to inquire after his father and his betrothed. The first was dead, and he liberally-rewarded a certain Caderousse, who had befriended him in his last hours. Mercédès had been induced, by belief in his death, to give her hand to another. The Morel family were, by the accidents of trade, in distress, and he relieved them with as much tact and delicacy as munificence. The subsequent proceedings of Edmund Dantès, in the progress of a great task which he had imposed upon himself in the hour of agony and trial, will be found by the attentive reader to have an intimate connection with the history now presented to him, of a very mysterious personage, the Count of Monte Christo.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

In the spring of 1838, Franz d'Epinay, a young French gentleman, having explored the traces that the giant of Elba had left at his temporary resting-place, and sought to vary a day's amusement by shooting partridges on the islet of Pianosa, ordered the boat, at the recommendation of Gaetano, his Italian skipper, to proceed to the island of Monte Christo, which, uninhabited by man, had the reputation of being tenanted by herds of wild goats. The wind was favourable, and the light bark made excellent way, but the distance was considerable, and darkness overtook them long before they had reached the island, revealing

to them at the same time a fire burning upon its supposed desert shores.

Such a circumstance did not fail to awaken apprehensions on the part of the Italian boatman, who informed the young sportsman that the said island was not unfrequently made a place of refuge by pirates, smugglers, and other doubtful characters. Undeterred, however, by this intelligence, Franz determined to land, and as they had now approached the coast, they were not long in being challenged by an armed sentinel, who, after a few words from Gaetano, disappeared, to return in a brief space of time, with a welcome for the traveller.

Once ashore, and a fire having been lit, apprehensions soon faded away, and it was proposed to exchange certain of the Pianosa partridges for a portion of roasted Monte Christo goat, the perfume from which was ever and anon brought by the breeze from the stranger's fire. Gaetano was accordingly deputed upon this interesting mission, having, as Franz declared, a real genius for negotiation, and he almost as quickly returned with an invitation from the chief for Franz to take supper with him, but with the condition imposed, that he should allow himself to be conducted blindfold.

"What, then," said Franz, "has this chief a house here?"

"No, but he has a home not the less comfortable for all that."

"What is his name?"

"Sindbad the Sailor."

"Sindbad the Sailor! How did he come here?"

"In a yacht, a beautiful little vessel, and an excellent sailer."

"He is rich then?"

"They say that he lives in a subterranean palace, compared with which that of Pitti is nothing."

"Well, I am decidedly in for one of the Arabian night's entertainments. My curiosity is so excited, that I would descend into the cavern of Ali Baba."

Franz allowed himself accordingly to be bandaged and conducted by two men; he soon felt, by the change of temperature, that he was entering a cave, and shortly afterwards he was aware that he was walking on a soft carpet, and his guides left him.

"You are welcome," said a voice in good French; "you can remove the bandage."

Franz did not wait to have this invitation repeated, he loosened the kerchief, and found himself in the presence of a man, thirty-eight or forty years of age, dressed in the costume of a native of Tunis, with a handsome but extremly pale countenance. His eyes were however soon called from the observation of the chief by the splendour of the room, which was gorgeously furnished as a divan, with Turkish carpet, Venetian lamp, and Arabian arms glittering with precious stones.

"Sir," interrupted the host, "you will excuse the manner in which I introduced you here; but as this island is considered desert, you will feel that if the secret of this residence was known, disagreeable consequences might result to me, but I hope to make you forget so small an inconvenience by a tolerable supper and a good bed."

"Oh, my dear host," answered Franz, "do not mention it; I have always read that the eyes of persons who were about to be introduced into enchanted palaces were previously bandaged, and," he said, looking around him, "such I think has been my fortunate lot."

"Alas, such is my hermitage, and such as it is, it is at your command. Ali, is supper ready?"

A Nubian, black as ebony, and clothed in a simple white tunic, entered, and bowed the way to an adjacent room. In it was a table splendidly served. The dishes were of silver, the plates of China. A turbot, a lobster, goat, and boar ham, and a roast pheasant, surrounded by Corsican thrushes, appealed to the appetite. Statues in the corners of the room held baskets of Sicilian pine-apples, Malaga pomegranates, oranges, and peaches. With the progress of supper conversation became more confidential.

"And so, like the memorable sailor whose name you bear," remarked Franz to his host, "you pass your life in travelling?"

"Yes, it is a vow that I made at a time when I little thought of being able to accomplish it," answered the host, smiling. "I have made some other such, and I hope they may all be accomplished in their turn."

"You have suffered a good deal, sir?" said Franz to him.

Sindbad shuddered and looked at him steadily. "What makes you think that?" he asked.

"Everything," answered Franz; "your voice, your look, your paleness, and the life you lead."

"I! the life I lead is the happiest that I know, the veriest life of a pasha; I am as free as a bird, stop where I like, go where I like. My people obey my very signals; and then I sometimes amuse myself by anticipating human justice. I have objects of my own—projects, many of which remain to be accomplished."

"A vengeance, perchance," said Franz.

The unknown again fixed his eyes upon the young man, and seemed to search into the very depths of his heart and thoughts.

"And why a vengeance?" he inquired.

"Because," answered Franz, "you appear to me to be a man who, persecuted by society, has some terrible account to settle with her."

"Perhaps so," said Sindbad, smiling with a strange smile, while his eyes scintillated with fierceness.

With the dessert a small vermilion cup was placed upon the table by the Nubian slave. It contained a confection of the well-known hashish of the East. The stranger spoke in ecstasies of the pleasures and delights obtained by the use of this drug, and Franz, allowing himself to be persuaded, took half a tea-spoonful.

After supper they retired to the divan, and amber-mouthed chibuks were brought, the use of which soon assisted to throw Franz into a delicious reverie. All the physical fatigue of the day seemed to pass away, the body appeared to acquire a spiritual lightness, his senses had obtained a faculty of expansion hitherto unknown to them, and his imagination presented to him scenes and sensations to which he had never before been familiar, till from them he sank gradually into a soft and delicious slumber.

When Franz awoke he found himself in a grotto, naked as a sepulchre, and lying on a bed of heather. He advanced to the entrance, and perceived the skipper and the sailors of yesterday, and the boat rocking at its anchorage. Seeing him, the padrone advanced, and after the usual morning salute,

"The noble Sindbad," he said, "charged us to make his best com-

pliments, and to express his regret at not seeing you at his departure, but important business called him to Malaga."

"He is gone then?" said Franz.

"Yes, yonder is his yacht, every sail set. If you take the glass you may perhaps distinguish him on the deck."

Franz looked, and he saw the yacht fast distancing the island.

"It is then a reality!" he said to himself, and descending to the shore, after making some fruitless attempts to discover an opening to the subterranean palace, he made a hurried breakfast, and left for the coast of Italy.

THE ROMAN BANDIT.

Franz had repaired from Florence to Rome, where he had promised to spend the carnival,—a brief period, during which the Eternal City is momentarily awakened from that lugubrious apathy which, during the remainder of the year, renders it a kind of station between this world and the other,—with his young friend, Albert de Morcerf. Having obtained quarters at the Pastrini's London Hotel, Franz, who was intimate with Rome, wished the first thing to show Albert the Coliseum by moonlight; and further, that that mighty ruin should be seen in all its glory, and without the previous preparation of the Capitol, the Forum, or the Arch of Septimus Severus, he proposed that the carriage should convey them thither, passing by the Gate del Popolo, and re-entering by that of San Giovanni. But when this route was mentioned to the landlord, he proclaimed it to be impossible, or at least very dangerous.

"Dangerous! and why?" was the immediate inquiry.

"Because of the famous Luigi Vampa."

"My dear host, who is the famous Luigi Vampa?" asked Albert. "He may be very famous at Rome, but I assure you he is much unknown in Paris."

"What, do you not know him?"

"I have not that honour."

"Well, he is a bandit, compared with whom the Decesario and the Gasparoni are like so many choristers."

"Will you favour us with his history," asked Franz, moving an armchair, and requesting the padrone to be seated.

"If their excellencies permit it," said Pastrini, "you cannot address yourself to a better person than myself; I have known Luigi Vampa from the time he was a child."

"What, then, he is still young?"

"Scarcely twenty-two years of age! He was a mere shepherd-boy in the service of Count de San Felice, between Palestrina and the Lake of Gabri. While a child he gave indications of an extraordinary character. When seven years of age, he at his own request obtained lessons from the priest as he passed on his way from Palestrina to Borgo, for he could not leave his flock; and although his lessons were necessarily very brief, no scholar profited so much at the village school. A young girl, six or seven years of age, tended sheep in the same neighbourhood, and they studied and played and were always together. A mutual attachment grew up with their years between Vampa and Teresa. Their natural instincts drew them together. Vampa was ardent, passionate, and domineering; Teresa was gay, lively, and coquettish; but she could

command Vampa by a word or a look. Vampa was always dreaming of being captain of a ship, or general of an army; Teresa represented herself, by similar illusions, dressed in rich robes, and followed by liveried servants. Vampa had obtained a gun, and was distinguished as the best shot and as the bravest contadino in the country.

"At this period Cucumetto was at the head of the brigands who infested the neighbourhood of Rome. He was a brave but profligate captain, and even his extraordinary audacity was surpassed by his revolting brutality. One day Vampa and Teresa were seated together, when they heard two or three reports of guns, and a man issued from the woods running towards them.

"'I am pursued,' he exclaimed, 'can you hide me?' The two young people immediately recognized that he was a bandit; but there is an innate sympathy between the Roman peasant and the brigand, and the former always helps the latter. Vampa rose without saying a word, led the way to a grotto in the neighbourhood, and closed it upon the fugitive with a large stone. He had scarcely returned, when four mounted carbiniers appeared at the skirts of the forest. They approached the young people and asked them if they had seen any one. They answered in the negative.

"'That's a pity,' said a carbinier, 'for he who has escaped was the chief.'

"'Cucumetto?' exclaimed Vampa and Teresa together.

"'Yes,' answered the trooper, 'and you would have had four hundred Roman crowns for aiding in his capture.'

"The two young people looked at one another.

"'Yes, it is a pity,' said Vampa, 'but we have not seen him.'

"The carbiniers departed to search the neighbourhood. Vampa then removed the stone, and Cucumetto came out. He offered gold to the young people, which was refused with dignity; but his whole attention was captivated by Teresa, and he returned several times to repeat his thanks to his preservers.

"The ensuing carnival, the Count de San Felice gave a fancy ball, chiefly to please his daughter Carmela, and as the servants and peasants were allowed to be spectators, Teresa asked Vampa to conduct her there. The festival was very splendid, and most of the young ladies and gentlemen had adopted the picturesque costumes of the peasantry of Frascati, Albana, Sori, and other places of the neighbourhood. Carmela took it into her head to form out of these mixed costumes, one uniform quadrille, but there wanted one lady to complete it. The count pointed out Teresa leaning on the arm of Luigi, in the midst of the peasants.

"'Do you permit it, father?' asked Carmela.

"'Undoubtedly,' answered the count, 'are we not in carnival?'

"Carmela soon despatched a young gentleman to fetch the pretty peasant-girl, who dared not refuse, notwithstanding the jealous looks of Luigi. The latter watched her every movement, and those of her partner, and when their hands met, he felt an involuntary shudder. When she returned to her lover, 'Teresa,' he said, 'what was you thinking of, when you was dancing opposite to the young countess?'

"'I was thinking,' answered the young girl, 'that I would give half my life to wear a costume like that which she wore.'

"'And what did your partner say to you?'

"'He said that it depended upon me to have one like it.'

"'He was right,' answered Luigi, 'and you shall have one.'

"The young girl raised her head in astonishment, but the looks of her companion were so fierce and gloomy, that she did not venture to question him.

"That very night a fire broke out in the Villa San Felice, in the quarter inhabited by the young Carmela, who was with difficulty saved from the flames by a young peasant, who transported her by almost superhuman exertions from her burning apartment, and having deposited her in the garden among her servants and friends, disappeared before any one had time to recognise him.

"The next morning Luigi met Teresa with a gay countenance. To her surprise he conducted her to the grotto, where was the costume she so much desired, even to the collar of pearls and the diamond pins. Scarcely waiting to thank the donor, she threw herself into the grotto, while Luigi hastened to close the entrance, for a traveller was approaching on horseback. He came to ask the way, and Luigi conducted him to the forest and pointed out the route to Tivoli.

"'There is your road, your excellency,' said Luigi.

"'And there your reward,' said the traveller, giving him a few coins.

"'Thank you,' said Luigi, 'I render a service, I do not sell it.'

"'Well then, as you refuse a salary, you will accept a gift; take these two Venetian sequins and give them to your betrothed for earrings.'

"'I accept, but you must take this dagger,' said the shepherd, 'the handle was carved by myself. It may be an introduction at some future time.'

"'What is your name?' asked the traveller.

"'Luigi Vampa," answered the shepherd, as if he had said Alexander of Macedon. 'And yours?'

"'I am called Sindbad the Sailor,' answered the traveller."

Franz d'Epinay uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Vampa put the sequins in his pocket, and was returning at a slow pace, when he heard a scream coming from the direction of the grotto. He vaulted over the intervening space with the activity of a goat, cocking his gun as he ran. On approaching the cave, he saw a man bearing away Teresa, as the Centaur Nessus once bore Dejanira. Luigi did not hesitate, his gun was levelled, and Teresa and her ravisher fell with the discharge. But Teresa got up again, while the man remained on the ground in the agony of death. Vampa approached him; it was Cucumetto. He then turned towards his betrothed.

"'Ah! ha!" he said, 'it is well you are dressed, it is my turn now to make my toilette.' Teresa had invested herself from head to foot in the costume of the daughter of Count San Felicie. Vampa took the body of Cucumetto in his arms and carried it into the grotto. In a quarter of an hour he returned dressed in the rich garb of the bandit chief. Teresa made an exclamation of admiration.

"'Now,' he said to Teresa, "are you ready to share my fortune, whatever it may be?'

"'Oh yes!' answered the girl enthusiastically.

"'To follow me wherever I go?'

"'To the end of the world!'

"'Then take my arm and let us be gone, for we have no time to lose.'

"And both advanced into the forest. Vampa knew every pathway, and he proceeded without hesitation, now through a dark wood, next by the banks of a rocky stream, till suddenly a man started from behind a tree.

"'Not a step further,' he called out, 'or you are a dead man.'

"'Nonsense,' said Vampa, with an expression of contempt, 'do the wolves destroy one another?'

"'Who are you,' asked the sentinel.

"'I am Luigi Vampa, and I wish to speak to your comrades.'

"'Advance then!' said the sentinel.

"Luigi was known to most of their number. They had lost their chief, whom the young shepherd boasted of having slain, adding that he had fired the villa of San Felice to obtain a marriage dress for his betrothed; and he was unanimously elected to fill the place of the deceased captain, whose garments he had already forestalled."

"And you say that this bandit now follows his profession in the neighbourhood of Rome?" asked Franz.

"With a boldness that has never before been equalled," answered Pastrini.

At this moment the carriage was announced.

"Am I to order it to go by the Gate del Popolo, your excellency?" inquired the landlord.

"By the streets, by the streets!" answered Franz.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said Albert, lighting his third cigar, "I really thought you was more courageous."

[illegible]. THE EXECUTION.

Arrived at the Amphitheatre of the Cæsars, Franz left Albert a victim to the tyrannical intrusion of ciceroni, while he seated himself at the foot of a column. He had been there about a quarter of an hour, alternately musing and looking for the torches of Albert and his guides, when his attention was awakened by the appearance of a person whose dress, as seen in the moonlight, marked him as belonging to the aristocracy. In a few minutes he was joined by another, but in the costume of a peasant.

"Excuse me, your excellency," said the new comer, "I have made you wait; I come from the Castle of San Angelo, and I have had much trouble in speaking to Beppo."

"And what did you learn?"

"There are to be two executions on Tuesday, as is customary on the opening of carnival; our camarade Peppino is to be one of them."

"And what shall you do?" asked the man in the mantle.

"I shall place twenty men round the scaffold, and at a given signal they shall rush upon the escort, and carry him off."

"There appear to me to be many chances against that project; I think I know a better one."

"And what is your project, excellency?"

"I will give two thousand piastres to have the execution put off till next year, and then I will give ten thousand more to facilitate his escape."

"Are you certain of success?"

"*Pardieu!*" said the man in the mantle, in French.

"Well," said the peasant, "you know my devotion to your excellency, but if you save Peppino, it shall no longer be devotion, it shall for the future be obedience."

"Well, perchance some day I may have to remind you of it; but there are strangers exploring the Coliseum; we must not be seen together. Farewell!"

"Franz, Franz?" Albert was now calling out on his return from the lion's den, but Franz waited till the strangers had got some distance before he answered. In ten minutes they were on their way to the hotel, Albert indulging in learned dissertations upon the Coliseum, to which Franz did not listen, for he was wrapped up in his own thoughts. He had recognized in the stranger in the mantle, Sindbad the Sailor."

The ensuing evening the two friends were at the Opera, when their attention was particularly called to a beautiful Albanian girl, clad in the costume of her country, behind whom was a person whom Franz immediately recognized as the mysterious dweller in the subterranean palace.

In the hotel of London, in which, during the crowded state of the city generally attendant upon the carnival season, they had only been able to obtain an apartment in the rear, they had learnt from Maestro Pastrini that the front rooms were occupied by a Sicilian or Maltese lord, he could not say exactly which, but whom he declared was noble as a Borgia, and as rich as a mine of gold. His name, he said, was the Count of Monte Christo.

The friends were sitting over their chocolate, the morning after the performance of the Parisina, when a knock at the door interrupted a discussion then going on, as to how they should obtain an equipage to view the approaching carnival, and a window from whence to view the execution which was to precede it.

"Come in!" said Franz.

A servant in livery appeared at the threshold.

"From M. the Count of Monte Christo," said the servant, presenting two cards, "for M. Franz d'Epinay and for M. the Viscount Albert de Morcerf."

"Tell the count," said Franz, "that we shall have the honour of waiting upon him immediately."

Breakfast terminated, the friends proceeded under the guidance of the landlord, to the apartments of the Count of Monte Christo, and the padrone had just taken his departure, when the count himself entered by a door opposite. Albert advanced to meet him, but Franz remained as if nailed to the spot where he stood. The Count of Monte Christo was the stranger at the Opera, the man in the mantle at the Coliseum, the host of the enchanted grotto, Sindbad the Sailor.

Without appearing to know or wish to know his guest of a night, the count proceeded with the most perfect affability to state that he had heard through the landlord of the wishes entertained by the young gentlemen to be present at the execution which was to take place that day, that he had engaged windows in the Piazzo del Popolo, where they could have seats, and he added to his politeness by saying, that his carriage was at their command during the carnival.

A dense crowd filled the whole of the Piazza, above which rose two things; one, the obelisk surmounted by a cross which indicated the

centre of the square, the other the scaffold, resembling precisely the French guillotine, only that the Roman mandaïa has the form of a crescent, cutting by its convex edge, and it falls from a lesser height. The Monte Pincio appeared like a vast amphitheatre, every step of which was covered with spectators, while a double row of carbiniers extended from the scaffold to the little church called Santa Maria del Popolo, where the condemned had passed the previous night in a *Chapelle Ardente* shut up with an iron railing, before which two sentinels paced to and fro.

Suddenly a total silence succeeded to the mingled noise, issuing from a crowd, that seemed to be impelled with a movement similar to that of the waves of the sea. The gate of the church had been opened. The brotherhood of penitents clad in grey sacks, with only apertures for the eyes, and tapers in their hands, led the way. Behind them came a tall man, naked with the exception of linen drawers, to the left side of which was attached a large knife, while upon his shoulders he carried a heavy club of iron. Upon his feet were sandals, tied to the leg by strings. This man was the executioner. Behind him, in the order in which they were to be executed, came Peppino, and then Andrea, condemned for the murder of a priest, and each supported by two father confessors. The crowd looked on in intense and silent expectation. The most curious thing in life is the spectacle of death. As the procession approached the foot of the scaffold, a penitent arrived in great haste and presented a paper to the chief of the holy brotherhood. The latter opened it quickly, and said in a loud voice,

"Blessed be the Lord, and praise be to his Holiness; the life of one of the condemned is spared."

"Who is pardoned?" asked Andrea, raising up his sullen countenance. Peppino remained motionless, dumb, and panting.

"There is remission of the pain of death for Peppino, called Rocca Priori," said the head of the brotherhood.

"Pardon for Peppino!" exclaimed Andrea; "why pardon for him and not for me? We were to die together; I had been promised that he should die before me; they have no right to make me die alone. I will not die alone."

And he began to struggle with the priests, and to attempt to loosen the cords that bound him; but the assistants of the executioner sprung down from the scaffold and seized hold of him.

"See!" said the count, with a terrible smile on his countenance, "that human creature is furious because his equal does not die with him. He was resigned to his fate so long as another was going to suffer before him. Lead two sheep to the slaughter-house, or two oxen to the butcher, and let one understand that his companion is not to die, and the lamb will bleat, and the ox will low with joy; but man, to whom God has enjoined as a first, an only, a supreme law, that he shall love his neighbour, what will he do when he learns that his comrade is saved!"

And the count smiled, as if he must have suffered terribly to smile so. By this time, Andrea had been borne up the scaffold. Franz felt himself fascinated by the horrible sight. Notwithstanding his cries, his efforts, and his attempts to bite, the assistants had placed him on his knees. The executioner stood before him; Andrea was to suffer the mazzolata. The two assistants, at a sign, stepped aside. The

culprit made an attempt to rise, but before he had time to do so, the iron club struck him on the left temple; the patient fell like an ox, his face to the scaffold, and then by the reaction, turned on his back; the executioner then drew his knife from his girdle, and with one stroke divided his throat, after which, jumping upon his belly, he began trampling with his feet, at each movement of which a jet of blood spouted from the culprit's throat.

Franz was fainting, Albert pale and sick at heart, when suddenly the bells of Monte Citorio broke upon the awful silence with a merry peal: the people were in a moment gay, joyous, and noisy. The Maschcrata had commenced.

THE CATACOMBS.

Taking advantage of the carriage placed at their disposal by the Count of Monte Christo, Franz and Albert enjoyed the pleasures of the carnival amazingly. This is, however, only to be said with an exceptional proviso in the case of Albert de Morcerf. He had not as yet met with an adventure, and he was somewhat mortified by his want of success. His last hopes were placed in the carnival, a time of liberty, when the most austere allowed themselves to be seduced into some act of folly. It was not long, neither, after several exchanges of confetti between themselves and other equipages, that a slight intimation, on the part of one among a number of persons disguised as Roman peasants, served to arouse his latent hopes.

"Ah, my dear fellow," he said to Franz, "you did not observe that chaise full of Roman peasants?"

"No."

"Well, I am sure that they are charming women."

"What a pity you are masked," said Franz; "it would have been an opportunity for making up for your disappointment in affairs of gallantry."

Albert took the hint, and, as the same equipage passed by them shortly afterwards, he, as if by accident, allowed his mask to fall. One of the ladies in return threw a bouquet of violets. Albert precipitated himself upon it, and Franz having no reason to believe that it was sent to his address, allowed him to obtain possession thereof, which done, he triumphantly placed it in his bosom.

The next day Franz had to repair to the embassy. Albert went to the Corso, and returned at five in the afternoon, in high spirits. He had met his mask, and many exchanges of coquetry had taken place between them. She had raised her mask, and allowed Albert to perceive that she was extremely beautiful.

Franz complimented Albert upon his success, and the latter received his compliments as a man to whom they were due. He had recognized, he said, from certain signs of elegance not to be imitated, that his fair unknown must belong to the highest aristocracy. He was determined to write to her the next day.

When Albert returned on the evening of the following day, his gladness was raised almost to the pitch of delirium by a square of paper, which he held out triumphantly by one of its angles.

"She has answered you?" asked Franz.

"Read."

This word was given with an intonation impossible to describe. Franz took the note and read :—

"Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock, dismount at the entrance of the Via dei Pontefici, and follow the Roman peasant, who shall take away your *moccoletto.* When you have reached the first step of the Church of San Giacomo, be careful to tie a pink ribbon upon your shoulder, in order that she may know you. From this time till then you will see me no more. Constancy and discretion."

"Well!" he said to Franz, when the latter had terminated the perusal of the note, "what do you think of that, my friend?"

"Why, I think," replied Franz, "that this thing assumes all the character of a very agreeable adventure."

"That is my opinion also," said Albert; "and I fear very much that you will have to go alone to the ball of the Duke de Bracciano."

Franz and Albert had received the same morning an invitation from the celebrated Roman banker of that name.

"You frighten me," said Franz; "not only shall I have to go alone to the ball of the Duke de Bracciano, but I apprehend that I may have to go to Florence alone."

"The fact is, that if the unknown is as amiable as she is beautiful, I should not wonder if I should remain at Rome for six weeks at least. I dote upon Rome, and besides I have always had a decided taste for archaeology."

"No doubt; another adventure or two like this and I shall have hopes of seeing you a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres."

The same evening, Franz was at the ball given by the duke, upon the termination of the carnival, when a servant approached him to say that M. Pastrini had sent word that a man was at the hotel waiting for him, with a letter from M. de Morcerf.

"With a letter from Albert!" exclaimed Franz.

"Yes, sir."

That something wrong had occurred suggested itself at once, and he hastened to make apologies to his host, and started for the hotel on foot, as it was not ten minutes distant. As he approached the hotel, he perceived a man wrapped in a mantle standing in the street; he did not doubt but that it was the messenger from Albert, and he accordingly put the question to him. The stranger said yes, and upon ascertaining that it was M. Franz d'Epinay, he delivered the note to him; but when Franz asked him to come in while he perused it, he declined with a peculiar smile. When Franz had obtained a light, he read as follows :—

"My dear Friend.—When you have received the present, have the kindness to take from my portfolio my letter of credit. Add to it your own if it is not sufficient. Run to Torlonia, obtain immediately four thousand piastres, and give them to the bearer. I do not insist further, counting upon you, as you could rely upon me.

"P.S.—I believe now in Italian banditti.

"Your friend,

"Albert de Morcerf."

The postcript was written in English; subjoined were a few words in Italian.

"If by six o'clock in the morning the four thousand piastres are not in my hands, at seven o'clock the Count Albert de Morcerf will no longer be alive. "LUIGI VAMPA."

In this extremity, Franz decided upon a bold step, the remembrance of what he had overheard in the Coliseum came to his mind. He rang the bell, Pastrini came himself to the door.

"My dear Pastrini," he said, "do you think that the Count of Monte Christo is at home?"

"Yes, your excellency, he is just come in."

Franz traversed the hotel with a rapid step, and a servant introduced him into the apartment of the count, who received him with his usual politeness, and he at once showed him the letter. The count asked him if he had the money—if not, what he had about him was at his service. But Franz was resolved to come to the point, so he said,

"I think if you would give yourself the trouble, you might find a means of simplifying this affair greatly."

"How?" said the count, looking astonished.

"Why, by going with me to Luigi Vampa. I am sure he would not refuse you the liberty of Albert."

"Would not refuse me? What possible influence do you think that I can have upon the bandit?"

"Have you not just rendered him one of those services which are not to be forgotten?"

"What service?"

"Did you not save the life of Peppino?

The count remained for a moment thoughtful, and then he said, "Well, and if I went to Vampa, would you accompany me?"

"If my company was not disagreeable to you."

"Let it be so then, the weather is fine, a turn in the Campagna di Roma can only do us good. But first let me see the messenger."

The count went to the window and whistled. The man with the mantle advanced into the street. *Salite!* cried out the count, and the man obeyed without a word. In a few moments he was in the room.

"Ah! is it you, Peppino?" said the count.

But Peppino, instead of answering, threw himself on his knees and kissed the hands of the count. Monte Christo raised him and inquired how Albert had fallen into the hands of Luigi.

"Your excellency, the Frenchman's carriage crossed several times the one in which Teresa was. The Frenchman began coquetting and Teresa amused herself by answering. The Frenchman threw bouquets at her, and she returned others, with the consent naturally of Luigi, who was in the same carriage. A rendezvous was given at the Church of San Giacomo, but this time it was Beppo, a boy of fifteen years of age, and not Teresa who took the candle (moccoletto) from his hand. A carriage was waiting for him at the end if the Via Macello. Beppo said he was about to conduct him to a villa outside of the town. Arrived on the borders of the Almo, the coach stopped, four armed men, assisted by Beppo, made a prisoner of the disappointed lover, and conducted him to the catacombs of St. Sebastian, where Luigi and Teresa were waiting for him."

"Well," said the count, "this is an amusing history enough. It is lucky that it is in such a picturesque place that we have to fetch him." The count ordered his carriage; it was at the door in a few minutes.

Ali, the dumb Nubian of the grotto, acted as driver; Peppino placed himself by his side. The carriage drove along the ancient Appian Way, bordered by tombs, till it arrived at the Circus of Caracalla, where it stopped, and the count and Franz got out. They followed a little path which led downwards into one of those innumerable hollows which dot the Campagna di Roma, hidden by red-looking herbage that stood out like the angry mane of some gigantic lion. At the bottom they perceived two men, to whom Peppino gave the password. Beyond, in the midst of rocks, and half closed by bushes, was an aperture, through which a man could only creep with difficulty. Peppino lit a torch and led the way. The passage widened as they proceeded, and they passed several sentinels, when they gained a multitude of passages, in which, the walls hewn out in the sides in tiers of coffin-shaped cavities indicated that they had arrived at the catacombs. A distant light now served to guide them, and in a few minutes they came to an open space, a colombarium or subterranean chapel, against a column in which a solitary man was leaning, in the act of reading, while more than twenty others were sleeping in their mantles, and in the shade of the arches beyond a sentinel was pacing to and fro.

The challenge given by the latter roused the attention of the bandit student.

"Your excellency," said Vampa, for it was him, "I did not anticipate the honour of a visit."

"Has it not been agreed between us," said the count, "that not only my person but that of my friends should be sacred to you?"

"And in what have I failed in that agreement, your excellency?"

"You have this afternoon carried away and transported here the Viscount Albert de Morcerf, who is my friend," said the count, with a tone that made Franz shudder.

"Indeed! I knew it not," replied Vampa. "I would not for the world have been found failing in my promises to a person like the count."

"But," interrupted Franz, looking anxiously around, "where is the prisoner?"

"The prisoner is there," said Vampa, pointing with his finger to a somewhat obscure-looking recess. "I will go and announce to him that he is free."

The chief advanced towards the recess, followed by Franz and the count. Albert was fast asleep, and when the bandit touched his shoulder he opened his eyes.

"Ah! ah!" he said, "is it you, captain? I would you had let me sleep on; I had a charming dream, and was dancing the polka with the Countess G———."

"Well," said Franz, looking at his watch, "if you make haste, it is only half-past one, you may be in time to realize your dream."

"What, is that you, my dear Franz," exclaimed Albert; "have you acted in so devoted a manner?"

"No, not I," said Franz; "but our neighbour, the Count of Monte Christo."

"Ah, count," said Albert, "while he was arranging his discomfited apparel, "you are really a precious man, and I hope you will consider me as your eternally obliged—in the first place, for the use of your carriage, and in the next, for getting me out of this scrape. Signor Luigi,"

continued the young man, "is there any other formality to fulfil in order to bid your excellency farewell?"

"None, sir, follow me!"

Albert, Franz, and the count accordingly followed the chief. The bandits were all awake, and stood with their hats in their hands. The chief insisted upon conducting them himself to the outlet of the catacombs. Arrived there, salutations were exchanged, but Franz seemed to hesitate.

"Your excellency has something to ask me?" said Vampa, smiling.

"Yes," answered Franz. "I acknowledge that I feel curious to know what book you was reading so attentively when we arrived?"

"*Cæsar's Commentaries,*" replied the bandit.

"I beg your pardon, captain," said Albert, returning a step, "will you permit me?"

And he lit his cigar at Vampa's torch.

Half an hour after this last little occurrence, Albert was giving a form and body to his dream, by dancing the polka with the Countess G——, at the Duke de Bracciano's ball.

THE APPOINTMENT.

The morning after the ball at the Duke de Bracciano's, and the conclusion of the carnival, the two young gentlemen waited upon the Count of Monte Christo, to express to him, in a more serious and suitable manner, the gratitude which they felt for his intervention with the bandit chief. There was also a further reason, inasmuch as the time for their return to their own country was now approaching. The conversation was thus naturally led to turn upon Paris; and both Albert and Franz expressed in strong terms the pleasure which they should experience in introducing the count to their friends, the more especially as he had stated that he had never been in Paris.

"Well," said the count, "I acknowledge, M. de Morcerf, that I expected your offer, and I accept it with pleasure."

"Now, count," said Albert, enchanted at the idea of having such a man as Monte Christo to introduce, "do not let this be a mere fable of travel?"

"No, on my honour, I shall go to Paris."

"When, then?"

"Why, when shall you be there yourself?"

"I?" said Albert; "oh, in a fortnight, or three weeks at the most."

"I will give you three months," said the count.

"Day for day, hour for hour, if you like," said Albert.

"Well, be it so! Let me see, it is to-day the 21st of February, half-past ten in the morning,—will you expect me at half-past ten on the 21st of May ensuing?"

"I will; breakfast shall be ready."

"You reside—"

"Rue du Helder, No. 27."

The count and Albert wrote in their memorandum books, "21st of May, half-past ten." The count added, "Rue du Helder, No. 27."

THE MUNTIFIK ARABS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

The Encampment.—The Shaikh's Market Town.—Misunderstandings with the Muntifiks.—Arabian Hospitality.—Blood Feuds.—The Orphan's Tribe.—The Orchenian Chaldeans.—Old Bed of Tigris.—The Chaldean Lake.—Junction of the Euphrates and Tigris.

At the lower part of the plain of Chaldea, where the land sinks into perpetual marshes, and the floods of the Euphrates and Tigris approximate, is the territory of the Muntifik Arabs. This powerful tribe held dominion, a century ago, over but a small portion of this extensive country. After frequent struggles, however, with the Turks, and Arab tribes, during the progress of which they met with many reverses, more especially from one Sulaiman, a Mamluk officer, who was surnamed Abu-laila, or the "Father of night," from his terrible onslaughts made under favour of darkness, they were ultimately enabled to appropriate to themselves almost the whole of Babylonian Chaldea.

The tribe is now strong in numbers and repute, and its hereditary Shaikh or Amir is rich and powerful. The possession of so much land has attached many to agricultural pursuits, others are commercial and dwell in towns or villages, but the greater part are still nomadic and pastoral, and breeders of camels, horses, buffaloes, and sheep. The tribe is thus in a state of transitory civilization, and has left off all roving and predatory habits.

Faithful, however, to the customs of his ancestors, the shaikh still dwells in a tent or reed hut, but with which a mud habitation is connected, for the use of the harim. Around, and extending for miles along the river banks, huts of similar character cling to the residence of their chieftain. The mode of building these huts is simple enough: clusters of reeds from fifteen to twenty feet high are neatly bound with withes or bands made of the same, and planted in the ground in two rows. They are then made to bend over and meet in an arch, in which position they are fastened by longitudinal reeds. This frame-work is covered, both on the sides and roof, with mats made of the split reeds, and ornamented with neat lattice-work, according to the skill and fancy of the architect. Sometimes these huts (which make so curious a transition from the ordinary black hair tents of the Arabs to more stable houses) stand in groups surrounded by enclosures of the same materials, and many of them are constructed with great taste.

The apparently interminable succession of these reed huts produced on our first approach to the Muntifik encampment a startling effect; while the hosts of inhabitants plying their daily vocations, hustling laden camels across the river, tending the stupid buffaloes *,

* Mr. Fraser says (Mesopotamia and Assyria, p. 292) that the buffaloes are kept by a peculiar race of Arabs, known by the name of Madan. But this is a mistake; the term is applied to Arabs of any race who are of pastoral or sedentary habits, and hence it has become a term of reproach with the Badawins, as indicative of an inferior caste. The name of the caste is also wrongly given. It is most essential in a proper valuation of the comprehensiveness of the Arabian language, to distinguish معدان Muadan or "Pastoral Arabs," from معدن madan, "mind," and the various plurals

or prancing about on caparisoned steeds, gave much animation to the scene. To the surprise, however, of all, the steamer continued its course past the long files of huts, nor did it stop till it arrived at the neighbouring town of Suk al Shuyukh, or "the Market of the Shaikh's," which is on the opposite side of the river, is surrounded by a mud wall, and being embosomed in a date grove had a very attractive and inviting appearance.

The shaikh's market town contains about five hundred families, and bazaars of some extent. We visited here by especial invitation some learned Arabs, the first we had met with on our journey. The interview afforded us sincere pleasure and much gratification, although their conversation failed to revive ideas of the learning and literature of the Augustan age of the Arabs. We also saw here for the first time the astrolarb, which had undergone no change since the days of the distinguished Arabian astronomers, Alfraganius (Al Fargani), and Albategnius (Al Batani). On our return to the steamer, a curious circumstance manifested, notwithstanding their politeness, the superstitious feeling entertained by the populace towards us. Many followed us to the banks of the river, where Mr. Rassam hailed, "Boat, if *you please!*" Listen! they whispered, he is calling for *Iblis!* (Satan,) and the crowd dispersed instantaneously. It was in this town, so rarely visited by Europeans, that two travel-worn, weather-beaten, irrecognizable English travellers accidentally met a few years before. These adventurous persons were Colonel Chesney and Mr. Stocqueler.

The shaikh never enters into this emporium. This is more from a politic regard to the prejudices of his more warlike followers, than from any real feeling. Shaikh Isa is a shrewd, wary, and self-interested Arab. He must have been laughing in his beard when he pretended to our good friends, Messrs. Fraser and Ross, not to know Ispahan. The Muntifiks have close relations with the Persians, through whom the trade in horses with the Indian market is carried on; nor is the shaikh's divan often held without one or more intelligent merchants from that country being present. It was only a rather more practical joke, when his highness rising the ensuing morning a little earlier than the above-mentioned travellers, took himself and his nobility surreptitiously away from their learned society. Both, however, were equally poor specimens of Arabian wit or Arabian politeness.

Our relations with the shaikh of all the Muntifiks did not partake of that sunshine which had hitherto generally attended upon our intercourse with the Arab chieftains. The misunderstanding which had taken place between ourselves and the Bani Hayakim, from cutting wood in a sacred grove, was easily explained away. The shaikh only condescended to remark approvingly of that sub-tribe, that he did not know that they were fighting men. It was also necessary to enter into explanations regarding some interruptions made by certain subaltern shaikhs on the Tigris, to boats conveying coal on that river, for the use of the expedition. The intrigues of M. Fontanier, the French consul at Basrah, had also extended to this spot. That gentleman, in

of Madinah, "a city," as in مدنتان Madayn, abbreviation of Madinah Tan, "dual or two cities," مدن Muadan, "a few cities," and مدق Muadayn, "many cities." Gibbon writes correctly Madayn for Seleucia and Ctesiphon.

a work lately published*, relates at page 299, that when passing Souq el Shiouq (this is the French orthography for Suk al Shuyukh, although there is neither an *o* nor an *e* in the Arabian alphabet,) a number of Arabs advanced into the river and attempted to stop the Euphrates steamer! "These poor people," he observes, "imagined that this operation was the easiest thing in the world. They were foiled, however, and began firing their muskets, so that the steamer was compelled to discharge a couple of shots, which put them to flight." It is needless to say that no such an occurrence took place. but it did happen that we were told here that M. Fontanier had recommended the Arabs to embarrass the steamer by throwing date trees into the stream; and he probably confounded the collision with the Bani Hayakim, with the interruption which he had plotted, and which his *aimable* imagination had thus fondly presented to him in practical operation.

But at a subsequent period, the Hon. East India Company's steamer the Hugh Lyndsay having arrived at Kurnah with a mail, brought with it as a passenger a missionary of the name of Samuel, a gentleman whose zeal, however useful to the cause, was, by exciting the religious hostility of the people, most prejudicial to friendly intercourse; and as the same gentleman had once before nearly caused the destruction of the British residency at Bagdad, so he was on this occasion the cause of an inimical feeling being manifested towards the Hugh Lyndsay and her crew. It was after receiving this mail, that the Euphrates steamer bent its way up the river, and lay to immediately opposite to the shaikh's residence, to explain away these little misunderstandings, and a black formidable enough looking craft she was when put into trim for accidents.

A formal embassy, consisting of Colonel Chesney, Colonel Estcourt, Captain Cleaveland, Mr. Rassam, and the author, went ashore to wait upon his highness. A divan had been extemporized for our reception, outside of the regal hut, and this was encircled by upwards of five hundred stalwarth, swarthy and armed Arabs, who preserved decorum and distance as admirably as if they had been a disciplined soldiery. It was expected, and I believe had been previously negotiated, that to save the scruples which, as a Mohammedan, the amir might have at rising to a Christian, that he should meet our commander as if by accident on his approaching the divan. Thus etiquette is frequently preserved in the east. But this arrangement somehow or other failed, nor even after we had been some time seated were there any symptoms of his highness's approach. To the frequent questions put to an elderly gentleman, who with a long stick appeared to act as lord chamberlain, the only answer was, that the shaikh was at prayers. At length the colonel lost his patience, and waxing wroth, rose to take his departure. I accompanied him, and had some difficulty in forcing a way through the ring that encircled the seat of audience, but this accomplished, we repaired to a white tent occupied by an officer then on a mission from the Pasha of Bagdad, and where we were shortly afterwards joined by the rest of the embassy.

Colonel Estcourt had, however, a friendly interview with the chieftain the same day, and his son, a handsome youth of about fourteen

* Narrative of a Mission to India, Vol. I. This work does not appear destined to reach a second volume.

years of age, paid a visit to the steamer, accompanied by the old chamberlain, who was a business-like, sensible old man. The young prince wore the usual Arab costume, and had in his girdle a dagger, the handle of which was profusely studded with precious stones. He was, however, very timid and distrustful, and although sweetmeats were laid before him, and a variety of presents were made according to oriental fashion, nothing could allay his fears and apprehensions.

The style in which the shaikh's table is kept is truly patriarchal. A platform of wood about six feet in diameter is laid out daily in the divan, smoking with a heap of many hundred weight of rice. Encompassing this grand centrepiece are ranged small platters filled with sundry preparations of mutton and pastry. Thirty or forty savage-looking beings sit round this banquet, their disordered locks hanging over the dishes, till with a loud Bismillah! every hand is plunged arm-deep into the rice, each man vying with his neighbour in the despatch with which he can make huge balls of the rice with the sauce of the stew, and in the dexterity with which he stuffs them into his mouth. Behind stands a still more extensive circle of expectants, for their practice is, that as soon as any one has satisfied his appetite he gives place to another. Thus seldom less than ten to twenty sheep and rice in proportion are consumed at a meal, and on festivities the carcases of as many as thirty and forty sheep may be seen lying boiled or roasted upon hillocks of rice, and this is repeated three or four times a day. After meals the guests arise and wash their hands, retiring to the carpets and cushions, and taking their pipes, while coffee is handed round, sometimes by bare-legged Ganymedes with turquoises suspended from their noses, and clad in coarse canvass shirts of pretty much the same colour as the beverage.

Although reclaimed from predatory habits, the Muntifiks have by no means lost the characteristic warlike ardour of the race; their fights for pasture grounds, especially with the powerful Shammar or Mesopotamian Badawins, are frequent and often sanguinary. The actual Shaikh Isa is renowned for an exploit of a more ferocious than chivalrous character. The Shaikh Binnaya, much beloved and respected by the Shammar Arabs, was fighting against the Muntifiks, when his mare fell with him, broke her leg, and rolling over him left him on the ground hurt and disabled. While in this state and alone, a party of Muntifiks headed by Isa galloped past. Binnaya called to them and made himself known, saying that he was hurt and dying, and all enmity must cease. But the cruel Isa thrust his spear through the disabled man, and several others followed his brutal example. They then cut off his head and sent it to Bagdad to the pasha, who ordered it to be thrown to a lion; but the animal not only refused to touch it, but, say the Arabs, sprang about his cage in the utmost terror until it was taken away. The Shammar since obtained sanguinary revenge, and killed among others Shaikh Ajal, the brother of Isa.

The ferocity of their blood feuds is more fearfully shown in the origin of the so-called "Orphan's tribe," a sub-tribe of the Muntifiks. A quarrel had arisen out of a question as to right of pasturage, between the two principal sub-tribes, the Malik and the Ajwad. Excited to desperation by the songs and remonstrances of the women the war was carried on to extermination. All the Ajwad tribe, men, women and children, fell one after another, on the land where their fathers

had fed their flocks. Only one pregnant young woman was spared, and her son was the founder of the so-called "Orphan's tribe." The spot where this savage event took place is still known as the Wadi al Nissa, or "the Valley of the Woman."

A lofty mound of ruin is to be observed from the Muntifik encampment to the westward, on the Arabian plain. It is called Mugaiya, or the "Place of Bitumen," by the natives. According to Mr. Fraser a huge quadrangular tower rises out of this mass of ruin to a height of eighty or a hundred feet. This, which is, perhaps, one of the most perfect specimens of the Assyrian and Chaldean temple, "built on high places," still extant, is constructed with bricks, many of which are marked with the arrow-headed character, and is divided into stories, the upper of which diminish in extent as we see in some Indian pagodas, and looking from the top, vestiges of a wall are to be traced, which once apparently enclosed the building. This ruin appears to have been first observed by Pietro della Valle in 1625, and it has been identified, both by Rennell and D'Anville, with the Urchoe of the Greeks, the Ur of Babylonian Chaldea, in contradistinction to, and at the same time probably in memory of, the Ur of Abraham. This city was according to the ancient geographers situate on the Pallacopas, but Mr. Fraser remarks that no traces of that canal were visible from the top of the ruined temple. As, however, both Colonel Chesney and Lieut. Ormsby met with the bed of that channel between Zubair and Jibal Sinam, it must have followed the line of valley in which Mugaiya is situated. It is not positively necessary that it should have flowed close to the capital; it is more positive that it flowed through the territory of the Orchenian Chaldeans, for Pliny remarks, "*Euphrates præclusere Orcheni nec nisi Pasitigri defertur in mare.*" And Mr. Fraser remarks, that other similar monuments of a remote antiquity were to be observed still further to the westward.

A great central depression furrows the lands eastward and north-eastward of the Muntifik encampment. A channel bearing the waters of the Tigris to the Euphrates, the reverse of what occurs in the plains of Babylonia, quits the former river in the neighbourhood of Kut Amarah, passing the modern village of Kut Hai*, to reach Nushayit Wasut. This was once a place of importance, situated in the heart of a populous, rich, well-cultivated, and flourishing country, and was under the name of Vaseta, a metropolitan town of the Chaldeans. This site has also been identified with the Cybate of the Theodosian tables, with every degree of probability, as far as position, distance, and corruption of name is concerned; and also by Mr. Fraser with Cascara, but as that place is contained in the same list, as given by Assemani, of Chaldean episcopacies with Vaseta, they must be supposed to be different places.

It appears that at one time the river flowing past Wasut, and into which the Nahr Wan also emptied itself, was a principal bed of the Tigris, for the Ayyubite prince and geographer, Abu-l-fada, describes Wasut as being intersected by the Diglah, or Tigris, which was spanned by a bridge of boats.

Beyond this, the Shat al Hai divides into two branches, the northerly

* Apparently the same as the Hei-beni-lyt, opposite Amara, and quoted by D'Anville from *La Carte du Sabéïsme*, or a map of the Sabæans, or Sabæan churches.

one, called Buji Hairat, being navigable and flowing past several villages; while the southerly is called Shat ul Amah, or "the blind," from not being navigable, and flows past the modern Wasut al Hai. The two channels then unite again to form the Sub Bil, which sends off canals to Shatra and other villages, to divide once more at the tomb of Hamzah, the most northerly branch being alone navigable and flowing into the Euphrates, fourteen miles north of Kut, as the shaikh's residence is called.

Quitting Suk al Shuyukh, the steamer wended its way through continuous groves of date trees, till it reached a village with the ominous name of Umu al Bak, or "the mother of musquittoes," beyond which the river was only separated by a narrow band of soil, and tall reedlike grasses, from an almost perpetual inundation, that stretched away like a great lake to the eastward, and extended to the extreme verge of the horizon, only here and there interrupted by groves of date trees, or occasional reed huts islanded in the desert of waters. On the ascent of the steamer Euphrates in the latter end of October, and the descent of the same vessel in the beginning of November, the extent of this great inundation had undergone very little diminution from what it was in the month of June, the season of the floods. The native distinguishes amidst these marshes a variety of more or less distinct channels, through which he navigates in his frail bark, and to which he even attaches a name *.

This tract of marsh and inundation would appear to correspond with the Chaldean lake of old, into which, according to Pliny, the Tigris poured its waters, after passing between Seleucia and Ctesiphon, and which must be distinguished from the lake which, according to the same author, was formed by the union of the Tigris and Eulæus rivers near to Charax. The river Euphrates, as it flowed tranquilly through these great marshes, was wide and deep, and, having deposited its mud, was clear and pellucid, presenting a most inviting and splendid sheet of water.

On the 18th of June the steamer arrived at Kurnah, where the confluence of the two great rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, takes place, in the midst of verdant palm-groves. The few mud-houses which constitute the modern town of Kurnah, occupy the extreme point between the two, and are almost hid among the date trees. The changes in the course of the rivers have been so frequent and so numerous, that but slight data remain in the present day for identifying the village at the actual junction with the Apamea in Mesene, on the Digba or Didigua, of classical geography, and described as being situated at the junction of the rivers. Apamea, a name so beloved by the successors of Alexander, was enjoyed by Seleucia, as well as by some city in Mesene. And as Pliny describes the Tigris as losing itself in the Chaldean lake, previous to arriving at that territory so renowned in Trajan's wars, his Digla, and Ptolemy's Digua, or Didugua, must have been more in the interior of Mesopotamia, than the actual junction of

* The Arabs are as rich in names for their picturesque marshes, as the Norwegians are for their variously formed mountains. The whole district is termed Jisayir, plural of Jisirah, "an island," or "the district of islands;" a narrow but navigable channel through reeds is termed Jahiyah, plural Jiyayit; while a channel which spreads out, and has islands or clumps of trees in the bed, is called Burj or Burjah, plural Burjayit.

the rivers. The aspect of this portion of country, and the physical distribution of its land and waters, when there was a royal river on one side, and a Pallacopas on the other, a great Chaldean lake to receive the surplus of the waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, and a Susian lake to receive the waters of the Digla branch of the Tigris and of the Choaspes and Eulæus rivers, must have been altogether different to what it is in the present day.

Arrived at this remarkable point in the progress of the expedition, we found earnest of our approach to the sea, in the presence of a rickety, and disabled Turkish sloop of war, which lay off Kurnah, at a kind of custom-house, and which returned, after some delay, the salute with which we honoured the Sultan's flag.

DREAM OF AN EVIL SPIRIT BEFORE HIS FALL *.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

ANGELS can still fall, and devils increase. No will is immutable but the holiest. More than that, no finite being can prophecy his will, and say that he will *will* this or that in the following week. For even if he fulfils his prophecy, he does it, not with the former will, but with the will of the moment, every will reigning as a new prince, independent of his predecessor. Hence all spirits can fall as well as rise, eternally.

* * * * * *

I was in a dream. The Paradise of the first man unfolded itself around me, but it seemed removed into another world,—it went along from sun to sun in woods of the Trees of Life, that extended further than the eye could reach,—the rivers of Paradise had rounded themselves into four pacific seas, from the depths of which glimmered the four quarters of the world, mirrored like great gardens; birds of paradise played with eagles, and in the breezes the flowers flew about the bees. I was in the land of profound peace; all was tranquil, even the sensation of longing in man; and if a shining light wafted itself over the flowery meads, and these undulated like ears of corn, the heart became full and tranquil, but desired nothing; and if a ceaseless music, now softer, now louder, flowed about the soul,—strayed echoes, as it were, from eternal bliss, that called to one another and sought one another, and finally died one upon another—the breast indeed swelled, but it did not sigh.

All at once the flowery fields in the East became brighter, and the Trees of Life cast red shades, when, in the extended light, I saw a tall-built youth, like a cherub who once guarded Paradise, hastening eastwards. His face was turned from me, but the fourth sea suddenly raised itself, and stood upright in the sky with its water-mirror; and in this I saw the youth's face. How, before those pure eyes of love, be-

* This is an isolated piece, originally published in the "Taschenbuch für Damen," (Ladies' Pocket Book,) for 1819.

fore those warm lips of love, and before that sacred brow, arched into a temple, which nought but prayer had ever entered, did my whole heart dissolve into love! The new super-terrestrial spirit ennobled Eden, because he lived his sacred eternity therein.

Thus did the evil spirit appear to me, ere he had fallen from God.

The purple radiance increased, and I saw in the erect sea-mirror, that, behind me, in the West, a sun with a wreath of white moons was sinking, and that one moon after another was sinking before it. The upright sea in the sky whirled round—it formed and formed, and out of the waters a rainbow arched itself, which glared with more and more colour the deeper the sun fell. And when the sun *had* fallen, and the last moons were yet glimmering, it rested broad in the blue of heaven, with the brilliancy of jewels.

Veiled forms now came down over the rainbow, and as they looked down upon the angel, they cast their veils back, and displaying their bridal wreaths and myrtle wreaths, sang, "Thanks, thou fair angel of our life, thou hast led and protected us, thou hast strengthened our virgin heart, and hast shown to eyes dark with pleasure the bright stars of eternity, and by thy means we have lived piously upon the erring earth. Thus do we go home over the rainbow of the grave into the city of God, to meet all the eternal beloved ones, and we thank thee, faithful angel of our heart!" Thus sang the female forms, who celebrated the rose-festival of their re-blooming. They all wept with gratitude, and their tears dropped upon the rainbow, and remained hanging there more brilliant than all other colours.

Then did the angel kneel down, his face became an evening-red of joy, and he prayed with trembling arms, "Look upon me longer, ye pious eyes, and only continue to weep, for your friend hath warmly loved you." Ah, the angel of innocence did not know what tears—other than he wished—would flow for him.

Behind the moving forms the rainbow had broken in, and only a little girl tarried when they had passed over upon the last pillar of colour. She looked down with infinite melancholy, and taking her veil let it float down upon the angel. He turned round and sank into slumber, when the veil rose far above him towards the South, and suspended itself on what seemed to be a distant tall lily, but was in reality a white snake, which stood upright. This swallowed the veil, and went erect upon the rattles in its tail, as upon feet. The nearer it became the more did it resemble a human shape, and at last resembled the sleeping angel himself. Now the form stood before him, and the face bore all the features of the angel, but evilly disturbed. Broad wrinkles had erased Paradise, it was like a face decaying in poison, a lily-leaf swollen with black worm-curvings; the eyeballs had changing hues, thick spider-bodies, and looked hungrily at the closed eyes of the angel. The form had a face that can never sleep or rest.

It pushed the angel's feet, and he was obliged to raise himself before it, though with closed eyes. It looked sharply upon the great white eyelids, and then said, "Thou becomest I! Dream me and thyself."

Then did the good angel dream he was seducing mankind. He saw all the virgins who had passed over the rainbow, return, shamelessly laughing, without wreath or veil on their bare heads, and himself marching at their head. He saw how he dragged the little girl, who had flung to him her nun's veil, into a bacchanal dance, and poured out

for her glowing beverages, and how in the violent movement his wet locks hung down, wild and long. He saw how he rocked and lulled parents, with words and gold, and then made signs to the daughters to fly swiftly to the satyr-robbers; how he charmed after him child-like virgins by holding before them mirrors and gold-stuffs, and ran before them till he had drawn them into cruel men's arms, that opened like the claws of a scorpion. Everywhere he beheld himself seducing female hearts, and driving wild impure herds upon defenceless souls.

Then did the sleeping angel weep.

Then did the waking form laugh, and it said:

"Dream further, my good spirit of the time." And the angel saw all those whom he had made unhappy—the faded forms, once so fascinating, as they passed him with empty eye-sockets, having nothing in those sockets but tears in the place of eyes: a thousand little crouching orphans, who looked about and cried, "Parents! Parents! where do ye live on the wide earth?" And female suicides and infanticides went hand in hand, and looked towards a row of gibbets. And he perceived that in the distance the bell for execution was incessantly ringing, and at this he laughed. But when heads of children, torn off, and severed heads of mothers began to roll towards him, he awoke in horror and wept over the misery.

Scarcely had he opened his eyes, than the evil form entered him, to conceal itself within him. He now discerned me, and he looked on me severely as a stranger in Paradise. His look was hot and hard, and the painful dream had already disturbed his mild Eden. "Son of Adam," said he, "thou art not one of us, thou canst not remain in pure Paradise; punish thyself and fly from me; thou canst not stand near me."

During these words, the likeness of the evil form appeared plainer and plainer through the angel's face, and at last completely worked itself out. Envy and Pride were now added to the former countenance. The angel had fallen, and he was about to mislead the souls he had formerly guarded, and had preserved in holiness and purity.

Then did I awaken from my dream. But instead of the angel, youths stood before me, who had not yet fallen, who still made war on sin and protected innocence, and who could worship maiden beauty with modesty, order and goodness. To them I said, "Never, never dream and wake like the angel. For this have I told you the dream, which will once either reward or punish you."

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HENREICH HEINE.

BY PERCY BOYD, ESQ.

When to my heart thou art folded,
And thy white arms around me are,
Am I not the heaven above thee?
And thou—my beloved star!

Deep—deep—is beneath us toiling,
The world with its busy strife;
Men seeking with vain endeavour
For the gauds of this passing life.

What a blest lot to us is given,
Above them to be so far,
Whilst thou hid'st in thine own heaven
My head—my beloved star!

OSBORNE NORTHBROOKE.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

A dumb, dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of death aright.
MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES.

Queen's Square, 15th November, 1747.

It was my intention an hour ago to visit Drury Lane Theatre, and see Garrick in *Hamlet*; but the evening has turned out so rainy and gloomy that I will remain at my fireside, and devote the coming hours, till the return of my wife and children from an evening party, to forming a narrative of a strange incident in my life. I shall not do this with any purpose of printing it at present, but shall leave it among my papers; and if, after I am gathered to "the great majority," any one connected with me should think fit to give it to the public, I trust its details may not be altogether useless.

To the afflictions that beset me many years ago, I can now look back with perfect calmness. Not that I am by any means free from a recurrence of them, but that I feel when next they attack me their visitation will be final. The time is past when strength was given me to combat with such evils. I shall never be in a condition to recite a second event similar to that I am now to describe; and, to my belief, I am the only living man capable of telling such a story.

About two-and-twenty years ago, namely, in 1725, I formed a passionate attachment to a young lady of good family, my present wife, with whom I have passed as happy a matrimonial life as ever blessed any man. The misfortune I had already suffered returned in its utmost ghastliness upon me two years after our union, and all but ended in an unutterable tragedy. This danger might have been avoided had I placed entire confidence in her who had inseparably linked her fate with mine. I dared not, however, communicate my secret to Olivia before marriage, because I dreaded to lose her hand; and I was weak enough afterwards to persevere in concealment—a fault which punished me, the offender, and my unsuspecting wife, with inexpressible anguish and terror.

One friend, and one only, was aware of the calamity to which I was liable. Knowing the sincerity of his feelings towards me, I scrupled not to solicit his care and frequent vigilance to avert an all-dreaded extremity which, but for such superintendence, might come to pass. It is true that in a distant part of the kingdom, where I had formerly lived, my miserable liability was not altogether unknown; but I repeat that in London no one but Richard Newnham was, at the time in question, acquainted with it.

One morning, shortly before my marriage, I had an interview with my friend.

"Newnham," said I, "I more than ever need your kindness. Can you perpetuate your watchfulness over me? Will you consent to dwell near me?"

"Willingly," returned he; "willingly, as far as I myself am concerned; but—"

He paused, as people pause when they are about to press advice which they know will meet a reluctant, if not a painful reception.

Guessing what he wished to say, I anticipated it, and exclaimed, "You think, Richard, I should conceal nothing from Miss Sutherland. Were you not on the point of saying so?"

"Yes," replied he.

"Perhaps you are right," I rejoined; "but I have not nerve enough to encounter the risk which such a disclosure would involve. Fear might induce her to reject one subject to so awful a visitation—a visitation which, nevertheless, may never again scare me and my friends. But even should it come, you, Richard, by being at hand, can save me."

"Though I do not like concealments between man and wife," pursued Newnham, "I promise not to leave you; so make yourself easy as far as my agency is concerned. Give me some wine, Northbrooke, and let me drink happiness to you and your bride."

This toast, pledged in all sincerity by my friend, I reciprocated, after expressing my gratitude for his invaluable services, in a bumper to his own health and welfare. And then we began to speak of things which to us were of smaller import, such as the impeachment of the Earl of Macclesfield, the Hanover treaty, the re-establishment of the Knights of the Bath, and other topics of the day. Newnham was voluble on these matters, and I congratulated myself on the belief that my wine and the public themes, touching which we had discoursed, had, for a time, obliterated all impression of the painful subject that had at first engaged us.

In this I was mistaken. On a sudden my friend's face assumed a grave aspect.

"One toast more, Northbrooke," said he, "and only one. Let us drink it in silence. Haply, our aspiration may find grace as a prayer, though it is breathed with glass in hand. Fill your cup! *May the dismal affliction never again haunt you.*"

Had not Newnham been drinking more than was his wont, I do not think he would have coupled a Bacchanalian libation with a solemn and pious wish. But with him wine had a paradoxical effect: it elevated and depressed him almost at the same moment. We all are the victims of peculiar temperaments. It cannot be, as some rashly say, that our animal portion may be reduced to subjection by our mental faculties; on the contrary, I believe that the latter are triumphed over by physical organization.

Newnham had now taken his parting glass: he would drink no more; and, after affectionately renewing his promises, he bade me "Good night."

By the above conversation, I was freed from my great source of inquietude, and therefore addressed myself cheerfully to the preliminaries of my marriage. I had need of this cheerfulness; for, while thoroughly recognising their necessity, there was something inexpressibly repugnant to my feelings in the cold and business-like consultations with lawyers respecting settlements and such affairs.

"Alas!" thought I, "why cannot the impulse of two hearts be obeyed, without clogging them with formal skins of parchment?"

To this, however, Prudence is ready to answer with a bitter voice—Prudence, our firmest, though seemingly our most ungracious, friend.

After a short interval from the above time, Olivia and I were united in presence of a large circle of her friends and mine. Never shall I forget that day, of which the happiness was rebuked by the tears of her

relatives on parting from my wife; but which, in their turn, were rendered less depressing by a prospect to us of coming felicity for years. After all, in spite of its exultation, a wedding day is not the most blessed part of a married life. Tranquillity and content—the sweets of tender companionship and fond sympathy—these are worth a hundred-fold more than the flurry, the show, the ostentatious congratulations and ceremonials of bridal parade.

After passing a week in the country—(I did not dare to remain longer)—my wife and I returned to London, and took possession of a house in Bloomsbury, which I had previously furnished, as our home. On the morning after our arrival, Newnham paid us a visit. He had already been introduced to Olivia, so that his presence was, in a manner, familiar to us both. I could see, however, that my wife was rather surprised at so early a call on his part, more especially as he was the first visiter we had received since our marriage. Newnham I think, perceived this; for, after a brief chat, he left us. Whatever might have been Olivia's feelings, I understood and appreciated my friend's solicitude.

In a few days, we had visiters enough and to spare. My wife's relations, male and female, crowded about us, and we returned their calls; so that we seemed to live more for others than for ourselves. I was tired of this incessant bustle—this fatiguing gaiety; and longed for the time when, without any danger of being thought to neglect our friends, we might enjoy each other's company. Olivia seemed fully to participate this wish.

A week passed without our seeing any thing more of Newnham. I was not uneasy at this, having perfect reliance on my friend's care, and knowing that in a day or two, at farthest, he would gladden me with his presence. On the eighth day after his first visit he came again, and I persuaded him to stay and dine with me, my wife, and one of her female relations.

I know not how it came about, but during dinner, and until the ladies left the table, our conversation was of a gloomy character. In vain did I try to turn it into a cheerful channel. My wife's relative held tenaciously to the themes which had been started, and these were supernatural influences, and moral and physical phenomena. The young lady seemed to revel in such subjects, and possessed an affluent store of "instances," both modern and ancient, which she detailed with a certain grim earnestness. She spoke of those whom, she affirmed, possessed *unquestionably* the gift of second sight—of biloquists—of those whose dreams were prophetic, and of men and women who could walk and talk, and scale dangerous places in perfect safety, when fast asleep. Neither Newnham nor I were able to interpose a word. The young lady monopolised the talk; and having cast a shadow over what was meant to be a merry meeting, declared her belief that persons possessing the attributes she had enumerated, or any others peculiar to themselves, were not perfect human beings, but had a mixture of something fiendish in their composition. She protested that nothing should induce her to form an alliance in any family of which one individual could command powers not common to people in general. Influenced, I suppose, by her friend's volubility, my wife professed entire acquiescence in her opinion. Newnham and I were at length left to ourselves.

"Now, my friend," said I, "You see the wisdom of my not having disclosed to Olivia that which I have endeavoured to keep secret from all but yourself."

Newnham shook his head in dissent.

"Surely," pursued I, "you heard all which that young lady so emphatically pronounced; and you could not but perceive its effect on my wife."

"It was impossible not to hear what Miss Winburn said," returned Newnham, with a smile; "neither could one fail to detect the absurdity of her conclusions. But no part of her observations applied to you. You are neither a seer, nor a ventriloquist, nor a prophetic dreamer, nor a sleep-walker. You have no power in yourself; on the contrary, you are the victim of—"

"Hush!" I exclaimed, suddenly interrupting him. "Hush! we may be overheard."

* * * * *

For the remainder of the night, after Newnham left me, I could not rally my spirits, but was plunged in unhappy thought. Oh, how I lamented my wife's relationship to Miss Winburn! and what disquiet did I suffer at every visit of that young lady to our house! In the perverse art of self-tormenting, I fancied she disliked—nay, more, that she *suspected* me. But to what could her suspicions tend? I was free from reproach. Even this consciousness, however, failed to comfort me; and, at times, I felt that the expression of my face denoted my wretchedness. Whenever Miss Winburn glanced at my countenance, I imagined she was actuated by a shuddering curiosity. I was incapable of desiring that any evil might befall her, though I certainly wished her out of my way. She could not have been offended had she known how heartily I hoped she might soon get a husband, provided he lived in some place not nearer than Scotland.

Newnham did not fail in his periodical visits, which occurred in precise intervals of a week. The regularity of these calls at length attracted Olivia's observation; but though her allusion to them was in terms of artless gaiety, I felt somewhat embarrassed at the prospect of their systematic continuation, and therefore proposed to him that he should see me at his own house from time to time—that his visits to us should be irregular as to periods, and at longer intervals than usual; but that should I be absent from him more than five days, he was forthwith to repair to my residence.

Under this arrangement two years passed—two blissful years—during which the gaunt apprehension I had laboured under grew fainter and fainter, and at last almost ceased to exist. I revelled in this fancied immunity. "I am free now and always. Why should I longer tremble at what has for ever passed away?" Such were my exulting exclamations. And to crown my transport, my prayers for Miss Winburn's delivery from the pains of "single blessedness" seemed to have been heard. She was married, and lived several miles from London. Her ominous words, and, as I thought, more ominous looks, no longer haunted me.

In the confidence of enfranchisement, I called on my friend. "Newnham," said I, "be no longer under any alarm for me. I am disenchanted—delivered from a dreadful spell. Who have been the exorcists? who but my Olivia, and the prattling babe she has borne to me?"

"I have for some time partaken of this belief," returned Newnham. "Your exemption from the horror is now of very long date. Put confidence in your hope, and you may be safe. Faith, having something, however small, to stand on, is a powerful auxiliary in keeping off those visitations which

'Shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.'"

"Thank you for this encouragement, Richard," I responded. "My spirits are buoyant: the soft, tiny, and feeble hands of my infant have been strong enough to lift a perilous load from my bosom. My ecstasy cannot find vent in words. I am transported with delight, and long to stand on the topmost peak of some cloud-piercing mountain, and shout my defying triumph."

To this madness of my joy Newnham did not respond. Even the enthusiasm of his friendship was qualified by prudence. He rebuked my irrational fervour, and reminded me that security from my peculiar danger was to be insured rather by calm thankfulness, than by indulgence in passionate impulses.

"Be master of yourself," said he. "Be calm—be prepared—and that which torments you will find no path by which its attack can be made. If I can succeed in impressing this on your mind, there need be no fear. *You* will be free, and *I* shall be released. Do not misunderstand me. I seek not release from trouble, but from apprehension for your welfare."

"I reverence your friendly motives, my dear Newnham," returned I, grasping him by the hand. "Be assured that I will strictly follow your dictates. The joy of anticipated emancipation has thrown me into a wild rapture. Counselled by you, I will offer my gratitude to Heaven in tranquillity."

In spite of a lurking incredulity, Newnham professed his satisfaction at what I had said; and then told me that he wished to make a journey for a fortnight to Northumberland.

"Go, Richard," said I; "fear not for me. Three blessed years have past, and the dire mischief has not shown itself. Why should I any longer be a clog on your almost god-like devotion? A temporary absence will only elevate the pleasure of our renewed meeting."

* * * * *

My friend was now absent from me several hundred miles. It was the first time for many years that I had lived without a consciousness of his being near me. Though, on his leaving London, I felt perfectly valiant, and assured that the peculiar calamity which required his presence would not overwhelm me, I, nevertheless, in a day or two, became nervous, apprehensive, terrified. Olivia perceived a change in my manner. Her evident anxiety increased my own; and though thoroughly sensible of the unreasonableness of placing a restraint on the actions of my friend, I regretted that I had not implored him not to leave me. In vain did I attempt to persuade myself that life was not worth having if its freedom from misery could only be secured by sacrificing another's pleasure. Should I disclose my fears to my wife? No! I had, by former omission, deceived her. I must now take my chance.

The depression under which I laboured increased on me with such rapid strides as utterly to destroy all power of resistance. As one who,

struggling through a narrow ravine, with beetling precipices on each side, should see a tiger bounding towards him, so did I feel that my enemy was rushing at me, and that I could have no escape. I was alone in my library: my limbs had lost all power of movement: to rise and ring the bell was impossible; and even had I been able to do so, I could only have stared wildly at whoever might answer the summons, for of utterance I was incapable. The hands of the tormentor were upon me, and I was forced to yield. My whole frame became rigid; my jaw dropped; my eyes were fixed; my pulsation ceased. But I could see all that was around me, though, in my present state of vision, each object was invested with colours not its own. I was perfectly conscious of my situation; could hear with painful distinctness the slightest whisper; and felt the horrible conviction that in this apparently exanimate state, I might remain several days, and then be buried—buried alive! Newnham could have saved me, but Newnham was away.

Such was my dreadful *idiosyncrasy*. It has been experienced only by a few others, and these have lived at such distant intervals, that the majority of medical physiologists are not aware of the phenomenon. To have almost all the signs of death, and yet be alive and conscious; to feel every touch, and yet not betray sensation; to be in a state of mental sensibility, while utterly powerless as to muscular movement or vocal utterance—this is indeed the most ghastly state in which a human being can be placed. It is not apoplexy, nor palsy, nor syncope, nor what is vulgarly called "trance," because in those afflictions sensation is denied. But in the visitation to which I was unhappily subject, sensation was preternaturally acute.*

Alone, alone in this miserable state, I remained an hour—a long, long hour. I could count the time by the dial on the mantel-shelf.

* It has been stated by a medical philosopher, that "we ought by no means to conclude that the sense of hearing is totally lost because the person under examination does not discover himself to be possessed of it by the slightest motion of the eye-lids, the lips, the fingers, or any other parts of the body; for, as it is generally thought that the heart is the first part of the body which moves, so those who, after they are deprived of the other senses, give distinct relations of every thing they had heard during that time, can attest that the sense of hearing remains longer than any of the rest. The truth of this is, in a remarkable manner, confirmed by the testimony of a celebrated priest, who having affirmed that it was unlawful to give absolution to a dying person who by no signs discovered that he had the sense of hearing, altered his opinion after he himself had fallen into a deliquium so violent, as to deprive him of all motion, though at the same time he distinctly heard the whole conversation of those who were present when his misfortune happened."—*Uncertainty of the Signs of Death*, 1751.

"There have been many examples of men in show dead, either laid out upon the cold floor, or carried forth to burial: nay, of some buried in the earth; which, notwithstanding have lived again, which hath been found in those that were buried (the earth being afterwards opened) by the bruising and wounding of their head, through the struggling of the body within the coffin; whereof the most recent and memorable example was that of Joannes Scotus, called '*the Subtil*,' and a schoolman, who being digged up again by his servant, (unfortunately absent at his burial, and who knew his master's manner in such fits,) was found in that state. And the like happened in our days in the person of a player buried at Cambridge."—*Lord Bacon. History of Life and Death.*

See also "A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns, made at the request of Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister-at-law." 1843.

Bitterly did I meditate, but with profound reverence, on the inscrutable dispensations of Providence—on those dispensations which had made me the prey of so gaunt a malady. Among my other ruminations, it even occurred to me that if by some miracle (Newnham being absent) I should be saved, Miss Winburn would count me among her semi-fiends. But for this I cared not. I yearned for life on any terms.

To what could my peculiar organization be liable? Was it hereditary? On a sudden, a recollection of my youth flashed upon me, and I seemed to have obtained a clue to the mystery.

Let me here relate the incident which (though many years had passed) was vividly acted over again in retrospection.

My mother (a widow) having suffered a grievous illness, was taken for dead, and laid out as a corpse. As night came on, a wax candle was lighted and placed on a table close to her feet. I slept in a chamber adjoining hers. Before daybreak, I was horribly startled on hearing a shriek, and some incoherent words uttered in my mother's voice! Rushing into the room, I saw the corpse (as I supposed) in a sitting posture, half-wrapped in flames. Two women were there, trembling and aghast. The hideous extremity gave me presence of mind; and, throwing blankets on the body, I stifled the flames. What was my joy on finding that my mother lived! The fiery pain had resuscitated her; and, fortunately, I had stopped the burning before it had done its fatal work. She suffered some time from the injury, but eventually recovered. On inquiry, it appeared that the women (as is too often their habit) had drunk to excess; and moving about incautiously, had overturned the candle, and ignited the garments in which she whom they watched was clothed.

I now attributed to the shock I then received, and to the tendency to deliquium on the part of my mother, the wretched liability that has haunted my life. That in my present danger I should have made such investigations, may appear incredible; but so it was.

While thus thinking and despairing, the door was opened, and Olivia entered. Joy, like a burst of sudden sunshine, came over me. It soon faded, for alas! I could not speak, could not move!

My wife approached me—looked at me—passed her hand over my face, which, no doubt, was cold. She grew pale: her countenance assumed a dismal expression: she staggered to the bell, and rang it violently. A servant speedily appeared.

"Run instantly," gasped she: "Run to Bloomsbury Square— to Doctor Mead, and beg him to come here without loss of time. Your master is ill—dying. Run, run."

The man departed on his errand, and I was left alone with her whom I valued more than life itself, precious as the latter seemed to me at that awful juncture. She sat down by my side, and took one of my hands in hers. I question which of us looked the most forlorn: I, the living corpse, or she, the self-imagined widow. Her agony seemed to petrify her. We might both have been taken for pale statues.

Doctor Mead (living so near me) soon arrived. He felt my wrists, but could detect no pulse: he peered into my eyes; they were fixed: he closed my jaw; it fell again: he held a mirror over my face; it was unstained.

"Madam," said he, mournfully, to my wife, "come with me from this place. All is over!"

Olivia would now have fainted, but that Mead upheld her, and bore her out of the room.

Of the sufferings which my wife underwent during the next four-and-twenty hours, I was not a witness, as she did not again enter the room till I was placed in my coffin. Oh! that horrible process, and those which preceded it! The clothes I wore when the dreadful visitation came on me were taken off, and I was wrapped in a shroud. How I loathed the touch of those busy fingers that were laying me out, as the phrase is, decently! But more detestable even than this, were the men who lifted me, by the head and feet, into that narrow box—our final chamber. The hard lid was now placed over me slantwise, so that light was not altogether shut out. Great God, what were my maddening emotions! in a little time I should be inclosed for ever in darkness—should hear the driving of the screws which would imprison me till doomsday! What demon could have possessed me when I suffered Newnham to go so far away?

Two days more elapsed, and still every muscle in my body refused to obey my will. My good and afflicted wife frequently came into the darkened chamber, to gaze at and pray by me. I felt her hot tears fall on my face. I heard her sobs and broken ejaculations, and loved her more than ever. Cruel, cruel fate! Why could I not die and end such intolerable anguish?

At length arrived the last evening on which I should be permitted to see the light of Heaven. The funeral was to take place on the morrow. I was lost. The feeble ray of hope that till now had flickered before my eyes expired. The grave was already dug to receive me—me, a living man! Horror, unutterable horror! No help! Nothing but passive submission to a tremendous fate!

How it happened that the senses I had up to this time retained were not stricken away by frenzy, I know not; but I still listened to every sound and movement. These were very few, as, for the most part, the house was hushed in gloomy reverence to the dead.

Ha! what is that—that violent pealing of the muffled knocker—that peremptory ringing of the house-bell? More noise! a hurried talking in the passage, and a rush of feet upstairs! Can Newnham have arrived? Yes, yes! My preserver is here!

Pale, and out of breath, my friend, accompanied by Olivia, darted into the room. In a moment the hard and stifling board was removed from over me. "I do not despair of restoring him," said Newnham to my wife. "Send one of the men to me, and order a bed to be warmed."

My wife flew to fulfil what was desired, and my valet was soon in the room. Assisted by Newnham, he quickly delivered me from the coffin, drew off the hateful wrappings in which I was inclosed, and carried me to bed. Though in a little while I had some slight feeling of the warmth, my immobility was as stubborn as ever. Hot bricks were now applied to my feet. Other means were perseveringly adopted; and at length Newnham and his companion agitated my limbs by violent extensions and inflections. Watching the proper moment, my friend, placing his mouth close to my ear, cried out with a loud voice, "Northbrooke! Osborne Northbrooke, awake! You are in danger. Awake! Your friend Newnham calls you. Awake!"

This sudden vociferation following the other endeavours, dissipated,

in a slight muscular degree, the lethargy which had so long held me in thrall. Though weak even to exhaustion, I was able to give my friend a faint token that he had succeeded. Some corroborating and cordial liquors were now dropped into my mouth, and after an effort or two I swallowed them. The glad intelligence was conveyed to my wife, though she was forbidden for some hours to see me. Newnham remained at my side during the night, from time to time administering restoratives, and watching anxiously lest the torpor might return. On the next midday I once more folded my dear wife in my arms.

I will not profane the sacredness of so hallowed an interview by any attempt to describe it. We learned that Newnham, while in Northumberland, had read an account in a newspaper of my "sudden death," and that, without the least delay, he had posted to London as fast as horses could convey him. A little longer, and his anxious energy would have been in vain. Since the period above recorded, I have been blessed by two other children—girls—who by the sound of the carriage at the door, are just returned with their mother and brother from a ball at a neighbour's house. It is two o'clock in the morning. I have finished my narrative just in time, and will only add that I can now consign myself to my pillow without any fear, should any singular malady return, of being BURIED ALIVE*.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Oh! the head and the heart are the jewels that fling
Their lustre alike round the peasant and king;
The head the most brilliant—the heart the most rare,
And Earth has no gem that can with them compare:
The head though it dazzles—'tis worldly display,
The heart sheds a balm 'neath the light of its ray;
In the deep mines of feeling they both take a part,—
We've a cheer for the head—and a tear for the heart!

Oh! the head and the heart, though they sometimes entwine
As the ivy the oak, or the tendrils the vine;
The head, like the oak, would in winter seem bare,
If the heart did not twine, like the fond ivy, there;
For the head, ever reckless, the heart never heeds,
Till the rough storms of life all its progress impedes,—
And when from its boughs they have stripped ev'ry part,
The head seeks for refuge—and flies to the heart.

Yes! the head is the man, with his thoughts like the wind,
And the heart is like woman, still tender and kind;
But the head with his boasting would pitiful be,
Unless with the heart he contrived to agree;
The head, oft in error, will blame and abuse,
The heart bids us all to forgive and excuse;
No man without woman in life could take part,—
Then the world's brightest gems are the head and the heart.

Leamington Spa.

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* The above recital is founded on a well-authenticated incident. In his "English Malady," page 307, Doctor Cheyne gives an instance even more remarkable than the present, of Death-in-Life.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS."

No. II.

OUR opening paper left Nimrod singing the praises of Melton Mowbray.

With Letters on the Game Laws, Racing, Cocking, &c., he carried the close of the previous hunting season (1824-5) into the October number of the Sporting Magazine of the latter year, thus early making a commencement of that system of procrastination that characterised his writings. One would have thought that these Tours—these personal observations, would have been best written at the time they were made, just as the "Times" Commissioner now publishes his progress in Ireland; but Nimrod could not manage it, he required to be back at home before he could do anything in the writing way, and no doubt much amusing matter would be lost in the keeping and transit. In our mind he overrated the importance of the Tours; and we really believe, if he had set to in a good, familiar, letter-writing style, and published them at the time they were made, the papers would have been far more acceptable than they were in their more polished form, at a later, and sometimes altogether out of date, period.

In October, 1825, he published his doings of the previous April, when he winds up the season most appropriately in the New Forest with Mr. Nichol's hounds. Here he found much good company, and good quarters at Sir Hussey Vivian's, but "a lamentable scarcity of foxes.' This he attributes to the "unhappy mania for pheasants," which had increased so much in the precincts of the forest, that no sooner did a fox stray out of it than he was trapped. Indeed, he tells us further on, that that late ancient veteran, the amiable and renowned Mr. Butler, who exceeded his half century of Spring seasons in the New Forest, predicted that hunting in the Forest would be mere matter of history forty years thence. Twenty of the forty have now passed away without, we are happy to think, the prophecy being nearer its fulfilment. The number of the magazine concludes with a brace of good trencher stories, one told by, the other told of, the celebrated Mr. Butler. "Billy," as the reverend gentleman was generally called, was asked to dine with a Dorsetshire yeoman, a character that recent times has converted into the gentleman farmer, or perhaps squireen, as they call them in Ireland. "My host," said Mr. Butler, "weighed upwards of twenty stone, and sat behind a rump of beef weighing fifty-two pounds. Being a bachelor, a friend of his weighing nearly as much sat at the bottom of the table behind a loin of veal weighing thirty pounds, and there was a ham in the middle weighing twenty-seven pounds. When these were removed, the maid in waiting placed *six plum puddings in six different dishes* on the table, when her master called to her '*That will do, Sally; don't put any more puddings down till I tell you.*'" The other is told by Nimrod of "Billy" himself: "On the last day of my visit to Sir Hussey," writes Nimrod, "he had a large party to dinner, amongst whom was Mr. Butler; and, by accident he was placed opposite an excellent painting of a fox by Barenger. It so happened that Mr. Butler never saw this fox till he had taken his glass of port wine after his cheese, when he suddenly exclaimed,

'What a beautiful picture of a fox!'—'Ah, Billy!' said an old friend of his, 'how well your nose* must have been down this last hour, that you never saw that fox before!'"

Even Mr. Meager, with all his antipathy to a hunting parson, must have liked Mr. Butler; he was such a kind, sociable, entertaining, agreeable old man. He was a thorough sportsman. With two horses Mr. Butler would hunt five days a week, but then he rode to hunt, not like many men, hunting to ride. All he cared about was seeing the hounds work. We remember his observing one day, in the midst of one of those interminable woods on the east side of Dorsetshire, that he wished he had a balloon in which he could hover over the pack and see all they were about. A gentleman consulted Mr. Butler one day, in our hearing, as to whether he should accept a handsome offer he had had for one of his horses.

"Does he suit you?" asked Mr. Butler.

"Perfectly," replied the gentleman.

"Then don't sell him," said Mr. Butler. "*Never part with your comforts*," added he; a piece of advice well worthy the adoption of all sportsmen.

But to Nimrod and the New Forest.

"As may be expected," writes Nimrod, "the native foresters are a very hardy race, and capable of great fatigue. A singular character existed among them some years back, who might almost be said to possess a faculty not very often displayed by man. The late Marquis of Ely lost a valuable gold watch whilst hunting one day in the forest, and offered twenty guineas for the recovery of it. This man undertook the search. He went to the Marquis's stable, took the exact dimensions of the shoes worn at the time, and having tracked him through almost a whole day's travelling of this pathless country, he succeeded in finding the watch. This persevering adventurer, I was informed, scarcely ever slept in a bed. We were also shown the house of a man, by the name of Toomer, whose father (who was in the service of the Mildmay family) taught a pig to find and stand at game."

Nimrod did not commence publishing what is indexed and title-paged as his "Second Tour," till the month of February, 1826. It appears he worked his way from Hampshire through some of the hunts he had visited the previous year,—the Duke of Beaufort's, the Warwickshire, and Lord Anson's, and the first portion of the Tour leaves him at Leamington. The intermediate numbers, between October 1825, and February 1826, were occupied with Papers on the Game Laws, Condition of Hunters, Ornithology, a Few Days with Harriers, Hampshire Fox-hounds, and other make-weights. The papers on the Condition of Hunters were good, and have since enjoyed considerable popularity in the shape of a volume, though they are perhaps more adapted for the ultra pace of the grass countries than the slower requirements of what the Meltonians call the provincials. Condition no doubt is a capital thing, but it is possible for horses to be in better condition than their riders; and if in former days it was no uncommon thing to see a horse tire under his rider, so now-a-days it is no uncommon thing to see a rider tire upon his horse. It is no use for a man to overmatch himself with a horse.

* Technical—for hounds stooping well to their work.

The March number of the Sporting Magazine makes a goodly show on the title-page. Thus it stands—

"NIMROD'S SECOND HUNTING TOUR.—Mr. Boycott's hounds—The Shropshire hunt—Mr. Whitmore, M.P. for Bridgenorth—Sir Bellingham Graham and the Shropshire hounds; his sporting career as the head of the Badsworth, Atherstone, Pytchley, Quorn, and Shropshire countries; his hounds and kennels; his magnificent stud of hunters; his style of riding to hounds; and his racing stables—liberality of Sir F. Burdett—Sir Richard Puleston and his hounds—Account of Shropshire as a sporting country—Stephen Matthews, a Shropshire yeoman —Mr Mytton's stud and his eccentricities." A specification so liberal as to leave little call for detail.

Nimrod certainly had six horses in this tour; for the late Mr. Mytton, in a letter, writes him word, "Your six horses are arrived in my stables, looking well." On one day we find Nimrod mounting two friends with Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds; on another he was indiscreet enough to mount Mr. Mytton himself, and, adds Nimrod, "did not see my mare for five days afterwards."

Of Shropshire as a sporting country, our author says:—

"The pen of Nimrod cannot fail in being somewhat lavish of its praise, and therefore his readers must make all due allowance. In the first place, there may be seen in it—all on the same day—*four* packs of fox-hounds*. In the next there are two hunt weeks in the year at Shrewsbury, attended by almost all the gentlemen of rank and property, in that or the neighbouring counties—each week also affording a splendid ball and supper for the ladies. The uniform of the members is also a set off to a ball-room, being a scarlet coat, buff waistcoat and breeches, with gilt knee-buckles, and handsome uniform buttons to all. The Champagne also travels at a merry pace in the supper room, which is not the case among the old ones."

I have ridden over the majority of our English counties, but never did I meet such hospitable and jovial fellows as the Shropshire and Staffordshire farmers. With them "What will you drink?" is the next question to "How do you do?" and now and then "What will you drink?" comes first.

The Cheshire farmers do not seem to have been so hospitable:—

"After a fine day's sport with the Cheshire hounds," says Nimrod, "I was riding home with the huntsman and whippers-in, when a very respectably dressed farmer came out of his house to ask the particulars of the run. He came, however, empty-handed, and never asked us to break our fast. "It is a sign we are not in Shropshire," said I to Will, (the huntsman). "Lord, Sir," replied he, "a jug of ale is a rarity in Cheshire, unless you pay for it." In illustration of the superiority of Shropshire over Cheshire in the trencher line the next number of the magazine contains an account of a day with Mr. Mytton's hounds, when the field indulged in *two* luncheons. This is nasty work. We never see fellows coming out all flushed with meat and drink without trembling for the hounds. What is called Dutch courage is most contemptible.

Staffordshire appears to have been as good a cupboard-country as Shropshire, for Nimrod says, in a note, "I remember on one occasion

* Viz. Sir B. Graham's, Sir Richard Puleston's, Mr. Boycott's and Mr. Wickstead's.

when Mr. Mytton hunted that country (Staffordshire), that a regular dinner was provided for the field. There was white soup, patties, side dishes, &c. &c. I well remember also," adds he, "how small the fences appeared when we were running our afternoon fox." No doubt they would, and the hounds too. If we were a master of hounds, on such an occasion, as soon as we got the field fairly earthed we would just send the hounds home, and let the gentlemen convert the luncheon into a dinner. Independently of the waste of the best part of the day, it is bad for both servants and horses. The men get half drunk, and more horses catch cold by hanging about or being put into damp stables and out-houses than their masters will choose to allow.

Mr. Mytton's wild and daring career having subsequently furnished food for Nimrod's pen, in the shape of a separate volume, we pass over all the Halston exploits until we come to notice that work in its regular course. Leaving Shropshire, Nimrod proceeded into the inhospitable county of Chester, where he and his late host, Mr. Mytton, took up their quarters at Marbury, the seat of Mr. Domville Poole. The great curiosity of the country—at least in Nimrod's eyes, was the fact of the gentlemen all wearing leather breeches. It is curious to see how changeful fashion has since brought these despised articles into vogue.

"There is one peculiarity attends the members of the Cheshire hunt," writes Nimrod, (May, 1826,) "almost all of them ride in leather breeches. That they are well adapted to the saddle, and for riding long distances on the road, no one will doubt; but in all other countries they are accounted *dead slow in the field*."

Nimrod breaks off in the middle of his Cheshire tour, to chronicle the first of those abominable exhibitions called steeple chases, which took place between Captain Ross and Captain Douglas, in Leicestershire. The match was for one thousand pounds a side, but the whole thing is now immaterial, further than as laying the foundation of the greatest nuisance hunting has ever known. Nimrod was very inconsistent in his views on steeple chasing, now advocating, now reprobating them.

In what was called the "grand" (for every thing doubtful has that word prefixed) "Leicestershire Steeple Chase," that took place in 1828, immortalized by the pencil of Alken, the first person we find is Nimrod, reading the articles of the race to Captain Ross, Field Nicholson, Dick Christian, and a select party, while one of his last literary efforts was an attempt to write steeple chasing down, in the Quarterly Review, an article, however, that was not published, the subject not being considered worth the importance of a separate paper.

Nimrod, during this his second tour, visited that popular gentleman, the late Mr. Leche of Carden, "a gentleman of ten thousand a year, who in his latter years set up a carriage to convey him from his parties, which he jocosely called his *drinking cart*—the author of innumerable good stories and jokes, but, according to Nimrod, only an indifferent huntsman. Indeed, his whipper-in seems to have been of that opinion too, for on Mr. Leche telling Sam, 'who was a wet soul,' and often came home drunk, that he should look out for a new whipper-in, Sam very coolly replied, 'If he were to look out for a *new huntsman, too, it would be as well for the hounds*.'"

Indeed the Principality seems to have abounded in "characters," and Nimrod relates some peculiarities of a worthy Mr. Jones, of Maesmawr, near Welshpool; among others, that his huntsman and whipper-in rode with small canteens of gin to their saddles. When, however, we come to read some of the doings with his hounds, (the Montgomeryshire fox-hounds,) as set forth by the perhaps somewhat partial pen of Mr. Jones, when he came to sell his stud; the chases of seven hours, with sixteen stone on their backs, and runs of thirty miles with two-and-twenty miles home; mounting at four o'clock in the morning, riding fourteen miles to cover, riding a chase of sixty miles, and returning twenty-seven miles by the turnpike-road by eleven the same night (full one hundred miles in all) without receiving the least refreshment, our only wonder is that the servants of this persevering hunt did not carry a larder as well as a canteen. A perusal of the feats of Mr. Jones's horses, as set forth in the catalogue of sale, would put many modern "horse coddles" to the blush; take Lot 8 for instance:—

"Black gelding, 16 hands, 7 years old, bred by Mr. Asterley, of Pentreheylin, near Llanymynech, and got by a travelling Yorkshire horse out of the Vermin mare, dam of the late Hon. Mr. Trevor's Lady Jane. This horse is straightforward and tough, and when four years old lived through that severe chase with the Montgomeryshire hounds, from Corndon Hill almost to Knighton, and back to Clon, where they killed their fox, (about thirty miles, and eventually one horse died and others were much injured,) and brought his rider safe home (twenty-two miles) to Welshpool that evening, after going to the ground in the morning twelve miles."

This feat of the four year olds reminds us of that amusing writer, Sam Slick's advice, "never to buy a crack horse, for they have done too much." We should think "the straightforward and tough" would come under that denomination.

Here is a sketch of a gentleman coachman, the Hon. T. Kenyon of Pardoe.

"So systematic is he," says Nimrod, "in this his favourite pursuit, (driving,) that—with the exception of his being on a visit to his friends—his horses are put to, four days in the week, exactly as the clock strikes eleven in the forenoon, and drives his coach to Shrewsbury, into the Lion yard, the distance fourteen miles, which he does in an hour and thirty-five minutes. Here his horses are taken off, his coat and whip hung up in the coach office, and he remains in the town till the clock strikes three. At this hour to a moment his team is put to, and he leaves the yard about a minute before the Chester and Holyhead mails. The latter goes his road, but he keeps the lead till he turns into his own lodge gate, which is by the turnpike-road side. This is not all. So well are his working days known in the country, that several of his neighbours await him on the road, and avail themselves of a ride to Shrewsbury. His coach carries nearly as many outsides as the regular stages, but is very neat in its appearance, and built in the same form as gentlemen's four-horse coaches generally are."

This, like the fable of the boys and frogs, may be all very well for gentlemen, but it would be death to coachmen and coach proprietors, who had to live by their loads.

Gentlemen coachmen, however, are about extinct. There were not above four at work during last season—at least not in the streets. So long as "gentlemen coachmen" were content to be "gentlemen," the amusement was all very well, but it showed sad want of taste when gentlemen descended to be "coachmen." It was quite a superfluous addition to driving four-in-hand. Sir Henry Peyton never thought it necessary, neither did Mr. Ball Hughes, the Stanhopes, Mr. Payne, Lord Waterford, or many others we could name. A swaggering gait, a back-stitched coat, and tight trousers, do not contribute to the proper guidance of four horses.

March, 1826, found Nimrod in the grass countries again. On the tenth of that month he left his house in Hampshire for Pitsford, in Northamptonshire, the then residence of Mr. Musters, who hunted the country—one of Nimrod's "Magnus Apollos" in the hunting, and many other ways.

"As I travelled along," writes Nimrod, "my reflections led me to the remembrance of a passage I once met with in a French author. It described a Frenchman sitting under the shade of a banana in an ill-starred island, where there was neither a flower in the meadows nor a sweet-smelling plant in the fields; and he was heard to heave some deep sighs. 'You are wretched,' said St. Pierre. 'I am,' replied the Frenchman, '*but if I could see one violet I should be happy.*' There is no disputing about tastes. The man in question, no doubt, associated these delicate flowers with the pleasing recollections of his native country; but in my eyes they have a very different effect. There was no lack of them by the road-side this day; the sun was so hot that I could scarcely endure my great-coat as I sat on the coach-box; and I said to myself, 'It will soon be all over with hunting.'"

Northamptonshire seems to have been a more hospitable country in the lunching line than Cheshire, and Nimrod speaks feelingly of two or three agreeable feeds he had. His horses stood at the George Inn, Northampton, and were well found in every thing at twenty-five shillings per week per head.

"N.B.—A little too much," adds he.

We think so too. The Duke of Grafton's hounds in the adjoining country were next visited, but there was no scent, consequently no sport; though old Tom Rose did contrive, as Nimrod says, to "walk a fox to death," no easy operation, by the way, unless it was a vixen.

Here is the difference between having a good horse in Leicestershire and in the provincials—

"I saw a man," writes Nimrod, while describing a gallant run with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds, in the Harborough country, "whom I took to be a farmer, going smoothly along upon a black horse, and when our fox was killed, I told him I liked his nag. He proved to be a horse dealer, and the next time I met him he told me Lord Plymouth had purchased the black. Thus it is in these metropolitan counties. If a horse goes but two strides faster than another over one large field, a price is instantly put upon him and he is sold; whereas, in the provincials, if he were to be as fast as Eclipse, and to jump over the moon, he would not (in nine cases out of ten) be sold until his exploits had been talked of for a twelvemonth."

All sportsmen can vouch for the truth of that remark. We know

of no such up-hill work as selling a horse in the country. Absurdly dear as railway carriage for horses is, we would sooner pay it and consign a horse to the easy transfer of Messrs. Tattersall, than encounter the haggle and most likely subsequent vexation of a country deal.

Nimrod appears to have made up for the deficiency of March sport by the gaiety of the evenings, having been at five balls in three weeks, all of which were patronized by Mr. Musters, and the hunt in general. Nimrod thus discourses on dancing, for though little better than a one eyed one, as he used to say, he saw a good deal with that one. "Twenty-six years ago," writes he, "every woman could dance, because, if I may be allowed to say so, no dancing was required. She might have shuffled 'down the middle' like a foundered post-horse, in the old country dance—perhaps without being observed—but not so in these times. When a ring is formed, as in our modern cotillons," (modern again after a lapse of twenty-six years,) "the shape as well as the action of a woman is openly displayed, and she must use her feet. It is here you see what nature has done for her, for though the potter may have power over the clay to make it a vessel of honour or dishonour, the dancing-master cannot make a woman dance well unless she is in the right form."

Waltzing, too, he has a turn at—

"There was a hard struggle in this country, between the young ones and the old ones, when first was introduced the German waltz. 'My daughter shall never waltz' said one prudent mother.—'My daughter shall never be pulled about the room in that way, by a man,' said another; but at length (though we must admit they come to rather close quarters, *i.e.* in the dance) the old ones were beaten, as they always are; and all the young ones now waltz."

Here is a sketch of a country race ball—Abingdon is the town :—

"As it generally happens at a country race, I looked into the ball-room about twelve o'clock. As it also generally happens, there was one pretty woman to a dozen plain ones, and the show was nothing remarkable. Milton says—all that is left of Paradise is domestic love, and here I saw a specimen—*a man dancing with his wife!* 'They are newly married?' said I to a friend.—'Not a bit of it; they have two children, and have been spliced these three years,' was his reply.—'All very well in a ploughed country,' resumed I, 'but it would be thought dead slow over the grass.'"—As slow as leather breeches perhaps.

From Mr. Musters' Nimrod proceeded to Mr. Osbaldeston's and Lord Lynedoch's, and finished the season in Northamptonshire, declining a visit to the New Forest for the spring hunting. He travelled with six horses, which he says had between four and five hundred miles road-work. In conclusion, he says he received nothing but hospitality and kindness, and every man he met appeared to be his friend. "This," writes he, "is the way to pass one's days, for it makes life's business like a summer's dream.

'A glut of retirement sends us out into the world, and a glut of the world sends us back into retirement, and I have now retired to the rural simplicity of a country life. Think not, however, that I shall ever become a pupil of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on the pleasure of the world; or that I think the better of the Roman general, because he boasted he could sup on turnips.—No! I'll snatch

a pleasure whenever I can catch it, and to my last hour I'll join in chorus—

"'These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.'"

Nimrod brought this, his second Tour, to a close at a more seasonable period than usual, having finished it in the June number of the Magazine, forty-two pages having been devoted in the double number to its completion. The old stock subject, "The Road," a little racing, with occasional few "Lines from Nimrod," chiefly commenting on the communications of others, formed the summer contributions of that year. There is an amusing instance of difference of opinion on matters of art in one of these critical letters. There had been a picture of a dog and rabbit, in a recent number of the work.

"As I was sitting at breakfast the other morning at Fenton's Hotel, in St. James's Street," writes Nimrod, "a bit of paper was wanting to light a candle.—'Take the Dog and Rabbit out of the *Sporting Magazine*,' said a friend, 'it is fit for nothing else.' In an hour afterwards, I went to a sporting barber to be *clipped*. 'What a beautiful print there is in the last number,' said he.—'Which do you mean?' observed I.—'The Dog and Rabbit,' replied the barber."

ROMANCE*.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

FROM his native gardens sever'd,
Doom'd to toil on Afric's strand,
Sadly looks the captive gard'ner
Tow'rds the lofty Spanish land.

There the greedy goats are feeding,
O'er the barren slopes they stray;
Scarcely can his eye distinguish
Whether goats or rocks are they.

Now the plain so rich and fertile
With a wishful glance he eyes,
And he sees from many a cottage,
Clouds of smoke, uniting, rise.

And he sees, too, by Gibraltar,
Where the rugged breakers stand,
Sees the billows dash against them,
Which would wrench them from the sand.

For the straits are wildly raging,
And the sands upon the shore
Seem with fury to be sounding,
Till a thousand echoes roar.

He exclaims, "Ye sacred waters,
To my grief some comfort bring;
Grant me pardon if your troubles
From my heavy sighing spring.

"To that blessed country yonder,
Prithee bear me, mighty sea,
And a milkwhite bull I'll offer—
Pride of all my flock—to thee.

"Never, never, shall my wishes
Rest content with foreign lands,
Then assist a new Leander,
Who commends him to your hands."

Thus the captive says, and leaping
'Mid the waves, their force he breaks;
Striking, cleaving, rending, struggling,
As his way he boldly makes.

But when midnight is approaching,
And his limbs begin to fail,
He entreats the raging billows,
For his heart at last must quail:

"Nay, ye dear, beloved billows,
Though my death you may require,
Yet,—oh, kindly waves,—release me,
For to pay you I desire."

Now the winds no more oppose him,
Fortune smiles upon his woes,
And his foot he plants in safety
As the morn its lustre throws.

And he thanks the kindly waters,
Winds, and stars, releas'd from toil;
Then, with humble rev'rence bending,
Kisses and adores the soil.

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* From the collection entitled *Romancero General*. Published at Madrid, in 1604. After the example of Bishop Percy, the *rima asonante* has been exchanged for rhyming lines of the same length as in the original.—J. O.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ZUMALACARREGUI

BY A PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE.

Nine months after the birth of Don Carlos, that is to say, on the 29th Dec. 1788, was born the celebrated defender of this prince, Don Tomas Zumalacarregui. His native place was Ormitegui, in Guipuzcoa. His parents, without being very wealthy, enjoyed a comfortable livelihood, and belonged to the first nobility of the country. His elder brother was President of the Cortes in 1812, and was one of the most remarkable personages of the liberal party, while the two other brothers devoted themselves to the ecclesiastical profession. Tomas, following the impulse of his military genius, was present at the celebrated defence of Saragossa, under the orders of the immortal Palafox. He then retired to his birthplace; and when Guipuzcoa raised her standard against Napoleon's invasion, he joined Jauregui, better known as *El Pastor*, or, the "Shepherd,"—a name given to him because he had been a shepherd in reality, and like Viriatus—(with the *slight* dissimilarity that he was not a bandit)—had exchanged the crook for the sword. Zumalacarregui did not much relish the notion of having for his general a man whose accomplishments did not include the art of writing, and therefore he undertook the task of instructing him in the mysteries of calligraphy, in which task, it is gratifying to say, he was successful. He took a great part in the glories of the "Pastor," and on the general peace, Baron de Aveizaga (the captain-general) made him his aid-de-camp. While officer of the "Regiment of Victory," he paid great attention to the subject of military tactics, his books having chiefly reference to that science. So great was the opinion which the government entertained of his military acquirements, that various regiments were entrusted to him, that he might give them the benefit of his discipline. With his last regiment he went, under the orders of General Count de Casa Eguia, to the department of Ferrol, where from time immemorial there had been a band of robbers, who spread their ramifications throughout the whole of Gallicia. This band was organized in the most secret manner, and had been so well managed, that destruction was impossible. Indeed, when the associates had reason to suspect any one of their comrades, they put him to a painful death. Men of all classes, some of them even holding offices under government, belonged to the band, and from 1826 to 1832 it was commanded by a rich merchant, whom we shall call C——, the origin of whose immense wealth was a mystery to his neighbours. Several magistrates received regular pay from the association, and Count Casa Eguia, in spite of all his endeavours, was totally unable to discover the robbers; D. V——, a magistrate of Ferrol, who afterwards became a councillor of Castile, and R——, a scrivener, devoting themselves solely to the prosecution of those thieves who were unconnected with the band. In this state of things, the count appointed Zumalacarregui, (then a colonel in the 14th of the line,) Governor of Ferrol. He immediately nominated as his *fiscal*, Don Manuel Casanova, who was out of employ on account of his liberal opinions, and the result of his exertions was the discovery of the understanding which C—— and the other wealthy persons had with the band of robbers. They were all

imprisoned, and the law would have taken its course, had not the political changes of 1832 given them the means of frustrating Zumalacarregui. They had already offered him large sums of money, but he remained incorruptible, and hence they caused him to be accused of encouraging rebellion against the government. This charge was sufficient to occupy his attention, and divert him from all other subjects, and although he fully succeeded in proving the falsity of all that had been alleged against him, he was deprived of his command. Casanova was employed in the army, C—— was set at liberty, and the band continue their depredations even to the present day, if we may trust the Spanish *Diarios.*

Zumalacarregui went to Madrid, and by means of his friend, Don L. Armero, who held a situation in the war department, was sent to Pampluna. Here he remained till one day, when he was buying a horse, he was observed by the Marquis del Moncayo, and was thus accosted: "This is not the time for you to buy a horse." Zumalacarregui perceived that a new persecution was on foot, and hence he immediately left Pampluna, and went to join the royalists, who had declared for Don Carlos.

With about £10 sterling in his pocket, and with ten men, each of whom had four cartridges, Zumalacarregui organized the Carlists, and provided them with arms, snatched in the field of battle from the hands of the enemy. Generals Mina, Baron de la Rondelet, Sarsfield, Marquis de Moncayo, Cordova, Ora, Lorenzo, and the celebrated Don Diego de Leon, (worthy of a better fate.) with the best Spanish troops, and aided by three foreign legions, opposed Zumalacarregui with a force 100,000 strong, and with all the advantages of cavalry and artillery; but such was the military skill of the Carlist general, that he vanquished all his enemies, whether in open field or in the capture of a fortress.

He had attained the eminence of his glory, when he was struck in the thigh by a cannon-ball, as he was reconnoitering a point of the wall of Bilboa. It was necessary to remove him at once from the spot. The paymaster, Don F. Mendigaña, came to him, and asked him if he had any money, "Not a *farthing,*" was the reply, upon which he received £100 sterling. In a few days the ball was extracted, an operation which caused him great pain, and he plainly perceived that his end was drawing near. A priest having confessed him, a notary approached, and said, "What is your Excellency's fortune, and to whom do you leave it?"—"All that I have in the world," said Zumalacarregui, "consists of my wife, and my three daughters, to whom I can leave nothing." Indeed, when after his death an inventory of his effects was taken by his brother-in-law, it appeared that his entire property was —three brace of pistols, a sabre, a hunting-piece, a sword, three horses, a mule, a telescope, with which he had been presented by Colonel Garwood, and finally, £12 out of the 100 just mentioned, which he had distributed among the men who carried his litter.

Thus died Don Tomas Zumalacarregui, at the age of 46. His titles were, Captain-General of the Troops of Don Carlos, Duke of Victory, Grandee of Spain of the First Class, and Grand Cross of the Royal and Military Order of San Fernando. In height he was five feet two inches, his shoulders were broad, one being somewhat higher than the other. He did not, when walking, hold his head erect, but looked

upon the ground, as if absorbed in deep meditation. His eyes were as penetrating as those of an eagle, his complexion was clear, and his hair, which he wore short, was very thick and of a dark brown, though in his latter days he began to turn gray. His whiskers joining his mustachios gave him a truly military appearance.

Zumalacarregui was so devoted to his military occupations, that he scarcely allowed himself time for the common necessaries of life. Often did he allow his dinner to wait till it served for a supper, because he could not bestow a minute upon it. His apartment was constantly full of persons, to all of whom he showed great attention, especially the unfortunate. However, when not occupied by his military labours he displayed much of that gallantry which is common with Spanish officers; so that if in war he might be compared to Alcides, he could be a kind of Alcibiades in peace. Gaming he abhorred, and of all pastimes his favourite was the chase. His temper was somewhat irascible, and he was impatient under contradiction; but it should be observed, that if his anger was soon aroused, it was equally soon allayed. To the haughty he was haughty in his turn, to the unpretending he was affable; hypocrisy he detested, while he was a zealous advocate for religion. He revered talent in any station, while he himself was capable of performing the duties of general, colonel, captain, serjeant, corporal, horse or foot soldier and engineer, all at once. So cautious was he in his proceedings that he never signed a paper without reading it twice, and never gave orders without making the person who received them repeat them accurately, to show that they were understood. With a person of such keen discernment as Zumalacarregui, imposture was impossible, and true merit was always sure of being discovered. His generosity was unbounded, and an unwearied energy was among the most prominent features of his character. True it is, that most heads of parties fall with the parties themselves, but of Zumalacarregui we think it may safely be predicted, that posterity will look back upon him as upon a Cid or a Carpio.

A few anecdotes of this extraordinary man cannot fail to be interesting.

In 1827, when Zumalacarregui was colonel of the first regiment of the line, and this regiment was passing through Madrid to join the army of observation in Estremadura, he called upon the Captain-General of Castille, with his officers, to pay him his respects. Don Francesco Ocaña, who had been appointed to this regiment a few days before by the king, chanced to be of the party; and the general, who had been displeased with his conduct, on a former occasion, rebuked him in somewhat sharp terms, while he commended Zumalacarregui and the other officers. Zumalacarregui, far from thanking him, said, "Señor General, this is not the time to treat in such a manner any officer whom the king may have placed under my orders, and whom, consequently, it is my duty to defend. Your excellency may complain to his majesty, but as long as he remains in a regiment of which I am colonel, I will not allow even a Captain-General of Castille to insult my subaltern Ocaña." So saying, he walked out of the room. It should be observed that Ocaña was a liberal, and therefore differed in politics from Zumalacarregui.

He never had more clothes than those upon his back; nevertheless, on

one occasion, when the war was active and the cold was very intense, he ordered an extra coat to be made. Seeing from his window a French captain very scantily attired, he called him, and instead of putting on the coat which the tailor had just brought him, made him a present of it, continuing to go about in his one coat as usual.

For agriculture and the agricultural classes he displayed great consideration. When among the cattle bought for the support of the army he discovered any that were useful for work, he sent for those of the peasantry who had old useless cattle in their possession, and took them in exchange for the serviceable ones, without exacting any remuneration.

The first prisoners who fell into the hands of Zumalacarregui was Don N. Guerrero, an officer of cavalry. The wife of this officer had no sooner heard of the occurrence, than she flew to Zumalacarregui, to implore his release. The Christino generals, at this time, were shooting the Carlist prisoners without mercy. Zumalacarregui wrote upon the lady's petition, "Recent events being overlooked, the husband of the petitioner, together with the two serjeants who were taken with him, shall be set at liberty, if the authorities of Pampluna will show the same consideration for the officer, Don Manuel Duharte, who is now in their power." Notwithstanding this offer, Duharte was shot by the orders of the Christino general. The Carlist, Zumalacarregui, nevertheless released Guerrero.

A volunteer having been severely flogged, on the charge that he had stolen a fowl that was discovered in his knapsack, turned round to Zumalacarregui, and said to him, with a very complacent air, "General, if your excellency will pardon them, I will tell you who were the real thieves, and who put the fowl into my knapsack."—"My good friend," said Zumalacarregui, "you had better conceal them now you have had your flogging. However, you deserve a reward for the regard you have shown to friendship, and as I cannot render undone the pain you have endured, at least accept this small proof of the esteem I feel for you as a trusty friend." So saying, he gave him an ounce of gold.

Like all huntsmen, Zumalacarregui was very fond of his dogs, and he had received one of great value from a gentleman who wished to cultivate his favour. One day, as he had just set out on a hunting expedition, the dog, who was running in front of his horse, flew at a sheep that belonged to a flock they were passing, and killed it. Zumalacarregui instantly fired his pistols at the dog, but missing it, gave orders that it should be killed. Several officers solicited a pardon for the animal, but the general replied, "The death of a sheep can be easily repaired, as we only have to pay its value to the owner, but suppose an ill-conditioned dog did some mischief to a man—what say you, señores officers,—who would repair the mischief then?" The dog was killed at once, and the owner of the sheep was paid the money which he required.

Zumalacarregui once observed a woman, who had been driven out of Peralta by the Christinos, following a battalion with two children on her back. Asking her why she followed this particular battalion, she told him it was because her husband served in it as a volunteer. The general gave her two pounds, and told her to come every month to receive a similar sum. In this way did Zumalacarregui employ his small pay of £30 per month.

One day, when Zumalacarregui was at Ascueta, he saw from his window an old woman very meanly attired, holding a youth by the hand. Looking at the general she came down to the window, as if she would express with her eyes what her tongue did not venture to say. He ordered one of his adjutants to go to her, and ask what she wanted. "I want to speak a few words with the general," said the old woman. "Let her come up," said Zumalacarregui from the window. When she found herself in his presence, she showed him the youth and said, "Señor General, I am a poor widow, and I want to know if your excellency will take this son of mine, who plagues me day and night to let him join his two brothers, who are already soldiers in the 1st Regiment of Navarre."—"Bring me your two other sons," said Zumalacarregui, an order which was speedily obeyed. Feeling compassion for the destitute state in which the woman would be left, if deprived of all her sons, he advised one of the two, who were in the regiment, to return to her, and work for her support. To this the mother would not consent. Zumalacarregui, making her a handsome present of money, desired the officer who was on guard at the door of his house to pay her the same honours that were paid to himself, and this on every occasion when she appeared with her three sons.

When Zumalacarregui came to the town of Vergala Mayor, his soldiers brought before him the corregidor, and a paper, which they said they had torn down from a public place, where it had been posted before the arrival of the troops. This paper was an edict, offering a general pardon to all the Carlists who would lay down their arms; and according to a proclamation which Zumalacarregui had published, the corregidor was liable to be shot. Instead, however, of proceeding with this severity, Zumalacarregui contented himself with making the corregidor *swallow* the paper in the presence of the soldiers who accused him, a punishment that occasioned general diversion.

When the glory of Zumalacarregui was at its height, two days after the battle of Amezcoas, Lord Elliott, who was on his mission from Great Britain, paid him a visit. Zumalacarregui, who perceived that he was an object of interest, could not help displaying a kind of noble pride on this occasion. He had but recently caused his enemies to suspend the decree called "The Martial Law," which, with his own eyes, he had seen published at Pampluna, with the greatest military honour, two days after the Carlist general, Don Santos Ladron, was shot. At that time he had said to a friend, "If I live I'll make them repent that abominable decree." To gratify Lord Elliott he not only granted his prisoners their lives, but also gave them something to eat, and set them at liberty. Many of them were so pleased with him that they chose to remain under his orders, rather than return to the Christino army.

Zumalacarregui being informed that Lord Elliott wished to have his autograph, wrote as follows:—"En Asarta, villa del valle Berneza, celebre por tantos combates que en el se han dado en este siglo ha tenido el honor de recibir a Lord Eliot, el 15 de Abril, año 1835 *.

"Tomas Zumalacarregui."

* "At Asarta, a town of the Berneza Valley, celebrated for so many battles in the present age, and on the 15th April, 1835, T. Z. had the honour to receive Lord Elliott." The English language will not admit of the inversion which places the nominative in the signature.

THE SEPARATE PURSE.

BY MRS. WHITE.

"Now, whatever you do, Fanny," said Mrs. Prin, reluctantly concluding her last didactic on the eve of her daughter's marriage, "make a point of having your own share of Alfred's pay, otherwise you will never have a shilling to call your own, for either you will have to ask him for every thing you want, or he will be constantly coming to you for money. You know it was always so in your poor father's lifetime; he might as well have kept his pay altogether, as pretend to have trusted me with the management of it, for he was continually wanting some of it for tailor's bills, or subscriptions, or other expenses, that I knew nothing about, and afterwards would have the conscience to ask what had become of it, if I ventured on a make-shift dinner more than once a week; so pray take my advice, and let him have his share of the money, and do you keep yours, then you will know what you have to trust to; besides, there is nothing like beginning as you intend to go on, and so the sooner you get him to come to the arrangement the better. Good night, God bless you!"

And Mrs. Prin pressed her lips on her daughter's forehead, with the air of one whose last act of maternal government had been to drop the manna of golden maxims in her path.

There was, however, something in this advice that sounded harsh and dissonant to the object of it. To begin matrimony with the discussion of money matters, was as disagreeable as it appeared ungraceful in the eyes of the young bride; and when a few days afterwards, Fanny Leithbridge (as the ceremony of the next morning made her) sat in her *own home*, with her hand clasped in that of her husband—returning with a new-found confidence, not only its pressure, but the glances of affectionate tenderness with which he gazed upon her—she wondered how her mother could have thought it necessary to hint at pecuniary arrangements between *them*.

By and by, however, as the inaugural month of wifehood waned away, and household aspirations succeeded to those of settlement and possession, Mrs. Leithbridge began to see the necessity of having a less dependent command of the exchequer—her husband was so apt to dissent from her notions of domestic requirements, and meet her estimates of drawing-room furniture, &c., with a good-humoured smile, and the worn-out truism, that "Rome was not built in a day," they must have patience, and "stand before they could run," and a great deal more to the same purpose; but though for the present, more from a habit of complaisance than from personal conviction, Mrs. Leithbridge seemed to acquiesce in her husband's way of thinking, all the while her mother's precepts lay fermenting and spreading their noxious influence, morsels of evil leaven that in time should leaven the whole.

On the other hand, the conduct of Leithbridge was so considerate, and he was so generally attentive and self-sacrificing, that no opportunity occurred in which to even hint at the change of arrangement it soon became her study to achieve; he bought nothing without consulting her taste; and though he might sometimes combat her desire for household acquisitions, it was done so inoffensively, and with such imperturbable good humour, that the veriest shrew could have found

no opportunity of playing off that fearful engine of domestic warfare, ill-temper.

Not that Leithbridge was a naturally refined or a very considerate man; but he was just now in that state of uxorious intoxication which is blind as well as passive, and the sudden sobering from which (where the stronger spells of congeniality and affection are wanting) is so often fatal to matrimonial happiness. It is true their marriage had been what the world calls one of affection (*i. e.* one in which the absence of any great disparity of age or position gives less occasion for questioning its disinterestedness); but if the world could have looked into the heart of either, it would have found, that beyond a predilection for each other's personal appearance, their union had scarcely the lukewarm sentiment of *liking* for its basis.

No matter, "Marry first and love afterwards," was an article of the faith in which Mrs. Prin had brought up her daughter, and besides, there was a principle of mutual accommodation in the match, which, though it might not appear, was not without weight with the contractors. Leithbridge had long since discovered that housekeeping gets on but badly in the irregularity of a bachelor's establishment, and he meditated a corrective in the person of his wife, who, on her part, saw the advantage of exchanging a meagre dependence, and the domination of an irritable mother, for a comfortable home, and a husband genteelly situated. These motives of expediency, then, were the most solid occasion of their union, but they were both young, and this circumstance, added to a mutual admiration of each other's good looks, had produced the passion which they were willing to mistake for attachment, and which, as I before observed, still retained its strength in the breast of the young husband. What prospect there was of wedded happiness based on such foundations, the reader will judge, but its overthrow was at least accelerated by the disunion which Mrs. Leithbridge was bent on effecting—not of hearts but of purses.

One of the greatest misfortunes that can befall persons in middling circumstances on their first starting in life was unhappily theirs—but little, if any, provision had been made on the part of Leithbridge to meet the exigencies of the step he had taken; his salary of little more than a hundred and fifty pounds a year, as a clerk under government, had hitherto been barely sufficient for his own expenses; his house to be sure was rent-free, but then it was only scantily furnished, and whatever additions had been made in this particular on the occasion of his marriage remained unpaid. As a bachelor, Leithbridge passed for what is called an easy, good-natured, warm-hearted young man—one of those persons, in fact, who have the absurdly disinterested character of being "nobody's enemy but their own,"—a position, by the way, that one generally finds in after life extended to their wife and children. Sherry, society, and manillas were his temptations, but he had considerably abated his indulgence in them since his marriage; and in all probability, with proper attractions at home, would have made up his mind to a farther limitation; his prejudices, therefore, were in favour of peopling the apartments which his wife was bent on fashionably furnishing, and to spread his old mahogany with an occasional entertainment, the expense of which she was striving to anticipate for the purchase of new. Unfortunately, too, he had the organ of gastronomical perceptiveness (if there be such an one) most

strongly developed, and was decidedly opposed to the Prin "Family receipts for good and cheap cookery." Mrs. Leithbridge on the contrary, brought up in the self-denying principles of a narrow economy, which limited the expenses of her mother and herself to the pre-counted pounds, shillings, and pence of a government pension, looked upon all extraneous adjuncts to the simple state of roast and boiled as so many wasteful provocatives to appetite—and but for respect to the decencies of the dinner-table, would fain have exploded the contents of the cruets as an unnecessary tax on her house-keeping account.—"What, mutton again, Fanny?" observed Leithbridge one day, as the familiar joint made its appearance before him, "egad! you will soon make me, like the man in Joe Miller, ashamed to look a sheep in the face." This attack, however jestingly conveyed, was but too good an opportunity for Mrs. Leithbridge to open her battery, and she therefore, with a heightened colour and an offended air, scarcely called for by her husband's hinted dissatisfaction, declared "she wished he would market for himself—she did not know how to please him—if she bought beef, he was sure to call it tough; and now mutton did not suit—in fact she did not know what to buy;—if indeed, like other people, she had a certain allowance for housekeeping expenses, she should be able to tell what she could afford,—but as it was, she had no money that she did not either have to ask for like a *beggar*, or to receive as if she was a *servant* entrusted with a certain sum to spend;—for her part, she was heartily tired of it, and wished for nothing more than that he would take the housekeeping altogether into his own hands—she found she could not give him satisfaction."

Though almost dumbfounded by this sudden ebullition, Alfred Leithbridge answered by a loud laugh, and drawing forth his purse, with the first ungracious action he had ever been guilty of towards her, threw it across the table, asking her, "When he had ever withheld its contents? and bidding her help herself."—"Not she! she did not want his money—all she required was a certain sum for household expenses, that she might know what she could afford to lay out. It was just like him to be so quick and petulant, when a little quiet talking over the affair would set all to rights; and in her situation she could not bear to see him so excited."

From this time forth Mrs. Leithbridge lost no opportunity of effecting that complete independence of her husband's will, as regarded money matters, that her mother's hints had aimed at, day by day, night after night, with all the subtle insidiousness which the diplomacy of cunning opposes to headstrong determination of purpose. The passionate, the pathetic, the silent system, were each in turn played off to induce the arrangement she desired; and at length, wearied into acquiescence, the husband gave in, and in the blindness of her intolerable selfishness Fanny Leithbridge waived the sweet privilege of a wife's dependence, to accept the uncontrolled salary of a hireling; and absolutely congratulated herself on having wrung from him a separate maintenance. Every quarter day now brought her a certain amount of income, but instead of the felicity she expected, it produced anxieties and difficulty. Neither did the arrangement in any way improve the *cuisine*, as Mr. Leithbridge literally found to his cost; while grumbling from him only produced counter irritation on the part of the lady, and hurried into bitter expression their en-

lightened views of each other's characters. If in her desire to compete with her richer neighbours in the articles of fine clothes and fashionable furniture, Mrs. Leithbridge found towards the end of a quarter that she had exceeded her income—and in spite of the most wire-drawn economy in other matters, should be obliged to retrieve the arrears of *this* quarter by taking from the proceeds of the *next* —there was no breathing her dilemma to him who should have been her director in every difficulty. Conscious that the evil was of her own making, a disingenuous shame prevented such a course, and besides, the separation of purses had led to such a complete division of hearts and interest, that the knowledge of her perplexity would have proved rather a source of taunt (if not of triumph), and at all events have gained neither sympathy nor assistance. She therefore resolved on another move. A careful calculation had convinced her, that her husband's share of the finance, amounting to some ten pounds a quarter, was a disproportionate one, considering the few expenses he had a *right to have;* and to trench upon this still closer, was the issue at which she aimed. Her first attempts at this, however, only made him hug more firmly the small remainder of his pay, and stand more exactingly than ever to the very letter of their agreement. "House and children" did not prove a sufficiently strong cry to move him on the subject, for in the midst of this disunion and anger (I had almost said hate), children came,—pale, low-speaking, meek children, with faces that seemed to deprecate the rancour of their parentis, and to speak sadly of their own need of gentle affection.

Years passed away, and with increasing expenses the evil of separate purses became more and more apparent. Instead of taking sweet counsel together how best to fulfil their relative duties towards their family, and uniting in mutual sacrifices for their happiness, support and education, it was a sharply-contested game of opposed sagacity to shirk some necessary outlay connected with them, and throw it from the one to the other. Thus it would happen, that these miserable children frequently found themselves embroiled in their parents' quarrels, often, in fact, the ostensible cause of them. The expense of their schooling, clothes, and other necessaries, were so many sources of endless dispute, and occasionally of personal recrimination. Sometimes the boy would be kept in doors, and made to wear a shabby suit, that his father might be shamed into purchasing him a new jacket. At others, the girls would have no bonnets to go out in; and if anything was said about the sufficiency of their mother's means to keep them decent, a tor rent of sharp, cold, acrimonious rejoinders, fatal as a hailstone shower in spring, would tear down and destroy every germ of complacency between the ill-assorted couple, and leave their hearth desolate of even the decencies of domestic sociability, for weeks to come. At connubial declamation Leithbridge found himself no match for the lady, but shrouded in imperturbable sullenness, her arrow-headed words fell about his ears with as little effect as the hunter's shafts upon the leathery folds of the hippopotamus. This state of things, as a matter of course, exercised a fearful influence, not only on their own happiness and respectability, but upon the dispositions, conduct and comfort of their children, who learned to recognize the elements of their parents' characters, and to recoil from them. Selfishness, indeed, appeared to be the prevailing quality

of both—in the one a natural blot, in the other an artificial stain contracted by constant association with it.

It would be disgusting to trace the trifles in which this feeling appeared, or the varied forms under which it showed itself. At table, in a hard seat at the worst side of the fire, in the first cup of tea, and the last of coffee, it peeped out in Mrs. Leithbridge's treatment of her husband: while on his side it was limited to the defensive only, or an exhibition of stolid indifference to every requirement, either of his house or offspring, that needed the slightest outlay. Meanwhile, if in the early days of housekeeping Mrs. Leithbridge had limited the expenses of her table to requisites—the portion of income that (let who would suffer) she was resolved to pocket for her private share, now not unfrequently mulcted it to a bare sufficiency. And even in the dispensing of this the engrossing self-preference of her nature exhibited itself. It was nothing for her to skim the milk at the breakfast table, and in the presence of her children, appropriate every spoonful of cream to her own cup; or at dinner, to find her reserving the under-cut of the oft-recurring shoulder of mutton for her own eating, without reference to his epicurism, or an avowed detestation of the dish wanting this redeeming morsel. Thus the principle of division, once admitted, extended itself from the most important to the meanest incidents of their household, and in time (fortunately for the miserable pair) worked out, as all abuses invariably do, its own overthrow.

I said that at their first starting in life the Leithbridges were in debt, but as the liability had been incurred before Mrs. Leithbridge had ceased to be Miss Prin, she could not be made to recognize any right she had to assist in its disbursement. The payment, therefore, of the whole amount (an upholsterer's bill for half the furniture in the house, at the time she had assumed its management), fell on the small means of her then complying husband. In the first instance, the creditor had consented to receive it by instalments; and, in this way, by mutual cooperation, and an undivided purse, the affair might soon have been adjusted, but Mrs. Leithbridge contended quarterly for the full amount of her income, threatening to take a *situation*, or *return to her mother*, if her *rights* were to be invaded, and the means of her children's support *torn* from them, to cancel debts of which she knew nothing! So that, after a few languid attempts towards striking a balance, the instalment system was abandoned, and the tradesman finding that only by peremptory measures could he hope to obtain his money, insisted either on having the account at once closed, or threatened legal proceedings as the alternative. To prevent a result so prejudicial to his interest, and in the absence of any other means of settling the affair, Leithbridge had taken up a sum of money at interest, and thus became entangled in the annual payment of a debt, which never lessened, for as to liquidating the capital, it was out of the question. In this way the tide of time rolled on, as it will roll, with mocking voices rising from its ebbing waves, to taunt us with the untasted happiness lost beneath them while we were catching at its passing shadow.

The principal of the establishment to which Leithbridge belonged, was one of those striking individuals upon whom the effect of age is rather to bestow a loving grace, than perceptible decay. Majestic, yet venerable, his fine frame appeared so little affected by the weight of between sixty and seventy years of life, that his scarcely perceptible

stoop looked rather like strength acknowledging the presence of time, than oppressed by it. His countenance calm, smiling, and imperturbable, spoke only of the serenity and cheerfulness of most unruffled reflections; and his hair white, and silken as the thistledown, added to his imposing aspect, appealing alike to the veneration of women, and the respect of men. Who could doubt the sanctified benignity that bowed itself at the communion table every sacrament Sunday, and whose name stood prominently forward at the head of subscription lists—the patron of soup-societies, and Sunday schools, or rung out in golden chimes on the offertory plate, on the occasion of charity sermons, or a royal letter in aid of subsidies for the building of churches? Dear Mr. Smily! his very name seemed instinct with the blandness of his individuality, and with every one his reputation was *praise*. Who would have presumed to attribute the tender rosiness of his complexion to a daily bottle of claret! or impute the benign languor of those large blue heavy-lidded eyes to the subduing effect of bygone passion? Calm in the self-complacency of well-sustained virtue—the great man of a small circle turned on the pivot of elevated position, placidly as a revolving figure, showing at every point of view a well-sitting suit of morals. None penetrated the mask, or lifted the veil of hypocrisy that shrouded this hoary sinner. None did I say? —Yes, one, the pale victim of worldly ambition and womanish vanity. Too late Mrs. Smily had discovered her error, and worse than all, saw through the specious enamelling of her husband's character the withered hideousness it served to hide. Deprived of even the cold sentiment of respect, her connexion with him grew daily more intolerable, and all the glitter with which wealth surrounded her—all the flatteries of sycophantic friends, failed to exorcise from her breast the discontent, and restlessness, that like a fiend and its familiar haunted her. You might trace these feelings in the variety of objects with which she surrounded herself in the daily alteration of their arrangements—in the multiplied means of amusement never enjoyed, and in the ceaseless occupation with which she furnished her head and hands, in the vain hope of excluding these demons from her heart. And yet in the eyes of her fair acquaintance Mrs. Smily seemed an enviable woman;—the splendour of her house—her magnificent establishment —and sumptuous entertainments—her jewels, dress, and equipage, were so many splendid spells to realize human happiness, in which all had faith but their miserable victim. Having no children, this lady had greatly attached herself to the young Leithbridges, especially to the eldest girl, a fine intelligent child between thirteen and fourteen years of age, whose affectionate disposition, quickness, and docility, exceedingly engaged her interest. Besides, a portion of the Leithbridges' circumstances were no secret to the Smilys, (it was from this universal philanthropist that the poor clerk had borrowed the money at five per cent. with which to discharge the upholsterer's bill,) and in the lady's desire to befriend them, it occurred that the best means of doing so would be by assisting in the education of her favourite, and her task was at once commenced. Mrs. Smily was earnest in her self-imposed employment, and her pupil's aptitude and affection fully repaid her toil. Nor was Lucy Leithbridge less apparently fortunate in propitiating the old gentleman's regard, who exhibited quite a paternal interest in her, and shared all his wife's anxiety for her improvement. So that in short

Mrs. Smily's house soon became more familiar to her than her home, and every thing promised prosperity and sunshine. Some two years glided by in this way—every day assisting the development of Lucy's mind and person, and adding to her sense of gratitude and obligation to her kind friends, a feeling that made her relation to them little less endearing than that of a daughter. But in the midst of her happiness Lucy became aware of a sudden disquietude in Mrs. Smily's manner—an anxiety that scarcely suffered her to be out of her sight when her husband was not abroad—and a vigilance of eye and ear on every gesture and word when he was present, that distressed her, without a consciousness of why it should have done so.

When one day Mr. Smily called on Mrs. Leithbridge, and while enlarging on her daughter's cleverness, amiability, and good looks, he insinuated a fear that the state of Mrs. Smily's health would prevent her from continuing much longer the lessons she had felt so much pleasure in imparting to her; but he added that he hoped the talents Lucy undoubtedly possessed—her *fine* ear—splendid *touch*—*genius for drawing*, &c., any of which, if persevered in, might hereafter make her fortune, would not be suffered to fall into desuetude. The issue of this circumlocution was a proposal to send Lucy to finish her education at Ivy House Establishment for Young Ladies—an arrangement to which Mrs. Leithbridge gratefully consented.

Once removed from his own house and the keen perceptions of his lady, Mr. Smily deemed it an easier task to practice on the credulity and innocence of his neighbour's child; his age and reputation left his attentions unsuspected, and every few days some trifle for her toilet, or ornament for her person, added to the debt of gratitude the girl treasured in her heart towards him. Fortunately, however, her guilelessness proved the countercharm of craft, for all that passed between her and her patron was repeated to her mother, who at length heard these recitals with lowered eyelids and a heightened colour. Could it be, that beneath that bosom, full of lawn and cambric, that, with his white hair and benign countenance, made up so immaculate an exterior, there lurked thoughts less pure? Fie! fie! it was impossible; and yet there were parts of Lucy's rehearsals that stirred all the mother in her heart, and made her dubious of her faith in him,—nor was it long before his conduct fully proved the baseness of his designs, and showed to the fullest sense of conviction the self-made misery of Mrs. Leithbridge's position.

Overwhelmed with shame at her own conduct, and indignation at that of her pretended friend, neither sympathy nor redress were left her. How could she, who had allowed her husband to suppose that the expense of Lucy's schooling had been defrayed from her own share of the divided purse, own to him that she had compromised his independence and honour by the acceptance of so questionable a good as one offered at the cost of domestic confidence. Yet something must be done; it was impossible to permit any further accumulation of obligations from one who had so heartlessly cancelled them: and a fresh quarter of Lucy's tuition had just commenced;—the question at the moment was, how was it to be met? Now she determined (for the first time these many years) to make her husband the depositary of all her grief and difficulty,—and then a poignant sense of her own duplicity and implication in the affair sealed up her lips, and stifled for the time the healthful impulse.

Meanwhile—forgetful that her conduct to her friend had been as culpable as to her husband—with a truly womanly desire of revenge, she resolved that Mrs. Smily should be acquainted with her husband's perfidious intentions, and full of this determination, was angrily about to put it into execution, when, instead of finding herself *tête-à-tête* with the lady, she was confronted by the white-headed hypocrite she came to denounce. Consciousness of guilt perhaps had helped him to divine her intention, and self-defence prompted a method of frustrating it. Finding that Mrs. Leithbridge was not to be trifled with, he grew bold, and insolently upbraided her with the deceit she had practised on her husband, and his own power of enthralling her, by refusing to pay the amount of the school-bill already contracted, a threat which Mrs. Leithbridge indignantly spurned, by expressing her determination not to accept it from him. Foiled in this means of buying her silence, he produced her husband's note of hand for monies lent to him, and menaced her with demanding its immediate repayment, if a word was breathed to his disadvantage,—aware that such a step must prove the ruin of her husband and family, for a gaol would be the only alternative.

Mrs. Leithbridge had no option but to swallow to the very dregs the bitter draught her own imprudence and the besetting selfishness of her nature had filled for her. Yet ultimately this self-imposed mortification worked out a good effect:—the want of sympathy which she so sadly felt opened her eyes to the wrong she had committed, in throwing off the soft tie of mutual confidence, which is the strongest and purest safeguard of wedded faith and affection. The consciousness of her misconduct, too, helped to humiliate her: and though for awhile she laboured with self-conviction, without sufficient moral strength to give birth to the expression of it, in process of time, when the subduing influence of these hidden feelings had spread themselves to her tone and manner—when with a newly-formed interest in her husband's likings and dislikes, she silently studied them to the frequent subjection of her own prejudices,—and with a gentle courteousness, as graceful as it was unexpected, took counsel of his judgment in all her more important affairs,—when by these silent indications of compunction, and a renewal of regard for him, poor Leithbridge suddenly found the bonds of Hymen becoming more and more of the texture the poets feign them, the natural ductility of his own disposition returned; and, to be brief, Mrs. Leithbridge only paused till she was sure of his forgiveness,—and then, confessing all her weakness, credulity, and selfishness, and the bitter consequences to which it had nearly betrayed their child, voluntarily proposed that the separate purse, which had led to the chief evils of their mutual conduct, should henceforth be a general fund, in the laying out of which their mutual interest should be studied.

Need I say that, with this determination, it was not long before the debt to their pretended benefactor was paid, and Leithbridge having in the mean time made interest to be removed, quitted a place which was rendered hateful to him by the perfidiousness of a false friend, and the past discordant jingling of a Separate Purse.

THE LONELY MAN OF LAMBETH;

OR, QUITE THE GENTLEMAN.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

In one of the most ancient neighbourhoods of the goodly city of Westminster, running parallel, as it does with it, along the opposite shore of the Thames, there is half-a-mile, the most picturesque portion of the human habitations which, massed together, make up this mightiest of all metropolitan cities. In old times, through the place we have to depicture, ran a narrow bridle-road among marshes and meadows often overflowed, which, commencing its course at the Southwark side of old London Bridge, went winding along Bankside by the Bear Garden and the Globe Theatre, where the greatest poet of the world "played his part," turned as the river turned, and still went on, until at length it passed through Pedlar's Acre; and then, leaving for awhile the shore it had so long followed, it rounded Stangate Creek, then a considerable confluent of the Thames, and, forming what is called Carlisle Lane, left Old Lambeth Church and its priestly palace behind, and struck downwards to the shore and through the ancient neighbourhood we have already indicated; and threading through it, it reached at last the open fields of Battersea, which make the shore of Surrey marshy and rushy, and formerly unculturable, and there it ended.

Leaving this old road to wander as it would, we will retrace our steps, and come back to the site of our story. Side by side with this old roadway ran a long, narrow lane of low-roofed, ill-built huts and houses with overhanging stories, toppling gables, and doors to which you descended, inhabited mostly by poor fishermen, and men whose business was upon the waters. To the left lay the country-houses of the retired citizens of those days, still clinging to the skirts of the town where they had won their wealth. These dignified the once-pleasant neighbourhood of Vauxhall and still beautiful South Lambeth, leaving their low and poor neighbour behind them. As their neighbour was in old times so is it now, save that its once-habitable tenements are "nodding to their fall," while others have fallen; and the place is now partly deserted by the hardy, industrious race of men who once made it populous, and manufacturers of all sorts of noxious and nauseous things have taken possession of the shore, and house after house, if not used by them as shut-up stores for their goods, is empty, open to the wind and the rain and the houseless vagabond, doorless some, windowless others; while, here and there, one more weather-tight is still inhabited by one of the race of Simon Peter, and men of like callings, who find the spot convenient for their business. The entire extent of this rude street, as it is called, presents one of the most picturesque scenes of decay and desolation, of industry and idleness, of compact habitations and crazy ruins, that can be seen in the suburbs of London, where ground is commonly too valuable to lie useless, and even the old materials of buildings are of more worth than to be left to crumble away, and walls and timbers to pull themselves down. It is amusing to look at the grotesque attitudes of these superannuated structures. One with top-heavy upper stories juts so far over the street, that a child can barely walk under its projecting second story. Another inclines so far

forward as to shut out half your sight of what is beyond it. Another leans as far backward, as if careful, when it comes down with the run, as come it will at no distant day, not to harm the few walkers that way. One lounges to the right, another to the left. Not a doorpost in one of them stands upright. If you could open one of these doors, undarkened now by the entrance of anything human, it is doubtful whether you could shut it without shaking the house down on your adventurous head. The windows, as distorted, hang out and in all directions. As the winter wind sweeps up this dreary avenue their shattered casements shake out their last panes upon the stones, and seem easier for the effort. As you look upward through the open windows you perceive that the roofs have fallen in, and that the chimneys look ready to fall in the first tempest that visits them too roughly. Never was seen, in the precincts of a great city unvisited by war, or made a desert by plague, pestilence, and famine, a spot so forlorn, forsaken, and unregarded. The march of improvement has not taken this direction, and it is neglected perhaps only because it is unknown. One wonders, while walking through this waste, who owns it, or whether he is ashamed to own it. It is a proof that, however humble its few residents are, they are honest, or the wood of these no-man's houses would have been pulled away for firing, the windows taken out for their old lead and iron, and their ancient walls undermined for their bond-timbers. No one, however, touches them but passing time and the tempest; and they are left to stand till they fall of utter decay, and are unable to hold up any longer.

Here and there, as we have said, one of these houses is habitable. At its door the poor fisherman may be seen seated on a pile of fish-baskets mending his nets, or stretching them along the walls to dry. Here and there, too, the boatwright is seen patching and piecing the old cobles and peter-boats of his poor employers as cheaply as he can, or "paying" their gaping seams and sides on terms which barely pay him, as he says. When you fall in with none of these, the spot seems wholly deserted: for the manufacturers who occupy the farther end of the street are all busy within doors, and solitude keeps the place, if not silence. You hear a faint stir of movement somewhere, but see nothing of it. The shivering sound of axe or adze striking into wood comes from you know not where. The heavy plunge of some huge engine, shaking the very ground you tread over, is among those shut-up places, but no signs of life are visible to tell you where. A few paces farther, and these ruinous dwellings have their inhabitants. A young fisher-wife is at her door in the sun, employed in needle-work. Another is dandling a healthy child, who catches its breath, and crows, and laughs as she cants it into the air. Another is looking out, with her eyes shadowed by her hand, for the coming home of her good man. There are few children seen: for the older boys are out in the boats with their fathers; the younger are on the shore at play, the tide being down, or are gathering the drift wood which every tide leaves kindly on the sands. The girls, if old enough, are out at service, or else employed at home out of sight. As a straggling stranger up this out-of-the-way avenue is a novelty, all the ears that hear his unusual footsteps, and all the eyes that catch sight of his unaccustomed figure passing their ever-open doors or poor windows, patched with paper and stuffed with old stockings, are directed towards him and watch his motions; and much

wonder is awakened as to what he can want in wandering there. The industrious housewife suspends her work to stare at him. The old woman, who is past toil, leans over her half-hatched door, and with noddling head, palsy-stricken, looks on him as on some foreign wonder, and adjusting her spectacles on her nose, throws her head back, and looks at him as though she looked at something over his head. The place is so unfrequented by strangers, that it is no marvel that one curiously surveying it should create a sensation. It lies so out of the way of chance visitors, that he who is now describing it has lived many years at one end of it, and knew not of its existence till lately, when accident discovering it, he traced out this *terra incognita,* and has here attempted to describe it.

It was with similar circumstances of curiosity on all sides of him that, on a summer afternoon, some seven years since, a tall and venerable man was seen wandering up and down this isolated spot, examining house after house, as though seeking to find one in particular. As he came to one more desolate than the rest, he seemed to contemplate, with more than the curious eye of the antiquary, the once happy home of how many generations of human beings, and then walked musingly on. It was noticed that the largest and most ancient houses took up most of his attention. When before one of these, he placed himself as close as he could against the wall opposite, and gazed at it from gable-top to the step of the low-sunken door, examining it and considering its condition more than curiously. As he passed the more modern and more tottering houses he shook his head, and passed on to the next, older and firmer in its foundations, and sounder in its constitution in all respects. At length he came to a quaint old house, with four gables facing the cardinal points, windows like slits, long, narrow lattices, outer walls rudely plastered and crossed with timbers, an old doorway with ornamented posts, and altogether of an aspect superior to its neighbours, which seemed to please him mightily, for he stood looking on it for some time, and measuring with his eye its height and depth and breadth. He stopped so long before it, indeed, as to give the nearest resident time to come up with him, and examine him as curiously. Having hemmed twice to attract the stranger's attention, he turned as he wished towards the old fisherman, as his jacket and long boots showed him to be, and inquired of the man whether this house was to let, and what for, who was its landlord? which questions the fisherman answered, after first humbly touching his hat in compliment to the gentleman, and the key of the old house being kept at his cottage, he stepped back for it, and opening the outer door for the first time these ten years, entered the deserted place, and went all over it; and "the old gentleman—quite the old gentleman!" as the fisherman ever afterwards described him, being well-pleased with it, took down the name of its landlord, went his way, and was seen there no more for many weeks. When conjecture who he was, and what he wanted with such a house in such a neighbourhood, a gentleman like him, had gone to sleep again, he suddenly re-appeared, said he had taken the house, took the key of it to begin with, and the next morning, as early as six o'clock, the whole lone neighbourhood was alarmed by hearing noises all about the old house as though it were haunted by the ghosts of sundry carpenters knocking anything but spiritual with no ghostly hammers into the old floor, which sounded like substantial

planking certainly. The whole community of that place had ears, but that which they heard was not believed, it sounded so improbable; the ears had eyes, and these again bodies, and these had legs and feet; for ere many nails were driven into the places pointed out for them by a gimlet of insinuating manners, there were as many wide-open eyes and mouths gaping and staring into the wide open passage as were otherwise unoccupied. Nothing now was seen, though much was heard going on within. One of these listeners thought she heard a saw, if ever she heard one in her life, go, in the most saw-like way in the world, through a board, in a way indeed quite beyond the powers of imitation of any ghost of a saw out of the world; and listening again, heard a sneeze, and saws do not sneeze; and listening again, heard something snap, and something swear, and though saws snap a tooth at times, they are too moral to swear at it. It was this acute woman who at last ventured to walk boldly and bodily in, and there, sure enough, she saw with her own eyes, she would not have believed any other, what looked like three visible broad backs in white flannel jackets, with something surmounting their collars, wrapped up in whity-brown paper, which went jerking and bobbing up and down as heads do in sawing. She next looked at the nether parts of these phantoms, and there was not a hoof among the three, that she could see. Suddenly this sawing ceased, and the rapping of nails on the head was resumed. All these sounds and sights seemed anything but spiritual, and yet still she had her fears, till one of these mysterious beings, in tones not unearthly, wondered whether the Red Lion was open, for he wanted a pint of beer to cool his copper; and as she had never heard of ghosts taking to drinking at that hour in the morning, she ventured to cough, by way of letting these apparitions know that there were some people cognizant of their proceedings. This cough did draw off the attention of these carpenters—for she believed at last that they were carpenters—from their work, so slight a thing disturbs them when they are paid by the hour, and not by the piece: lifting up their heads, and wiping their warm foreheads with the back of their hands, they explained their conduct to the satisfaction of this jury of matrons. The result of the inquest was,—that the old house was let to somebody, and was to be repaired so as somebody could live in it —the old gentleman who was poking about the place, as sure as eggs are eggs; and there was much lifting up of eyes and hands in wonder how such a gentleman as he was to look at could come to live in such an outlandish place among poor people! It was conjectured that he had taken the house for some poor relation, perhaps, somebody whom he wished to bury alive, that he or she might be forgotten; or, perhaps, for an old housekeeper with the rheumatiz—what a place to bring her to!—or, perhaps, for his old butler, troubled with the gout, that he might have water-carriage; or for some such poor cretur—it couldn't be for himself—no, he was too much the gentleman. The inquiry being so far settled, the carpenters—no ghosts by common consent—went on with their work; and at eight, when they wanted their breakfasts, they found that, even in that out-of-the-world place, among ruins and dilapidations, the Red Lion was open and that they could breakfast on the usual terms, at whatever speed you please, whether you break fast or slow, according to the damage done. During their meal, old Johnny Dards, the fisherman who kept the key, made up his mind that it was

for some poor relation of the old gentleman they were repairing the floors of the old house. If he wanted to get rid of the poor cretur, the carpenters urged, he would have let the rotten boards alone, that he or she might break her or his neck, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, as soon as possible. John felt, notwithstanding this assurance, that he was justified in shaking his grey head in a reprobatory manner, and saying, "Ah, these great people! They don't mind what becomes of us little people no more than I do for the small flounders I throws in ag'in!" So conjectures went on till the carpenters went off the premises; the painters came on and went away alternately, like fits of the tertian ague, one day of painting to two of drying; and when the glazier was gone, the old house looked as smart as a young one. And by this time John had fixed on the gouty butler as the occupant. Yes, it was Snacks the butler, a mighty great and grand man in his day and way, who was thus quietly to be got out of his master's way as an eyesore. While out fishing alone he had several times seen him, with

> "———— that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,"

a punchy man, with powdered hair, and a pigtail, and a terrible suspicion of poor people, that a silver spoon is never safe where they can come.

Some days—not many—thereafter, a new sensation ran from end to end of the straggling street. Two long, lazy, leisurely, lumbering waggons, anything but ghostly, were seen awkwardly trying to poke in at the narrow entrance to that *terra incognita*, and at last succeeded, and slowly worked their way, which they fitted to a shaving, up to the old house, with two large loads of goods, such as never till that hour had graced that humble place. Every eye looked out for the gouty butler; and a countryman with corns was said to be the man, till somebody there, who had seen a butler, indignantly denied that those great officials ever dressed in smock-frocks, wore rough hats, redolent of old turnpike-tickets, and leather-leggings in communication with hobnailed highlows. No, *he* was not the butler—quite the reverse. Dards, too, had his doubts. He had made up his marine mind at last to see that despised slug among rich relations—a poor one; but he sought for him in vain. The goods—which were goods—were examined by that observant man who had seen a butler, and were by him said to be splendid, and fit for any gentleman's house in the land. And while Dards was looking at his own broad, brown, weather-beaten face in a large looking-glass, and was remarking that he wanted shaving, he saw a face not his looking over his shoulder, and felt the hand of "quite the gentleman" laid gently on it. He turned, and it was him sure enough. The stranger quietly asked him to assist in unloading the waggons, as his country agents were not perhaps so expert in handling fragile articles of furniture; a hint was given that he would be paid for his labour, and the goods were soon set down safe and sound as antiquity had left them in the last home of the mysterious man, their venerable owner. All the while these things were doing, uplifted hands and admiring eyes expressed the wonder of the poor residents how such furniture should come to settle in so humble a place; and a hundred speculations passed through their minds as to the life, character, and

what had been the behaviour of the old gentleman. He was a bankrupt—a ruined gambler—a disgraced officer—a French refugee who could speak English as well as a Londoner (!)—a Poor Law Commissioner—a Thames Police magistrate in disguise, come to spy into their doings, and let him, they had nothing to hide—a common informer, with uncommonly good furniture—a forger—a smuggler—another Colonel Despard—Guy Faux the second—Swing—and, to sum up all in a sentence of large latitude, no better than he should be, they dare say. Notwithstanding these ill opinions, when they saw the stranger himself carefully carry in the portrait of a lady, whom they pronounced beautiful, and an angel on earth if ever there was one, as though he would not trust it to the clumsy hands of his assistants, and when they saw the indescribable expression of his eyes as he looked upon it for a moment, their hearts were touched, and they thought better of him. His large books were furtively peeped into to see if they looked like a conjuror's or cunning man's; and every article as it passed from hand to hand was scrutinized. When all was housed, the waggoners discharged, Johnny Dards handsomely satisfied with a crown, and a light brought from his cottage, for it was now nearly dark, the stranger shut his door with a placid "Good evening, neighbours;" and the drama of that day was done, but not the criticism on it. At ten, when the solitary man retired to a temporary bed on the floor, which Johnny had made for him, he was aware that his appearance among them was still the theme of conversation among the gossips of the neighbourhood. As he put out his light he was conscious that all his movements were watched, and he heard whispers still under his windows. He knelt, as was his holy habit, before he slept, and glancing for a moment at an old sword that shone in the moonlight, he begged the forgiveness of his humble neighbours for thinking but a moment suspiciously of them; and stretching out his weary limbs, he looked affectionately round the walls of his lonely, lowly chamber, as though he loved them, old and timeworn as they were, and hugged himself that he was at last living within them, and murmuring a name most dear to him, was in a moment asleep.

When honest Mr. Dards came wending his way up the street that night, at a little after twelve, with much more sinuosity of progression than the tortuous turnings of the place would warrant, (for he had melted half the crown away in strong solutions of Red Lion rum and water,) it being broad moonlight, the sky blue, and the few clouds as silvery fair as if they floated over Italy, gossips were still quietly talking over the great event of that day, and still unsettled what to make of it. Johnny, as soon as he came up, had half-a-dozen eager heads, all eyes and ears, thrust into his face; and, "Well, John, what do you think?" was demanded by as many voices as there were women.

"I think he's quite the gentleman," was one part of his opinion; "and if I must speak the sediments of my mind, I should say that he's ——"

"He's what?"

"—— fast asleep by this time, and not consarning himself with what don't consarn him. So, good night, you gossips," said the rough old fellow, who when sober was sarcastic, and when wet through, as he called having had enough to moisten his clay, always remembered the

insinuations of these women, that he "loved not wisely, but too well" Red Lion rum and water. And having squashed, as he termed it, their curiosity for that night, he threw his hat at the window to let his dame know that her good-for-nothing John was at hand in a Red Lion state of rampancy, and staggered into the passage and up the stairs, singing—

> "Draw me Bacchus,—Cupid by,—
> Draw them both in toping shapes,
> Their temples crown'd with cluster'd grapes:
> Make them lean against the cup,
> As 'twere to keep their figures up;
> And when their reeling forms I view,
> I'll think them drunk, and be so too."

The curiosity of the little community, which had kept them out of their beds so late at night, prompted them to rise as early the next morning; and, as though anxious to oblige them, and not keep them waiting, the stranger was up and out before his neighbours. He had been seen by the man who had seen a butler in his time slowly sauntering, his hands finger-locked behind his back, down one of the alleys, made for one passenger at a time, which lead to the river-side, haply to look about him, and enjoy the beauty and freshness of a fine morning, while it was fresh and fair. One after another the inquisitives stole down similar alleys, and there are many of them there, to have a second stare at the stranger. They found him sitting on the dry top of a stone, on the shore, looking harmlessly enough up and down the river, and at the sky, and at the fishermen at their watery work, and at the glittering roofs of the dreary prison on Milbank, as though he pitied the poor wretches in its dungeons, to whom light was only a little less horrible than night, day had no sunshine, and morning brought no gladness on its wings. And now it was conjectured, he was only melancholy mad after all, and merely meant to give the coroner a turn. Unconscious that so many eyes were on him, he rose from his rude seat, and sauntered down to the water's edge. "Now he's going to throw himself in!" they cried; but he only stooped to pick up either a shell or a stone, and having examined it, flung that in instead. And now the curious had an opportunity of noting what manner of man he was. The stranger was tall, well-built, and, save when thoughtful, upright and vigorous-looking, but pallid as though some silent sorrow had sapped the healthy colour of the blood. Yet, though the fixed expression of his fine face was sadness, there was such serenity shining in it as made you feel that he bore sorrow like a man, and was resigned to the affliction, whatever it was. One of the severer storms of life had visibly visited his devoted head, and made it white and silvery before its time. There was something so venerable in his aspect that vulgar curiosity was awed, and could not be irrespectful if it would; and this homage was as involuntary as the wish to know wherefore. When he turned he saw that he was the spectacle of these curious people, who would have shrunk away if they could; but his bland looks bade them not to fear him, and set the women curtseying and the men touching their hats to him. To be sure he had first bowed to them so gracefully, that they began to think with Johnny Dards, that he was "quite the gentleman." Having saluted his new friends,

he turned away, and again looked up and down the splendid river scene,

"All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,"

and when he turned again, the curious were gone, and he was alone, as he was happiest to be. Resuming his old seat, he calmly contemplated the fresh and freshening scene, till, having earned an appetite for breakfast, he was about to seek his new home, when he beheld a little fisher-boat making directly for that small bay, and, not incurious himself, loitered to see what success had attended the early fisherman. A few lusty strokes more, and the boat grounded, and his new friend of yesterday's making, Johnny Dards, jumped on shore. The rough old fisherman no sooner recognised him than he touched his red cap, and hoped "his honour" had slept well. He had—never sounder, nor sweeter; but he gently begged that when John addressed him in future, he would neither disturb his cap, nor dignify him: he claimed no such distinctions, and should decline them. Very good, he meant no offence: of course he did not. While he landed his takings that morning—no great catch, as John said—the old gentleman looked at the little watery wretches—dabs, and flounders, and "such small deer"—as they lay flapping their fins and tails in vain, for they made nothing by the motion—and pitied the poor creatures, and felt half-ashamed of that cormorant, man, who doomed so many little lives to death, to feed his fickle, ever-craving appetite. Honest John seemed ashamed, too; but it was that the living of a Thames fisherman should depend, in these degenerate days, on such beggarly small fry: but as he said, in apology for them, "The poor creatures had such a hard time on it, and led such a disturbed life, now that them steamers went flopping and slopping up and down the river, all day long, carrying Cockneys to Chelsea, to cross over and be cut for the simples at Battersea, that they hadn't a quiet hour they could call their own to feed and grow in, except yarly in the morning, when they could go about and get taken. The rest of the day they had to hold on hard to the bottom by their fins and eyelids, or they'd be washed ashore by the steamers; and then where would they be? Poor things, they were to be pitied," he added, and he said it so naïvely, that the old gentleman smiled irresistibly, all unused as he seemed to that agreeable rippling of the countenance. Having plainly put his neighbour into good humour, John thought he might presume so far as to ask him to give an eye to his boat till he came back, for he was working his boat alone that week, having discharged his boy, as he humorously said, for giving him a little too much Burgess to his fish. As the stranger seemed puzzled by the allusion, John kindly explained that it was a certain condiment commonly called *sarce*, to be procured in the Strand, at the corner of the steps leading down to the Savoy. The old gentleman then smiled again as if it did him good, and agreed to give an eye to his boat, or two, while he was about it: but begged him not to be long gone, as his kettle must by that time be boiling. And John smiled, in his turn, in admiration of a man, quite the gentleman, and yet capable of lighting his own fire, and boiling his own kettle; for he knew he had brought no servant with him. However, not to let the kettle boil over, John bustled away up the narrow alley leading to his door, with two shallow baskets of mingled dabs and flounders under one arm, and a large lump of drift wood he had picked up under the other. As he came up to the stranger's house he caught two of the curious women prying into it: one of them on

tiptoe, with her heels out of her slippers, looking in at the lower window; the other peeping through the keyhole. Placing the wood quietly down against the wall, he picked out the largest flounder he could find, and giving the slatternly woman a slap with it on her bare heel, asked her "whether she hadn't better be at home mending her stockings than minding other people's business?"—at which indignity the sloven turned round, and with an offended toss of the head said, "Well, I'm sure, Mr. Dards!"—and threatened to tell her husband of his rudeness to her, a threat which did not much depress him, for as her inferior half was only an idle, and therefore half-fed, and therefore not very high-spirited knight of the cross legs, and hardly bigger than his sleeve-board, he did not fear him much. The other lady he recommended not to peep through other people's keyholes, for there was no surer way in the world of catching a cold in the eye. She begged him, ungratefully, to keep his advice gratis to himself till she asked for it; and, so saying, entered her house in a huff, and slammed the door in his face. Entering his own cottage with his tongue in his cheek, (for John was a licensed lessoner of his neighbours, and when they did not mind their manners, gloried in telling them of it.) his good old dame met him with no reproaches for last night's rum and watering it at the too-affable Red Lion, but with a smiling "Well, John, what sort of a take hast had this morning?" "Eh, but middling, Molly dear!" he answered; and setting his baskets down, and clapping the drift-wood on the fire, he hurried back to his boat. He found the old gentleman examining into its condition: for a coble it was, indeed, hardly a bit of the original boat it was remaining in it, it had been so cobbled. When John came up to him, the stranger was shaking his head and lifting his hands in pity of the poor old man, daily risking his life in such a worm-eaten walnut-shell for a living, and thinking whether he could not embark him in a boat more river-worthy: for he had taken a liking at first sight to the homely, honest-looking old fellow. Ere he had resolved how this should be done, John came up, and civilly thanked him for his care of his nets: "For nets, sir," said he, "want watching, or they'll slip away, and be never no more seen; and nobody never accounted satisfactorily how they went, and where they went to; but it is supposed that they're spirited away by the ghosts of old mudlarks who were knocked on the head by cruel coal-heavers for helping themselves to nubblies, and hard-roed fishermen, in former times, when the Thames was famous for salmon, for taking one out of their wells behind their backs." The stranger smiled again so pleasantly, that John stepped into his boat, and fishing out of its well a dozen good-sized dabs, spread them on a small white basket, said he had saved them for him; hoped he would take them in a neighbourly way, as, when fried nicely, they would make a pretty dish on his breakfast table. They were pressed so heartily, that they would have been accepted, had the stranger, who was his own cook and caterer, been competent to dress them. "That shan't be a obstacle," said John, "for my old woman, though I say it, might fry fish for a duchess." The dabs and Mrs. Dard's services were now so graciously accepted, that John opened his heart at once, and told the stranger, "that he had taken quite a fancy to him, though he didn't know why." "Don't inquire," said the stranger, with a grave, quiet smile; "let your fancy, when well, alone." And he looked archly

aside, from under his broad-brimmed hat, at honest John, and then walked up the shore, leaving him smiling too: for, being a humourist himself, he had a quick appreciation of that pleasure-giving faculty in others.

John followed Mr. Newcome, as he called him, with his eyes, till he saw him enter his house, and suddenly slapping his thigh, as men do when they have made a great discovery, he cried, "If he's not one of the Everards I'm a Dutchman; and I shouldn't wish to be so round-starned and wide in the waist as that! To be sure he is! Why, to be sure he is! He has the very trick and turn of the eye of old John Everard, the jolly barge-master of the Marchant Tailors. Oh, yes; that's the Everard eye sure enough!' I was but a lad, not half an oar high, when the good old boy died in that very house, some say of a Lord Mayor's show surfeit, and left his daughter Kate, (kind Kate as everybody called her,) without a relation in the wide world, unless this stranger was one unbeknown to us; and not a friend, saving and excepting her neighbours, and such as her beautiful blue eyes, and her beautiful fair face, like an angel's in humble life, would bring about her. Poor Kate! Nobody never knew what became of her at last. She went into sarvice somewhere high up in Surrey, and only came to see her old friends and neighbours once, and that was four years arterwards; and she looked like a lady, if ever there was one, but had no pride about her—not a morsel—not she; and she said she was doing well, and were likely to get married to a gentleman and farmer; and she went away with all our blessings on her head; and how my good old mother, bless her old soul, did cry sure-ly; and we never heard no more of her, whether she was dead or alive, doing well or doing ill, if she could do ill, or anybody do it to her. But belay, John, belay! This won't do the old gentleman's dabs. Hows'ever, this I will say, seventhly, and to conclude—if he hasn't the Everard eye, I don't know a dab from a flounder—the bows of my boat from her starn—or any of that kind of useful knowledge. Yes, I knew him in the twinkling of an eye by the twinkling of his eye. But I won't break it to him yet: he shall have his dabs first." And so resolving, John made his boat fast, flung his nets and skulls over his shoulder, and hurried home to set Dolly-Polly-Molly, as he always called her when in good-humour, to work with the frying-pan.

In a few minutes John was seen rushing out of his house with one clean white dish carefully laid over another, the slattern, who was at her door, sneering at "the crawl," as she called him, on the one side of the way, and the lady who looked through keyholes on the other, at "the currier of rich men for their favours," as he gave a rap with his knee at the stranger's door; and at the cry of "Come in!" in went the not unwelcome visitor, with a duck of the head which nearly knocked the dishes out of his hands. "Here they are, sir," said John, "as nice as ninepence;" and laid them down, frizzling and squeaking with heat, on the table. He stared to see it spread as neatly as any "neat-handed Phillis" could have done it: the country-washed table-cloth looked like a sheet of snow; the furniture was already arranged, the fire was burning briskly, the kettle singing merrily on the hob, the bread and butter cut and spread, and there wanted nothing, as John said, (and let him not be accused of any evil association of images,) but a cat and a nice old lady about the old gentleman's own

age, to make the domestic picture of an Englishman's fireside complete. He begged pardon for staring so rudely about, and then fixed his eyes on the portrait, already hung up opposite the fire-place, and was sorely disappointed to find that it personified no Katherine Everard, though it was like her in beauty, and had her eye and her smile. "I am out in my know," thought John, as he stood looking in the face of the old gentleman, as it shone with serene satisfaction at the rough attentions tendered and rendered to him by his honest neighbour. John only asked one thing—that he would do justice to the dabs while they were hot and crisp. The stranger said it was easy and pleasant to obey him; and so he fell-to, and did ample justice to the dish and its provider, and said he had never touched a nicer. John was pleased; for he loved a gift well-meant to be well-received; and he loved, more than all, to hear anything which his old dame had done in a walk of genius wherein she had few superiors,

"Praised to the *palate*, which did applaud again:"

for, old as the old couple were, they loved one another with all their hearts; and Dolly had not a fault to find with her John, excepting his partiality to Red Lion rum: it was very good, she believed, and might do him good, in moderate quantities: he thought it most good when most abundant. As it was neighbourly to do, by way of initiation, the stranger said he believed he had a bottle or two of old rum."

"Ja-ma-ï-ca?" asked John, syllabilizing the words as though he loved it.

"The same. I must insist on your taking a glass with me, for kindness' sake."

"Don't," said John—he knew his weakness: "I shall want another."

"You shall have another," said the old gentleman, gaily; "I know that there is a sort of superstition among men of your way of thinking," ———

"Drinking," said John, with a deferential bow.

"Well, let it be drinking—which goes against giving one eye a preference over the other."

"They should both be wetted or neither," said John drily. "I know there's no use in pulling with one skull: wet them both, and you make way." And he was allowed to wet the other eye, according to his humour. Good liquor is thrown away on some men: they drink it apathetically, and it does them no good: they are as lifeless and unrevived and uncordial as ever. Not so John. His eyes—both of them—brightened with a joyous fire not burnt out, though it had been flaming now for nearly seventy summers: his face reddened: that goodly *ness* or promontory, his nose, looked like a conglomeration of scarlet strawberries; and the river-burnt brown above his shaggy eyebrows warmed up, till he looked as ripe and rosy as Silenus, as he went on expatiating eloquently on this prime sample of ge-un-ine Ja-ma-ï-ca rum, and admiring its amber hue as he held it up to the light, and approving its softness and its smoothness. And to sum up all its excellences, he observed, that any man gifted that way might as easily let the entire bottle slip down his throat as two glasses, it was so like mother's milk. When he heard that it had been seven years in bottle, the lover of good drinking doubted, in his own mind, whether it was not a sort of sin—a sin of omission—to keep such a dainty spirit imprisoned like another Ariel during so long a term.

"But for keeping it so long it would not have been so admirable," urged the old gentleman; "and, what is more to the point, neighbour, it would not have been left for you to drink."

"That's true," said John. "You have convinced me that good liquor is none the worse for being bottled up a good while, provided that, when it comes to be uncorked, there's somebody by as will speak the sentiments of his mind, and say it's good—very good—and beats the Red Lion to a stand still." And John tipped up his glass, smacked his lips, wiped his mouth, coughed, and placed the glass so handy to the bottle, that, if he was asked to take a third, the trouble of reaching it would be no object. The old gentleman slily noticed that, all the while John set talking to him of the neighbourhood, he directed most of his observations, if he might judge from his eyes, to the bottle; and as, even in the midst of his historical account of the winter hardships of poor watermen, he twice said that he felt no ill effects from the two glasses he had taken, though taken on a empty stomach, but it was so innocent, a babby might drink it, the old gentleman drew the bottle nearer, on which John held his breath; and then the glass, on which John rubbed his knees; and then fiddled for some time with the cork, to squeeze it out, on which John rose with great alacrity, and said, "It's swelled a little; allow me; my fingers is stronger than yours." The obstinate cork removed—and there is an evident reluctance in too many of them to pass unnoticed—(why should they be so loth? What is it to them?)—he was told to help himself to a third glass, which he did, readily and steadily, to the brim, and carried it to his lips without spilling a drop. "My hand's very steady, thank heaven," said John, in a grateful spirit, as he put down the glass, and took care to replace the cork so gingerly, that there would be little difficulty in drawing it in future. But though

"On hospitable thoughts intent,"

the stranger was a lover of sobriety; and as he removed the rum John followed it with his eyes, and repeated his former praise of it, that a babby might drink it, it was so innocent; and, when he saw the button of the cupboard door turned on it, went on with his melancholy account of the loss of a poor fisherman in a squall, boat and all, without further parentheses.

During this interview the new resident learned something of the history of his neighbours, told, without varnishing, by homely John, with plenty of good will, and not a word of ill will to the poor creatures round about him. John was much amused the while, by seeing how handily "quite the gentleman" cleared the decks, swabbed the tea-things, and set everything in its place; and, having served in a man-of-war himself in his young days, made up his marine mind that Mr. Newcome had been a seaman in his time; for there was no dry-bred or landsman could have stowed away everything in such quick time he would have sworn, and sworn falsely. While these conjectures were passing through his mind, his eyes, when disengaged by the corner-cupboard, wandered from article to article of the furniture, all bespeaking a better station once than they now occupied, and his memory reverted to old times; and, once more, "the Everard eye" haunted him; and as he looked round the old house and its new occupant, the jolly barge-master, in all his ninth of November glory,

and his rosy, portly wife, and their beautiful daughter, came and went like shadows in a dream. One article, especially, riveted his eyes. It was an old-fashioned spice-box, built up like the leaning tower of Pisa, pile on pile, which he could have sworn he had seen occupying the same place, on the top of the corner-cupboard, forty years ago. But no—he must be deceived: that was not Kate Everard in a carved frame, unless time and growing out of girlhood into womanhood had altered her figure-head, and yet there was the Everard eye; and the preserver for so many years of such a superb bottle of rum was no Everard, surely: jolly old John, of the Marchant Tailors, would not have kept it as many months; and yet he had the turn of the eye. But he gave up the eye for the present; and yet it was strange—very —that an entire stranger should select that house, if he belonged not to that house, in some way or other too mysterious to mention.

When the old gentleman, having put his hearth in order, reached a large, old-fashioned folio, opened it at a part doubled down, and seemed disposed to resume his reading, he said, with some hesitation, wiping his spectacles the while, "Neighbour, you will leave me, if you please, to my habits, which are peculiar, but long custom has made them part of my pleasures. Every one has his habits. Every one has his passion. You know what a passion is, of course?"

"In course I do," said the unsophisticated fisherman. "Getting swingeingly savage, swearing a good deal, and knocking somebody down."

The old gentleman smiled. "No; I mean, by passion, the one darling, daily habit and liking of one's life. My passion is the love of loneliness."

John, though he could not understand so singular a taste, and loved to see the Red Lion parlour full of people when he went in to take his pipe and porter, (for he took rum-and-water only on high-days and holidays,) was old enough to know good manners, and was about, cap in hand, to bid his strangely-disposed neighbour "Good morning,"—no Everard now, he was certain,—when the old gentleman said, "Friend John, let us be neighbourly, but not troublesome, the one to the other. Drop in upon me sometimes. If I am at home, I shall tell you myself that I am. If, in answer to your knock at the door, I say that I am not at home, but shall be back in the evening, you are too mannerly a man to say that I am at home, and will call again in the evening." John could not see how this could rightly be, but he said nothing, which led the stranger to add, "I shall appear, in your eyes, and to your open nature, an unsocial man; but I am not. Once for all, understand that I love my fellow-creatures. Show me how I can prove it, and you will see that I do. I am not rich: I should not have selected this humble habitation if wealthy; but I am rich enough—I will be rich enough—to spare something to the sterner wants of my poor neighbours. Let no worthy person want anything which I can give." The eyes of the old fisherman brightened, and his broad chest heaved a sigh of hearty approbation. "I have not much, but, being frugal, I have always something at the service of the honest poor," he added; and when that bottle"—John held his breath—"is gone, it has several relations."

"Rum relations?" inquired John, with a dry eye.

"Rum relations," replied the old gentleman, as drily.

"An agreeable family," said John; "I should like to know more of em." And throwing himself back in his chair again, and casting his

eyes, moistening with gratitude, to the top of the corner-cupboard, Mr. Dards seemed so lost in contemplation—haply, how well this world was ordered, take it altogether—that his host had to say, "And now, good morning, neighbour," twice, before he rose to take his leave.

And while the one adjusted his spectacles, the other picked up his dishes, and, opening the door, bade the strange stranger "Good day," and went, muttering to himself, "Well, he's an oddity, however; but a good one, I believe. And now I remember, old Everard had his crotchets; and one day was as jolly as a sand-boy, and the next would hardly speak to one. I can't help thinking"—But what he could not help thinking, as he carried his thoughts in-doors with the dishes with him, we could only guess, and shall leave unguessed, lest we should guess wrongly.

SONNET I. Suggested by Thucydides, lib. i. pages 93—99.

O matchless portrait of the man of old,
Olympian Pericles, in whose high soul,
Train'd to Philosophy's divine control,
Virtue's most perfect image we behold,
Bright as the morning star on clouds of gold.
Statesman and Orator, whose wondrous mind,
Shap'd for heroic ends by Heaven's own hand,
To teach, to rouse, to save his native land,
All that was bright and beautiful combin'd;
Here him but speak—the thunder of the spheres
Hath lesser force, the lightning hath less fire.—
Lo! at his call, ten thousand glittering spears
Start forth for Athens—maiden, son and sire
Flush'd with the thoughts sublime his mighty words inspire.

SONNET II. Suggested by Thucydides, lib. ii. page 130.

A year hath pass'd into the sea of Time,
The deadly havoc of the fight is o'er,
The giant of the battle, drunk with gore,
Hath sunk to sleep to dream new deeds of crime.
See, where the warriors stand around the bier
Of the lov'd slain who liv'd for Greece and died;—
Drop to their memory a solemn tear;
Nor yet despair—they perish'd in their pride;
Their death was glorious—they are heirs to fame,
Immortal honour crowns each deathless name.—
Behold the great tribunal by their grave!
As if with Glory's trumpet see *him* rise,
With weeping words he consecrates the brave—
Blest is his fate who thus for Greece and Freedom dies!

SONNET III. Sir Robert Peel.

While I thus mus'd, the Spirit of Ancient Days
Methought arose—a veil of stars was thrown
O'er her bright form, and round her brows a zone
Of dazzling splendour like the rainbow's rays;
Onward in thought she led me, till we stood
In the great senate house of our own isle,
Where I saw one from whose oracular tongue
Truth, knowledge, wisdom, in one golden flood
Of language pour'd, till the renown'd old pile
With bursts of loud applause and wonder rung;
There stood the Statesman, Orator, and Sage,
With counsel wise guiding the commonweal;—
Great as the greatest in the historian's page,
Admiring England sees a Pericles in Peel.

June 11*th*, 1844.

A VISIT TO ISPAHAN.

BY THE HON. C. STUART SAVILE.

On the fifth of February, 1833, we left the hospitable roof of the English ambassador*, at Teheran, and commenced our journey to Ispahan. Our attendants formed a tolerably formidable-looking *cortège*, consisting of a Mehmandar†, a Jellowdah‡, a Peeshkidmud§, a cook, (a native of Bengal,) and two Mehters‖, together with a muleteer, to conduct our four baggage-mules. The whole party, excepting the cook and the muleteer, were mounted on horses, the two latter riding on the top of the baggage. The plain of Teheran was covered with snow, to a great depth, with the exception of the track along which we proceeded.

In the evening, we arrived at Karinogird, a large caravanserai, situated about six fursuks from the capital, where we passed a very miserable night, on account of our baggage, which we had passed during the day, lagging behind, and not arriving. We were consequently obliged to sleep on the cold ground, without any carpets or warmer covering than our cloaks, and were indebted to a passing traveller for some provisions. Our muleteer did not arrive until the afternoon of the next day, having loitered behind to visit some friends at a village on the road. Our Mehmandar gave the fellow a good drubbing, which he richly deserved.

On the seventh, we left the caravanserai; and about the middle of the day, quitted the region of snow, and entered the salt desert, along which we proceeded until the ninth, when we arrived at Koom early in the day. Koom is a very large town, in rather a ruinous condition, although much improved by the shah since his accession. On his majesty's ascending the throne of Persia, he exempted the inhabitants from paying tribute, and accorded them various other privileges, the fulfilment of a vow made while prince-royal. The town is much larger than Teheran, and has a very picturesque appearance when viewed from the north-west. It is famous for its earthenware. The chief mosque contains a famous sanctuary, where refugees, no matter what may be there guilt, can evade justice in a manner similar to those who concealed themselves in the sanctuary of Westminster, mentioned in Horace Smith's novel of "The Tor Hill."

On the tenth, we slept at a caravanserai called Passangoon. The ground here, again, became rocky and precipitous, and covered with snow. The country, since we had left Teheran, had been of the most bare and uninteresting nature, consisting of a salt desert, bounded by mountains, without being enlivened by a single tree, excepting in the vicinity of the villages, of which we had as yet seen very few, almost the only resting-places to be met with by the traveller being the caravanserais, which are to be found at intervals of six to eight fursuks. These buildings are not inns, as may be supposed, inhabited by "mine

* Sir John Campbell, K.G.H., K.L.S.

† A Mehmandar is an officer appointed to accompany travellers in Persia, to look after their wants, to provide them with lodgings, and protect them from insult.

‡ Jellowdah is a head groom.

§ A Peeshkidmud is a servant whose duty is to attend upon the person of his master. The name is derived from Peesh, before, and Kidmud, service.

‖ A Mehter is an under groom.

host" and his auxiliaries the waiter; by no means—a caravanserai is a rectangular, one-storied edifice, in which are numerous cells, generally full of filth. It is uninhabited, save by passing travellers; and no provisions are to be obtained thereat; insomuch, that everything necessary to comfort and for sustaining life must be carried on the backs of the mules. Into some of these cells are turned the horses and mules; while the others, having been swept and spread with carpets, are occupied by the masters. These cells are without windows, but are provided with door-holes, which act the double purpose of admitting air and light.

On the eleventh, we arrived at Seinsin, where, by a remarkable coincidence, as I discovered by some writing on the walls, the English embassy to the Persian court, under Sir Harford Jones, had stopped that very same day twenty years before.

After a long ride, we arrived, on the twelfth, at Kashan, a small ruinous town, where I saw nothing worth notice, excepting a long, wide, and paved street, leading completely from one end of the place to the other. Three men were severely bastinadoed in front of our caravanserai during the afternoon. They had been guilty of theft: one of them received no less than nine hundred blows on the soles of his feet, which were beaten to a jelly; I am sure the poor wretch was lamed for life.

On the thirteenth, at about four fursuks from Kashan, we began to ascend some very lofty hills; and having proceeded for some time up a circuitous path, we suddenly came in sight of a most beautiful waterfall, of a great height, the water of which was supplied by a small lake, situated half way up the mountains, between two ranges. The water of this lake was of a fine clear blue; it was the most beautiful spot I had seen in Persia. Having ridden two fursuks further, we arrived in sight of a well cultivated valley, thickly wooded, in the midst of which was a village called Kohrood. It must be a delightful place of residence during the summer season; the cold, however, of winter is excessively severe. I saw here some of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld; they had large dark black eyes, so bright, they seemed to look through one. In the valley, innumerable species of fruit-trees flourish; it yields also an abundance of corn, particularly barley.

On preparing to depart, on the following morning, we found that a recent fall of snow had so completely blocked up the main path that it was impassable. A couple of villagers, however, offered to guide us through the mountains by a roundabout route, where the snow, by their account, did not lie so deep; we accordingly mounted and followed them. Our guides proceeded on foot, feeling the way with long sticks. After having, however, advanced about half a fursuk, they stopped, and protested that it was impossible to proceed further, as the snow was much too deep. However, by the use of both threats and promises, we induced them to persevere: and after much difficulty, we managed to force a passage, and at length descended upon the plain at the foot of the hills, where we quitted our guides and the snowy regions at the same time. In the evening of the next day we arrived at Moorchauhaut, a caravanserai nine fursuks distant from Ispahan, for which city we started long before dawn on the sixteenth. At sunrise we arrived at Gez, a small village, where we breakfasted

and rested for an hour. The day was sunny and warm, and the plain entirely free from snow. Early in the day we came in sight of the ex-capital of Persia; it is a city of infinitely greater extent than Teheran, and was the most picturesque Persian town I had hitherto beheld. Its numerous mosques, with their vaulted and gilded domes, shining brightly in the rays of the glorious Eastern sun, gave it an appearance of grandeur far beyond that of the present comparatively insignificant capital.

Having entered the city by the Teheran gate, we proceeded at once to Julfa, a suburb situated towards the south, and inhabited by an Armenian colony. We procured here a lodging in a house standing in the midst of a very beautiful garden, full of fruit trees. We had not been long arrived, when an old Italian priest called upon us. He was, it appeared, the chief of the Roman Catholics in Julfa, which are not so numerous as the Armenians of the Armenian church, who have a bishop of their own. We found Padré Johannes, for such was the name of the Roman Catholic priest, a most kind and excellent personage; he was of the greatest service to us during our stay.

On the seventeenth, we set off on an excursion through Ispahan, accompanied by the padré. We firstly visited the royal palace, which is an extensive building, situated at the upper end of an avenue of tall trees, which are considered to be the finest in the country. The interior of the palace is well worth seeing. Many of the apartments, and chiefly the banqueting halls, are ornamented with ancient Persian pictures, consisting mostly of battle-pieces, in which the Persians were always represented as getting the better of their enemies. The most conspicuous figures are those of the kings, who are painted in the act of putting whole legions to flight by the prowess of their single arms. Although the colouring of these paintings is very beautiful, there is in general a great want of attention to the perspective; and in more than one of the pictures, the victorious kings seem to be cleaving the head of an enemy distant many miles.

Besides the battle-pieces were others representing Oriental entertainments, in which were grouped beautiful dancing-girls performing before the guests; there were also portaits from the royal harems of Shah Abbas and his successors, some of the faces in which were really lovely.

The view down the avenue is magnificent; this row of trees was planted by Shah Abbas, but as the old trees are decaying fast, and young ones are never planted, before very long a few stumps will alone remain to commemorate this still beautiful spot. Like almost everything else in the once glorious Persia, the palace is falling to ruins from neglect and want of proper repairs.

Having quitted the royal mansion, we proceeded through the streets, some of which, although in a ruinous state, are still very fine, and show remnants of former grandeur. The bazaar is spacious; but the lack of merchandize evinces the little commercial prosperity that exists in the country. The mosques are the buildings which are in the best state of preservation; and their gilded domes, glittering in the rays of the sun, produce a very striking effect.

While we were sauntering down the main street, a soldier approached, and informed us that the commander of the Ispahanee forces requested us to honour him with a visit. We accordingly pro-

ceeded at once to the house of that personage, which was close at hand, where we were most hospitably received. The commander-in-chief was a Georgian, and his power is secondary only to that of the prince-governor. His dress was a mixture of Asiatic and European fashion; his coat, which was a frock of red cloth, was ornamented with an enormous pair of gold epaulets; he wore large Turkish trousers, tied round the ankle by bandages of red cashmere; at his side hung a Khorasan scimitar; and in his girdle was a Georgian dagger. Like the generality of his countrymen, he was a remarkably handsome man. The second in command was present; he also was a Georgian. After a short visit, during which kalianus, tea, and sweatmeats were handed round, we took our leave.

The following day, as we were proceeding along the main street, we observed a very large crowd, and on inquiring what was the reason of the people collecting together, we were informed that an execution was about to take place. The sufferers were a man and a woman; the former a Jew, the latter a Mussulman. They had been caught in the act of adultery, and as the crime, in the opinion of the Persians, was aggravated by the religion of the male culprit, the husband had abstained from taking summary vengeance, and had appealed to public justice. The consequence was, the guilty parties were condemned to be hanged in the midst of the main street. My being a Frank caused the mob to make way for me, and I managed to get close to the place of execution. A rude temporary gallows had been raised, and at the foot were the two condemned parties, in the custody of the executioners, six ruffianly-looking men. The woman was veiled; but it was easy to perceive that her whole form was trembling with fear and agitation. Close at hand was the husband, an ill-looking old man of sixty. The Jew was a very handsome youth, and evinced great firmness at that awful moment. To the yells and screams of "Accursed Jew!" "Unclean dog!" "How dare such a filthy animal attempt to defile our hearths," &c., which issued from the mouths of the populace, the wretched man returned a sneer of contempt. He was, as it were, alone in the midst of that great crowd; no one of his religion was present; indeed, to have been so, would certainly have been fatal to any Jew, considering the excited state of the spectators.

A few minutes after our arrival, the executioners proceeded to tie a rope round the neck of the Jew, and then began to perform the same ceremony with regard to the woman, who, on being touched, screamed fearfully. In her struggles her veil and chauder* fell off, and her form and face became revealed. I seldom, if ever, indeed, beheld such a beautiful creature; notwithstanding the pallor of her countenance, caused by fright, her loveliness was so perfect, that it caused a general burst of surprise. She could not have been sixteen. I turned to Padré Johannes, and asked him whether there were no means of saving her life; the worthy man, who was weeping, bitterly shook his head, and whispered, "There is no hope for her." The fatal cord was now fastened round her neck, and, together with the Jew, she was hoisted on the shoulders of some of the executioners, while the others proceeded to fasten the ropes round the beam. The scene was at this moment heart-rending: the screams of the woman were dreadful to

* A chauder is the large veil which covers the form.

hear, and so great was the poor creature's horror, that a few moments before she was launched into eternity streams of blood began to flow from her nostrils. All was now ready; the veil and chauder were thrown over the female sufferer, and the two wretched beings having been thrown off the shoulders of the executioners, were instantly hanging by their necks, when the face of the Jew being uncovered, became so horridly convulsed, that I could no longer bear the sight, and hurried away.

On the twenty-second of the month, the fast of the Ramazan ended, to the great joy of the inhabitants of the city, who passed the day in rejoicings and festivity. It may be as well to observe, that the fast is one of the greatest strictness, and is a most severe penance during its continuance, which is a lunar month. No Mussulman must taste food of any kind whatever, or drink one drop of liquid from sunrise to sunset: even smoking is interdicted. The consequence naturally is, that during this fast night is turned into day, and is passed in debauchery and drunkenness. On account of the Ramazan continuing for a lunar month, and taking place every twelve months, it occurs sometimes during summer, when it becomes a terrible penance, and many persons are much hurt by suffering from thirst.

There was one person in Ispahan to whom the beginning of a new month was not altogether a day of rejoicing—namely, our jellowdah, whom we found guilty of gross cheating. He had, besides, starved our noble steeds in such a cruel manner, that had we not detected his conduct, they would soon have been irrevocably injured. Notwithstanding the testimony of various persons to whom he had sold the stolen provender, the fellow continued to deny his guilt. We took him, therefore, before Dawood Khan, the Georgian commander-in-chief, who soon settled the business, by ordering him to be bastinadoed, which punishment was inflicted so sharply that the culprit roared out an acknowledgment of his guilt. We of course dismissed him from our service. His punishment, however, did not quite finish with the bastinado he had received, for he was sent for the time to prison. We afterwards heard that, before his liberation, he was favoured with a second infliction of the sticks, for robbing a fellow prisoner.

The suburb of Julfa, where we resided during our stay at Ispahan, is entirely inhabited by Armenians, who, by paying a certain tribute to the King of Persia, are accorded various privileges. They are all Christians, and are divided into two sects, of one of which (the Roman Catholics) our friend, Padré Johannes, was chief, at the period we visited Ispahan. An Armenian bishop is at the head of the remainder, who are of the Armenian church.

Ispahan was governed, at the period of our visit, by one of the shah's younger sons, whose age was not more than nineteen; but who has already a family consisting of eight children, the offspring of several wives.

The elevation of the plain upon which the city is situated is less than that of Teheran, being only three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, consequently the winter season is much less severe in the former place than in the latter; indeed, little snow, comparatively, falls, and several species of fruit-trees flourish on the plain of Ispahan which are unknown at Teheran.

Ispahan is seen to the best advantage from about three miles dis-

tance, when you are somewhat elevated above it, and can see the whole city at once: it forms, indeed, a magnificent view. I could not, however, look upon it without regret, as I remarked the too evident approaches of decay; indeed, not many years hence, the traveller in Persia, as he passes by this plain, will probably look upon the "RUINS OF ISPAHAN."

TOWN LIFE IN ITALY.

THE FIASCO.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night;" there was bustle and confusion, and a throng of tilting carriages in the court of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, at Florence. There were flaring torches, stamping horses, coachmen swearing in English, German, and Russian.

Lady Phillimore gave one of her grand cosmopolitic routs. It was not a ball, nor a concert, nor yet one of those harum-scarum entertainments that go by the name of "mobs." The object of the meeting was known to few, and understood by none. It was to be a *lettura*, an *improvisazione*, a *seccatura*, a literary réunion after the fashion of the country.

Lady Phillimore had, on this occasion, been *extremely particular* in her invitations—that is, she had drained Florence of its motley population. The guests were from the four corners of the globe. The accomplished and the wealthy, the great and the learned of many regions, were blended in a crowd. There were long-haired professors, and bewigged Danish *savans*, bare-necked German artists, and *lorgnetted* French attachés, and amongst a few of a better class, many of that vulgar breed, whom gold enables to haunt the idle towns of the continent, the two varieties most prevalent in the European menagerie—the Russian bears and the English bores.

Conspicuous among the latter, and distinguishable by their colossal turbans, and by their air of familiarity with the lady of the house, were two female dabblers in literature, a Mrs. Brattle, a notorious novelist, who had, as she expressed it, *walked* half the courts of Europe; and a lady Emmelina Bruton, a person of whom her best friends said she had all bumps in her head save that of *adhesiveness*—a *mal-maritata*, who dipped her pen in gall, and emptied her quiver at all *man*kind, with a hope that some random shaft might find its way to her ill-wedded lord. The rest of the company was made up of dowager countesses and consumptive spinsters; a lord bishop, with a swarm of his daughters, and the squires and lordlings licensed to flirt with the said bishop's daughters — besides sundry lean and lank poets, magazine editors, wits, rakes, sharpers, and missionaries.

The "natives" were few; and there would have been none but for the circumstance that one of their number was to be exhibited as the hero or the victim—the lion of the night. They shrunk back and clustered together in a corner, awed and abashed by the consciousness of their own insignificance. All good understanding between the Italians and their foreign visitors, especially the English, is for ever at an end. Tourists may have their neat hotels in the best quarter of the town. The grand-duke—that inn-keeper on a larger scale—may throw

open his drawing-rooms, his galleries to them. But Italians who respect themselves never appear at court. The English may buy the pure sky, the climate, the country; they may feel at home in the Vatican, or the Palazzo Pitti; but, from that very reason, the heart of the soundest part of the nation is closed against them. This evening, however, there seemed to be a compromise between the parties. Some of the noblest of Florentine patriots mingled in the crowd. Gino Capponi and Niccolini, the former blind with incessant study, the second bright with the inspiration of genius, stood conversing in the embrasure of a window. Next to them sat Domeniconi, the actor, holding the hand of a pale youth—the same who was produced that night as a candidate for the honours of authorship. He was to read a few extracts of a new tragedy, "*Vanina d'ornano.*"

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Altoviti was utterly unknown even in his native city of Florence; an orphan from childhood, he had been brought up in a Jesuit college at Rome, and had but lately returned to his birth-place as an *abate;* wearing, that is, the church dress, without yet being an ordained priest.

Altoviti had known no boyhood. The sternness and austerity of his early guardians had moulded his character to an habitual gloominess, which his subsequent years of cloistral education were not calculated to dissipate. On his return to Florence, he found himself a stranger in the land of his nativity; he felt companionless in the home of his infancy. The levity of that gay frivolous town clashed with the moodiness of his temper. He sought refuge in the country, where he lived in an almost ascetic retirement, on his father's estates, in an old tumble-down tower, on the brow of a bare steep hill in the neighbourhood of Fiesole.

His solitude, however, his meditative studies, were frequently broken in upon by foreign visitors, chiefly English, wandering in quest of the picturesque. A thunder-storm, a horse ungovernably wild, a bevy of ladies screaming and fainting with terror, in an ill-omened day, forced the abate from his secluded apartment. Assistance and shelter were hospitably proffered, and eagerly accepted. The beauties recovered so far as to be able to laugh at their own fears, at themselves, and at every thing besides. The old tower was invaded and rummaged with unceremonious curiosity. The solitary inmate wondered at, and quizzed with more wit than urbanity. The frolicsome humour of the guests seemed, by degrees, to win upon the bewildered host. He skimmed off the oil from some flasks of chianti as old as himself. He spread before them a substantial luncheon, to which the keen Apennine air, and a two hours' ride, had imparted unutterable relish. Altoviti parted with his new friends an altered man. He insisted on riding with them as far as the town gates; and not without a promise to wait upon them on the morrow at the Rospigliosi palace.

Yes; the leader of that frolicsome exploring expedition was no less a person than the lady of that mansion, the grand *Miledi Inglese*, Lady Phillimore herself.

This gentlewoman has been settled at Florence for above twenty years. She was among the first to venture out of this wave-bound ark at the first subsiding of the revolutionary flood. She was the relict of a city sheriff or alderman, who died only six months after being knighted by the last of the Georges. With a princely fortune and the vague ap-

pellation of "Lady," the young widow had tact enough to perceive that her position in London was fraught with difficulties and mortifications. She crossed the Channel, and was now playing princess and sultana at Florence. She was a patroness by profession. The Rospigliosi Palace became a caravansera for all European Hadjees. The proudest of her countrymen sued abroad for the acquaintance of the citizen's wife they had carefully shunned and dreaded at home. Strange as it may appear, the alderman's widow had been polished even to regeneration by intercourse with people of rank on the Continent. Her title and wealth, and the favour of British ministers, had been a passport to some of the pettiest German and Italian Courts; where her *gaucheries* had been set down on the score of national peculiarities. Mere lowness of birth, in a woman, is never utterly irreclaimable. She is always up to any station, if she will only trust the prompting of her unerring feminine instinct. A queen need only be a woman to be sure to become and to grace her throne.

Indebted as she considered herself to foreigners for her promotion, Lady Phillimore insisted upon freely admitting them into her brilliant society. The feeling of estrangement, not to say hostility, which contemptuous haughtiness on one side, and resentful vanity on the other, have engendered between the best Italians and the worst class of their overbearing visitors, was allowed no utterance in the marble saloons of the Rospigliosi Palace. "Love me, love my guests," was Lady Phillimore's motto; and the few among the Florentine gentry whom she took under her protection, were safe against the *morgue* and purse-proud superciliousness, which, it would be vain to deny it, renders but too many of her countrymen unpopular abroad.

Owing to some slights she fancied she had received on the part of the Grand Duke, Lady Phillimore had gone over to the liberal party, and her drawing-room had thus become a focus of opposition, where patriots could safely vent their animosity against Austria and the smooth-pawed, oily despot, whose lulling rule is cited as a model of enlightened parental authority *.

Such was the house into which the Hermit of Fiesole found himself so unexpectedly domesticated. The old alderman's relict, however, had been too long a buxom widow to flatter herself with having, by the agency of her own charms, operated so astounding a revolution in the habits of the recluse, or to claim for herself the honour of that valuable addition to the list of her daily visitors. Lady Phillimore had her decoy-bird. She had a niece—a distant relation, and humble friend—or whatever else her position in the house of the grand lady might be—one Caroline Etheridge, a parson's daughter it was understood, and as lovely a creature, as arrant a flirt, as a parson's daughter need be.

Lady Phillimore had borrowed her from her father in Devonshire, who was blessed with half a score of children besides, and could well spare this one, with an express understanding that she should "bring her out and marry her off." The blooming beauty of the English girl, and certain vague hints from her aunt as to the probable reversion of the late alderman's property, had enlisted several hundred fortune-hunters, British and foreign, in the ranks of Caroline's suitors. Lady Phillimore and her advisers, the two bosom-friends above mentioned,

* ——— "Odio il Tiranno
Che col sonno t' uccide———."—NICCOLINI.

Mrs. Brattle and Lady Emmelina, laid their wise heads together, and after a careful review of the respective merits of English, Irish, and Scottish *beaux*, it was unanimously resolved, that the girl's *free choice* should fall on the Hon. Augustus Phibbs, a gentleman noted for a long scraggy neck, a squeaking voice, and bristling carrotty hair, but who combined the advantages of rank and wealth with various accomplishments, which enabled him to act amateur sub-editor and gratuitous penny-a-liner to the "Palladium of Universal Literature," a periodical work of universal notoriety.

The wedding, however, was, by desire of Caroline herself, adjourned *sine die*, and the happy man that was to be, was in the interim travelling southward, to collect materials for a series of papers on the "Mental and Moral Degeneracy of the Italians," under the ponderous burden of which the massive columns of the "Palladium" were to quake and quiver for many a number to come.

On these terms matters stood at the epoch of Lady Phillimore's visit to the old tower at Fiesole. The flushed countenance, the luxuriant charms of the excited beauty of Devon, her over-acted alarms, and subsequent pertness and petulance, the thousand *agaceries* of a spoiled beauty, a consummate coquette even when only a romping country-girl at her father's parsonage—aimed, in a moment of wanton exhilaration, against the peace of an unsophisticated recluse, roused a tempest in Altoviti's mind which instantly and hopelessly hurled reason from its throne. A rush of unknown, but as he instinctively apprehended, unhallowed passion, assailed the unguarded heart of the young candidate for priesthood.

Caroline perceived it. She marked every change in his working countenance; she had never before witnessed how, and she was delighted to see at what rate, an Italian and a priest could fall in love.

Caroline had not a bad heart. Indeed she could hardly be said to have any heart, good, bad, or indifferent. Her craving for excitement was proportionate to her natural defect of excitability. Perpetually in want of strong emotions, she left nothing unattempted to work herself up into an artificial state in some degree resembling enthusiasm. Her most successful contrivance to that effect was to watch the ravages of passion in other people's bosoms. There was some philanthropy in her apparently heartless coquetry. She exerted herself to liberate others from a state of apathy which appeared to herself unendurable. She heartily wished some one would have done as much for herself. But till her own turn came, she was indefatigable in testing the susceptibilities of every heart within reach.

Never in her brilliant career of systematic flirtation had such a subject been offered to her psychological experiments as the unhappy Altoviti. She dragged him along the street of Florence chained to her chariot. He had surrendered at discretion. She wished him to forego his hermitage at the old tower at Fiesole. He removed to town. She objected to the blue collar and three-cornered hat of his priestly costume. He made a bonfire of his ecclesiastical trappings. Finally, she desired him to make a show of his literary talent, and there he now stood in her aunt's drawing-room, a *debutant dramatist*.

Caroline, with the quick apprehension of her sex, had read the secret of her lover's heart. With the penetration of a well-cultivated under standing, she felt that it was no mean captive that had fallen into her

toils; that Altoviti was a poet-born; that the diffidence of true pride alone prevented him from emerging from obscurity and command the homage of multitudes. She determined that her friends should see what lofty spirit worshipped at her shrine; that the world should witness, applaud, and envy her conquest. She had a discourse with her aunt on the subject. Lady Phillimore, we have seen, was addicted to the exercise of patronage. She was a promoter of Italian literature and art; that is, she fed a swarm of locusts, under the name of *improvisatori, dilettanti*, and all such rabble. She murdered Italian dreadfully enough to frighten her Florentine maid into hysterics, and wore a circlet or diadem with four cameos, effigiating the four great national poets. By her exertions and Caroline's wilfulness, Altoviti was now to be brought before the public and made a great man of, in spite of himself.

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And now the poet was at his post. A deep, awful silence prevailed in the crowd. Caroline, by way of a prelude, struck up the first notes of the famous introductory chorus of Norma, with a masterly hand, long since accustomed to command applause. Every now and then she tossed her head backwards, as if to shake off the auburn ringlets which danced witchingly about her proud fair face, but, in reality, to behold how her victim stood the tremendous ordeal to which her ambition had brought him.

Altoviti sat alone, at a little distance from the piano, his face turned towards the audience, his manuscript on the table before him. He was pale—paler than his friends had yet seen him—and though apparently calm and almost haughtily serene, it required no very keen observer to perceive that the heart quailed within him.

He gazed mechanically at the glittering crowd—that crowd so quaintly jumbled together—those *few friends* Lady Phillimore had prepared him for. Most of his audience were utter strangers to him; most of them, too, utterly unfamiliar with the language he was to read in. Most unblushingly and unmercifully was he stared at in return. The bishop's daughters and their admirers, especially, directed against him as well maintained a fire from their burning eye-glasses as Archimedes ever poured on the devoted fleet of Marcellus. Mrs. Brattle and Lady Emmelina encouraged him with a familiar wave of their fans. Lady Phillimore went round and whispered a few words on the historical subject the drama was derived from.

Occasional murmuring and tittering also would break out from the stillness of the promiscuous assembly, the meaning of which, if it ever reached his ears, was not calculated to reassure the uneasiness of the poor pilloried poet.

However, as Lady Phillimore observed, he was in for it; and the comments of the foreign part of the audience on the novelty of an exhibition so greatly at variance with their preconceived notions of propriety, and their remarks on Italian charlatans and public exhibitors, and the *bore* of listening for hours to unintelligible, outlandish gibberish, and the unhandsome manner in which they had been *taken in*,—all this was meant as an aside, and the poet had no business to take any notice of it, even if he had the misfortune of being familiar with ultramontane tongues and their slang, as he was with his own pure Tuscan.

But Altoviti was young and handsome: two great qualifications for

the suffrage of the most tender, and happily the largest part of his auditory: and as his eyes flashed and his cheeks were flushed with the rapid emotions which Bellini's glorious strains roused in his bosom, his audience became aware that they stood in the presence of one of those gifted beings, whose energies need only be directed to a proper object, to be sure of their ascendancy over their fellow-creatures.

Nothing, also, when he began, could equal the manliness, mellowness, and flexibility of the tones of his voice, and notwithstanding that slight *cantilena* which seemed inseparable from poetical recitation in Italy, his vivid and impassionate delivery had something in itself irresistibly suasive and winning.

He had little or no action. He read sitting; only rising for one instant for a slight obeisance at the outset. This posture, and his diffidence and trepidation, did not allow him to make any attempt at that exaggerated gesticulation for which his countrymen are justly ridiculed abroad; but there was an eloquence in his countenance, a language in the ebbing and flowing of his flitting complexion, an expression in the movement of his head, in the quivering of his lips, in the very faltering of his voice, which had power to rivet the attention, and to find its way unerringly, immediately, to the sympathies of the bystanders.

The first words were, as might be expected, almost inaudible; but as he warmed with his subject, as his eyes met Caroline's, who had silently stolen from the piano and resumed her seat by the side of her aunt, the rest of the company faded from his view, and he proceeded with that impressive ardour, with that heart-storming vehemence, with which he alone who created can read, and which proves how little the most unearthly music can add to the natural melody of the human language.

Caroline grasped Lady Phillimore's hand. She cast frequent glances at the object before her, enraptured at an exhibition of feeling never before witnessed. The transport of the reader proved for a moment contagious. She felt a choking at her throat, a tingling in her ears; she yearned to her lover; she longed to throw her arms round his neck, to hide her head in his bosom, as if the throbbing of his heart and the glowing of his cheek could communicate heat and life, could thaw the iceberg that had till that moment lain so heavily on her breast.

Hardly one person in the room but sympathized with her. The first act had been listened to with that respectfully frigid attention which characterises a circle of well-bred but hypercritical hearers; but as scene followed scene, and the interest attached to the subject, and the rapidity and intensity of action, the beauty of style—the real merit, in short, of the composition became apparent, the Italian part of the audience, and all familiar with the language, insisted on having the whole drama from beginning to end, and gave the most unequivocal testimonies of unmixed delight.

As the last words were drowned in a burst of applause, Caroline stole a last glance at the poet. By an unaccountable association of ideas, the thought of the absent Hon. Augustus Phibbs occurred to her fancy, and for the first time in her life she felt as if the heart ought to enter for something in a matrimonial arrangement.

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Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed since that memorable evening

when the good people of Florence shut up shop, and cut their *Benedizione*, to be in time for the new tragedy at the Teatro Cocomero. It was then mid-Lent. The *Pergola* and the Opera were under the interdict of the holy season, and the habitués had no resource left but the *Prosa*. The playhouse was opened long before sunset, to avoid tumult at the entrance. Altoviti had repaired to the theatre, prevailed upon by Caroline and her aunt to escort them to their box. The dress circle was invaded by the English. The bishop's daughters, long-necked as cranes, tall and erect as Lombardy poplars, were nodding, smirking, and telegraphing on the right. The ponderous turbans of Madam Brattle and Lady Emmelina were to be seen towering on the left. Altoviti shrank back in his box. Although his tragedy had been announced anonymously, although he was almost unknown to the public, he felt as if all the eyes of the crowded audience were turned towards one box and riveted on one object.

Alas, poor votary of fame! Come forward and dare to look at this dread jury that are here convened to past their verdict on the work of your brain! See among those rows of vulgar gaping faces in the pit, still stupified by the drowsiness of their hasty dinners, whom you would deem likely to comprehend the poetry of your soul? whom you would select as fit to be introduced into the sanctuary of your mind? whom you would raise to the level of your loftiest inspirations?—and it is of such a crowd, of these men, for each of whom, singly, you entertain no feeling short of utter contempt, that you, proud man, stoop to court the gregarious acclamation. It is from the roaring of such a menagerie that you, privileged being, you phœnix, suffer yourself to be disturbed from the serenity of the ethereal region it was given to your broad-winged genius to expatiate through!

True, the Florentines are, comparatively, a bright, keen-witted people. True, you may find among the habitués, men of judgment and taste; but these deem it beneath their dignity to suffer themselves to be betrayed into any exhibition of feeling. The well-bred and accomplished give no sign. Gloved hands never clap.

"Vanina d'Ornano" was not a work destitute of taste. The subject was happily chosen; the poet had done it ample justice. The long assiduous cares he had bestowed upon it had left nothing to desire on the score of plausibility of plan, delineation of characters, harmony and loftiness of style. But it had little or no stage effect. Correct and faultless as a literary production, his piece stood little chance of success as a dramatic performance. Those who had been so warm and pretty nearly sincere in their commendation of that juvenile essay, when actuated by the prestige of the poet's own declamation, in Lady Phillimore's drawing-room—Capponi and Niccolini among the number—were now surprised at the tameness and languor pervading that chaste but unimpassioned exhibition, and repented the encouragement they had given for its production on the stage.

But it was not on the ground of its good or bad qualities that poor "Vanina" was to encounter its fate. There are a hundred accessary circumstances on which the ultimatum of popular judgment depends, even more than on the intrinsic value of the piece itself—a hundred all-powerful, mysterious, inexorable agencies, which the proud Altoviti neglected or scorned to propitiate. He had no hired *clarqueurs*; no interested partizans except the few aristocratic friends of Lady Philli-

more in the dress circle, chiefly foreigners, whose demonstration, even had they condescended to make any in his favour, was sure, out of sheer contradiction, out of national jealousy, to call forth the animadversion of the many-headed *mobocracy* above and below. The Italians are mightily patriotic, mightily independent on the parterre of their theatres, a state of hostility is invariably found to exist between the native and the foreign faction at the opera: and although the tragedy had been given as the work *di penna Fiorentina*, still the interest of the *Inglesi* in its success was too obvious not to call forth a contrary disposition on the part of the emulous multitude.

Some untoward events, also, conspired from the very outset to keep the audience that evening in a state of unwonted restlessness and ferment. A parcel of foreign youngsters, being, in fact, some of the officers of an English frigate anchored at Leghorn, had newly arrived in town; and after revelling and carousing at Schneider's Hotel till late in the afternoon, had been seized with a sudden whim to see the new play. They had rushed in, in a state of raving intoxication, and taken the pit by storm: one or two of them had, even before the raising of the curtain, been laid hold of by the *carabinieri* and turned out for misdemeanour. The remaining party had been sobered down and struck dumb for a moment; but a sullen determination had been entered into, by the most daring of them, to leave no stone unturned to mar the enjoyment of their peaceful neighbours, and to wreak their vengeance on the luckless drama and its inoffensive author.

Although enough is known of the doings of English officers at Malta, Corfu, and other foreign ports, to screen me from any imputation of harbouring a wish to calumniate them, I must, in this instance, so far do them justice as to state that their misconduct was not so much the result of their natural love of mischief, as of the suggestions of an evil designing spirit, who had an interest in urging them to do their worst.

That carroty headed monster, the Hon. Augustus Phibbs, was amongst them. That worthy *littérateur* had just returned from his protracted trip to the south. He did not like the look of things in general, as he found them on his return. He was not pleased with the domestication with Caroline of what Lady Phillimore called "the interesting native." He was bored to death by the drama, and the fuss everybody in the house made about it. Surlily enough he declined countenancing the play with his presence, even for the sake of his lady's company. He joined a group of fellow-travellers at the hotel; among the officers of H. M.'s frigate, Minerva, he found some old college friends. The spirit of ancient schoolboy mischief was revived by that unlooked-for meeting. Phibbs threw out a hint about the *fun* of the new play. He described it as a parody, a travesty; he prepared them for a farce in tragic disguise. Having thus worked them up to a proper mood for "a lark," and relying on their ignorance of the language, and still more on their fuddled understanding, he gave the signal for a general move. He was now busy in the middle alley of the pit, bustling from one group to another of his disappointed companions, teazing and taunting them, setting them up against the dullness and flatness of Italian humour.

This little piece of malice prepense succeeded beyond his fondest expectation: what with the broad jests of those tipsy brawlers, their outrageous peals of laughter, their crowing and squeaking, snoring and

sneezing, and the cries of "Shame!" "Silence!" "Turn them out!" of the scandalized citizens around them, and the jostling and pushing of the vainly interfering police—it soon became impossible to restore order and calm.

A mirthful mood, so deplorably jarring with the solemn train of feeling which the development of the action was intended to call forth, gradually gained ground and became contagious. The farce in the pit got the better of the tragedy on the stage, and when, as the evil powers would have it, towards the close of the fourth act, the drama being then at the acme of pathetic intensity, the Hon. Augustus Phibbs, emboldened by success, flung a chestnut towards the stage, which was heard rattling against the Roman nose of Domeniconi, the hero—the roaring of the multitude knew no limits. Scarcely a word could be heard of the ensuing act, and the curtain fell amidst such an awful finale of hisses, of howls and yells, as gave ample evidence of the most decisive *Fiasco* the old Cocomero had witnessed time out of memory *.

The failure of one of his pieces is no great disgrace to the French or English dramatist. Writing is with him a trade, and as much liable to the ups and downs of earthly vicissitude as any other money-making concern. He looks down on his incensed judges with a philosophical sneer, and repairs to a good oyster-supper with his good friends the actors, calm, stoic, impassible, as if nothing had occurred.

With Altoviti it was otherwise. He was born and educated in a country where literature, entertaining no hope of solid rewards, must rest satisfied with, and aspire to, nothing beyond the vain clamour of popular applause, where success or failure clings to an author for life. He was not poor, and had been impelled to enter into the dangerous arena by no selfish views of pecuniary emolument or worldly preferment. That single drama had been the object of his secret pride for years. He had strained his faculties even to exhaustion; and he hoped—nay he had been induced into a belief—that it was well worth, that it would repay all the cares bestowed upon it.

Nor was that all. Caroline had praised it. She seemed to lay as much stress as himself on that ill-fated production. From the evening of its first reading her manner seemed changed towards him! She had evinced an interest in the work—perhaps she felt for the author! That proud, ambitious spirit was to be propitiated by a signal success. And now!—a hissed author!—an absurd character, held up to public derision—crushed, annihilated!

On the same night the unsuccessful dramatist, alone, on foot, in a state bordering on distraction, sought the retirement of his old tower at Fiesole. He had shut the world out, and would see none of his friends. By stratagem or bribery, by some feminine devilry, *one*, however, gained admittance. Caroline had felt some compunction at her heedless conduct. "She came," she said, "to offer her condolence, her sympathy:" with the consent of Lady Phillimore—there present—she tendered the greatest, the most welcome, the only reparation in her power,—her hand—and as much of her heart as he had been able to thaw.

* Few of our readers can be unfamiliar with the meaning of *Fiasco*, a cant word used throughout Italy to designate a failure, especially in theatrical matters.

* * * *

The dilapidated old tower was left to the rooks and owls of the Apennines. Vanina was suffered to work its way into public favour by a new experiment at the next season,—and the happy pair removed to a cool, shady, Devonshire cottage, where the flirt and hoyden of three Florentine seasons soon subsided into that most perfect model of feminine grace, an English wife.

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The Hon. Augustus Phibbs and three of his most unruly fellow-rioters were, for that night, locked up in the guard-room of the carabinieri. Released after a cheerless night, by the paternal interference of Her British Majesty's representative, he lost no time in calling at the Rospigliosi Palace, where he found the ladies from home. From home they have been to him ever since!

What schemes of mischief and revenge may not be hatched by a brain under the influence of a head of carroty hair! The disappointed Phibbs vowed to everlasting infamy the ill-starred *Abate* who had irreparably robbed him of his bride. Three days and three nights he brooded over his scheme of vengeance. At last his concocted venom found its vent in the columns of the "Palladium;" where, among the items of "our weekly chit-chat," the all-important intelligence was conveyed to English readers, that the new tragedy at the Teatro Cocomero had turned out a "Solennissimo Fiasco."

A DISSERTATION ON ENGLISH DOMESTIC COOKERY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

> "Give but an Englishman
> Beef and a sea-coal fire—he's yours for ever."
>
> *Otway.*

There is a passage in the celebrated Persian romance, the "Sháh Námáh," of the immortal Ferdusi, which singularly coincides with a well-known English proverb. The poet declares that "Iblis," the foul fiend, "was himself the inventor of the cooking art. This is, perhaps, a Persian compliment; but in England we attach a different meaning to the phrase, and intend to convey anything but a compliment when we say, that "The devil sends cooks." There is, indeed, one *rifacimento* called after his Satanic majesty which is not held in disesteem, but this is the exception; as a general rule, the (so called) cookery of these islands is of a fearful character, as the following slight dissertation will testify.

The art of cooking—and a glorious art it is where its principles are understood—is in this country divided into two grand branches, which are broadly and distinctly marked, and may be classed under the respective heads of scorching and scalding; the spit and the cauldron are our two great allies, and what is termed "a good plain cook" our generalissimo.

This nomenclature, by the way, is of difficult interpretation. In France, a cook means something; he is the high-priest of a *culte*—the intellectual director of a science. "The mind of a good cook," says a clever French writer, "is an inexhaustible catalogue of scientific receipts;" he is never alluded to save by the attribute of "*Le Chéf;*" in

short, he is the head of a society for the encouragement of the useful arts, and is held in reverence accordingly.

But in England we order things differently; "a good plain cook" means an ill-tempered, ugly woman, whose sole qualification for the office she undertakes, is that of being able to endure any given degree of heat, and whose only skill consists in rendering unpalatable the viands committed to her care. *She* also belongs to a particular *caste*. She is fat—it is in consequence of her greasy calling; fiery—it is a quality derived from the element she worships; and factious—for such has from time immemorial been the nature of cooks, whose wrath is to be deprecated.

When the power of a state is vested in the hands of a tyrant, its interests must of necessity be sacrificed to his individual will; so it is with cookery, which falls a victim to the peccant humour of cooks. No one should presume to exercise the art who does not possess entire presence of mind; even the great Vatel was not perfect; he was unequal to a sudden reverse, and, despairing of the arrival of a basket of fish from the coast, "played the Roman fool," and died on his own sword.

The chief qualification of a great cook, as of a great general, is *sang froid;* the French artist is, generally speaking, a model of his kind; but, however the native coolness of our countrymen may sustain them in the field, it entirely abandons them in the kitchen. If this be the case as applied to man, it is eminently so in regard to woman. How can it be expected that a female cook should bestow her individual attention upon a leg of mutton, when her thoughts are, perchance, reverting to the symmetrical leg of John the footman? What interest can she feel in a breast of veal, when her own breast is the slave of other emotions? The late Lord Ellenborough was not only an authority in law, but in the science of good-living; his *dictum* was: "Never keep a *she*-cook!" and had this judicial fiat been pronounced at an earlier period of our history, we might not now have had to deplore the crippled condition of our culinary skill.

Before we consider the unhappy *decadence* into which we have fallen, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to cast a glance on the customs of our predecessors; we shall then more readily perceive that the barbarism of our own day is our indisputable heritage.

A certain quaintness, however, redeems the manner of the ancestral art. Not to speak of the times when the *entremets* of chivalry formed one of the principal features of a feast; when the wine, ale, and ypocras were measured by tuns; the wheat by quarters; and the oxen, wild bulls, porks, muttons, &c., by hundreds; as at the great entertainment given by Archbishop Neville, in the time of Edward the Fourth: not to speak of a period so remote as that, let us examine the state of the culinary art at no more removed distance than the seventeenth century.

The habits of the middle ages continued still to possess some influence; the quantity, the variety, and the quality of the food were yet remarkable. "Porpoises and seales," wild boars dressed whole, elephantine masses of beef, entire gammons of bacon, "peacockes," (whose sauce was "wine and salt,") herons, *hedgehogs*, *leeches*, and other incongruous and unattractive dainties figured on the board. The curious reader may, on this point, consult with advantage "A

proper new Boke of Cookery," printed in 1575, at the most appropriate office of "Mr. Abraham *Veale*, at the sign of the *Lambe*, in Paule's Churchyard." Surely Pelham's learned gastronomic friend, Lord Guloseton, must have had this worthy in his recollection, when he observed that "there was a great deal to be done in *veal*." It would be matter for curious speculation to inquire whether this "proper new boke" were the *vade mecum* of the cooks in the taverns frequented by the poets and wits of that day. In that case, Shakspeare might, like his own Macbeth, have "supp'd full of horrors" at "The Devil," and Jonson have gleaned from the bill of fare the "calver'd salmon," the "beards of barbels," the "salads of oil'd mushroomes," and all the other dainty dishes on which Sir Epicure Mammon dwells so approvingly.

The terms of carving alone offer us an abstract of the meats which were most esteemed. Take, for instance, the following:—"Disfigure that peacocke;" "Undertench the porpuss;" "Spaul that hen;" "Break the deer;" "Side the haddock;" and "Lift that swan." More genuine delicacies were, however, admitted; as in the directions to "Chine a salmon," "Sauce a capon;" "Barb a lobster;" "Tame a crab;" "Rear a goose;" "Tire an egg;" "Mince a plover;" "Allay a pheasant;" "Embrace a mallard;" and "Unlace a coney."

We are, however, to seek amongst the receipts of the day for a fuller conception of the cooking mystery: these are to be found in abundance in "The Treasury of Commodious Receipts;" "The Gentlewoman's Cabinet unlocked;" "The Accomplisht Lady's Delight;" and other recondite works, exemplifying the progress of cookery under the Stuarts.

"Good old English fare," is a phrase very much in people's mouths; much oftener than the thing they praise. Let us see what a dinner consisted of in the reign of Charles the First.

Imprimis: "A soupe of snayles, a powdered goose (not a footman), a joll of salmon, and a dish of green fish buttered, with eggs." This was a first course. Then came "A Lombard pye;" "A cow's udder roasted;" "A grand boyled meat;" "A hedgehog pudding;" "A rabbit stuffed with oysters;" "Polonian sausages;" "A mallard with cabbedge;" and "A pair of boyled cocks." To these succeeded as *hors d'œuvres* and *entremets;* "A spinage tart;" "A carbonadoed hen;" "A pye of aloes;" "Egges in mooneshine;" "Christial jelly;" "Jumballs;" "Quiddany;" "Bragget;" and "Walnut suckets." Cock-ale, surfeit-water, canary, sack, and Gascony wines, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast.

After this specimen of "Old English fare," go to the Reform Club and throw yourself on the mercy of Soyer, or, if in want of an appetite, read the Manual of Ude,—for French science can alone furnish a remedy for razing out the memory of those British enormities. A learned reviewer once countenanced an accusation of cruelty against the distinguished professor whom we have last mentioned. That accomplished artiste triumphantly defended himself, but had he wished to turn the tables completely upon us, he needed only to have pointed to "The Accomplisht Lady's Delight," already alluded to, to overwhelm us with the proof of our native ferocity.

In that *gentle* work we find the following tender directions:—

"To make a strengthening broth, take a redd cock, strip off the feathers from the skin, *then break his bones to shivers with a rolling-*

pin;" not a word being said the while as to whether the unhappy bruised cock be alive or dead! Again: "To *souce* a pigge; take a faire large pigge and *cut off his head;* then *scald him* and *slit him thorow the midst*, take forth his bones, *collar him. flaw* him and perboyle him;" not a syllable all this time about *killing* him. Surely this is hard treatment even for a pig,—that "inestimable bête," as Monsieur Grimod de la Reynière calls him, and of whom, deeply resenting the injustice of the world in regard to him, he says: "On a poussé l'ingratitude à son égard jusqu'à faire une grossière injure du nom de l'animal le plus utile à l'homme, lorsqu'il n'est plus, on outrage sa mémoire, tout en dévorant sa chair, et l'on ne paré que par des mepris ironiques les ineffables jouissances qu'il nous procure."

There are other receipts less equivocally cruel. As, for example: "To make blew *mangle*," (rightly named); "Take a capon and cut out the brayne of him *alive*." "A carp pye: take a living carp and *knock him on the head*." This dish is declared to be "meate for a Pope;"—perhaps the mode of preparing it was pleasing to the Pontifical taste; Hildebrand, Julius the Second, or Alexander the Sixth, would have approved the receipt.

But the most diabolical dish on record is one contained in "Wecker's Secrets of Nature," (folio, Lond. 1660,) descriptive of the manner of *roasting a goose alive*. The details of the process are too barbarous to repeat, but when the roasting is accomplished, the writer adds: "Then take her up, set her before your guests, and *she will cry as you cut off any part from her*, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead; it is *mighty pleasant to behold*."

Let us turn from the atrocities of art to its mysteries.

What are we to understand by the following? "How to fricat calves' chaldrons." We have seen "a tiger's chaldron" dressed with gunpowder, on the stage, by the witches in Macbeth, but the process of a "*fricat*" has not, we believe, been attempted. The nearest approach to it, within our recollection, is a very savoury dish on whose merits we once heard a veteran of Napoleon's army at the Hôtel des Invalides expatiate with great emotion; he, however, called his condiment a "*fricot*."

"To make an *outlandish* pye. Take the liver of a hogg and cut it in *small* pieces, *about the bignesse of a span!*" This is not the way to make a *pâté de foie gras*, at least according to the custom of Strasburg, a sufficiently "outlandish" place.

Some of the "Accomplisht Lady's Delights" are quaint enough, but would scarcely pass current now in fashionable life. Here are several: "To make a *stump* pie;"—a strange compound of "mutton, sugar, eggs, currants, raisins, dates, and white wine vinegar!" "To make Poor Knights;" this must have been one of the receipts of the civil war, and was no doubt easily accomplished. "To make a *vaunt*;" a receipt imported probably from Gascony, for the United States were not then in existence. "To make a *fray* at night;" an Irish receipt perhaps. "To dress a crabbe;" the modus operandi is curious: "First take away all the legs and the *heads;*" these must have been Cerberean crabs. We close the list with "essence of *gammon*," the receipt for making which is by no means lost at the present day, any more than that for making a fool.

The cultivation of art generally was little improved in the eighteenth

century; painting, poetry, and architecture fell below the former standard, and cookery, such as it was, declined also. "Germanized views," as M. Von Raumer says of another branch,—narrowed the sphere of our conception, while it enlarged the size of our dishes. Cookery, in short, had taken up its sole abode in France, and the art became traditional in England. A distinguished modern author has justly observed:—"Roasting, boiling, frying, broiling, do not alone constitute the art of cookery; otherwise the savage of the Oronoco might be *maitre d'hôtel* to Prince Esterhazy." The English are about as well qualified as the aborigines of Spanish America!

Let us examine a few of the dishes which usually furnish forth the mahogany, not merely "in houses where things are so-so," but in those of higher pretensions, where French cooks are unknown and female domination prevails.

It is strange that any doubt should ever have been entertained of the truth of Bruce's account of the Abyssinian mode of preparing a rump-steak; it is scarcely different from our own. The animal, it is true, is first killed, but its flesh is eaten no less raw; it is submitted to the action of fire, but that is only done to save appearances. Your genuine steaker—be he hungry stag from Capel Court, or plethoric broker from Change Alley—is a very Abyssinian in taste, and likes his "vittles," as he calls them, "*on*derdone." It is no make-believe gravy that contents him; the native hue of the beef, the scarlet in-grain, is the only colour he prizes. There are some who glose over their cannibal propensities by garnishing this description of food with the shreds of that much-abused esculent root, the onion, (in whose absence all cookery is futile,) which are rudely manufactured into a kind of savage sauce, and scattered like shorn ringlets over the ample surface of the palpitating steak. Others, who think to achieve cookery by overlaying it, like the early painters who indulged in back-grounds of plated gold, have a fashion of adding oysters smothered in butter by way of sauce; the combination is, as may be supposed, detestable, for there are but four ways of managing an oyster, either to embed it in a scallop-shell,—dissolve it in soup,—embalm it in a pâté,—or swallow it in its native simplicity; and this last method, as De Foe says, "is the course I adopt myself."

A boiled leg of mutton is another of the *cannibalia* in which the Amphitryons of Britain delight. This unhappy joint is kept just long enough in the pot to give to the exterior the semblance of its original fleece; it is then deluged in "Perfidious Albion's solitary sauce," and environed by a few wretched capers, is placed upon the board. A steel fork, with two ferocious prongs, is then thrust into the unresisting mass, a sanguine stream flows, the carving-knife inflicts a deadly gash, a gaping wound ensues, and all the *convives* exclaim: "What splendid mutton!" The Anthropophagi did nothing worse than this.

A word or two on melted butter: Monsieur Ude observes, in the preface to his immortal work, that "melted butter in English cookery plays nearly the same part as the Lord Mayor's coach at the civic ceremonies. It is a sample of the national taste." We have also been reproached by our lively neighbours with having a hundred varieties of religion and only one sauce, and one at least of the schisms fares as badly as the melted butter, for we recollect hearing a French lady observe, speaking of the Quakers, "Quelle drole de religion, où il

faut se mettre mal!" But this, by the by, regards the universal application of our only sauce; if this were all it would not signify so much, but the butter is invariably badly melted; it either assumes the consistency of paste or the washiness of water-gruel; it is stiffened with flour or diluted with water, and were it not for "India soy," (which, by the way, is made of London black-beetles,) it would be even too bad for British deglutition. Those who eat it would do well to bear in mind a passage from "The Institutes of Menù," which, as they are probably little read in Europe, we shall here transcribe for their edification: "When these persons (the cooks) offer the clarified (melted) butter, it brings misfortunes to good men and raises aversion in the deities; such oblations therefore we must carefully shun."

There is a variety, a sub-genus of melted butter, which perhaps exceeds it in atrocity, as a copy is always worse than the original. It is called parsley and butter,—of all nauseous compounds the worst. It serves as a proper accompaniment to that tasteless joint, a boiled knuckle of veal, for dressing which Gay, in a moment of insanity, wrote his practical receipt. If the taste of the clergy generally be illustrated by that of the "Dean and Chapter," for whom, according to the poet, the dish was prepared, all we can say is, they have earned a reputation which, we think, they little merit. There are certain curious vegetables bearing a strong resemblance to the toes of statues, and known, we believe, by the name of "broad beans," which are worthily united to the above. We have a kind of indistinct consciousness of having, like Brummell, "once eaten a bean," but we cannot charge our memory with any remembrance of its flavour, for to the best of our belief it had none. Yet these congregated insipidities have obtained the suffrage, the "most sweet voices" of the British public! There are many good grounds for personal animosity, but we know of none more justifiable than that arising from being inveigled into dining upon a boiled knuckle of veal. We could forgive the man who, like Tantalus, cooked his own son for our dinner, but not the soulless individual who could dream of exciting our appetite by the helpless mawkishness of such a dish! Boiled rabbits figure in the same category, and that appalling dish, boiled tripe, is of close affinity.

The national character is said to be nourished by beef, and the assertion may be true; but this at least is certain, that all the varieties which *lower* the national character, have their origin in the anomalous preparations we have just adverted to. It was a diet of boiled rabbits that caused the defeat of General Whitelock, at Buenos Ayres, while on the other hand, the murder of the two young princes in the Tower may fairly be ascribed, in spite of Walpole's "Historic Doubts," to the well-known propensity of Richard III. for "Bifteek à l'Anglaise."

We will not dilate on the sad exhibitions of national cookery, which are offered in what is termed "liver and crow," in "beef-sausages,"—"toad-in-the-hole,"—"bubble and squeak,"—"Welsh rabbits," and "beefsteak-pudding." Whoever wishes to behold these dishes, in the moment of projection may repair to the "Museum Eating House," in Drury Lane, where "a genteel parlour" awaits him, and the spirit of M. Von Raumer hovers as the *genius loci*. There let him follow the professor's written example, and revel unrestrained in these delectable specimens of British enterprise.

But our task becomes a painful one. Besides the *animalia*, the

wide field of vegetables rises in full array before us. Carrots as hard as walking-sticks, and nearly as long; turnips, retentive as sponges of water; parsnips,—the cherished mortification of the Church of Rome; radishes, fatal to digestion; cabbages, the adored of tailors, puffed with impurity and baleful to appetite; these, and a host of cruder roots, crowd on our recollection and warn us, for the present, to pause. Man has been defined to be "a cooking animal;" certainly, the English are not a cooking nation!

Polydore Virgil Lonzago described our carnivorous propensities:—"*Maxima pars victus in carne consistit;*"—and little art has been superadded to improve the quantity of meat which we devour.

If we cannot learn from the wisdom of our continental neighbours and make the noble science of cooking our study, we must perforce be content with the aphorism of Old Burton, that "custom doth alter nature itselfe, and to such as are used to them, it makes bad meats wholesome, and unseasonable food agreeable."

A title page in full, and not a diluted extract therefrom, as subjoined below*, will show that the spirited publishers, Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, have left not only no excuse for the neglect of what is usually understood by the term Continental Cookery, but by the artistical researches and explorations of Mr. Joseph Bregion and Mistress Anne Miller, who is cook apparently at the same moment in several English families of distinction, the *cuisines* of India, America, Russia, Poland, Germany, &c., &c., have at length been scientifically introduced to the British public. To any one seriously interested in the art of cookery, the Russias presents the greatest field for enterprise. The "Imperial mode" of preparing sturgeon has been previously made known by the author of "Revelations of Russia," of which revelations this was one of the most curious; but the *ouka* surpasseth all imagination. Begin with beef steak, two roasted fowls, and the under nut of veal; add five varieties of vegetables, then raise the fillets of a small plaice or brill, a large perch, and a middling-sized eel; prepare at the same time a quenelle of whiting, with a *purée* of mushrooms, then make an essence of the fish, with a sole cut in quarters, two pottles of mushrooms, three kinds of vegetables, three of herbs, two of spices, and a little *consommé;* afterwards add sorrel and chervil blanched, and finish by adding to the whole a plate of livers of turbots (lottes), disgorged and boiled in *consommé*. Nothing in modern cookery approaches this soup, save Catherine the Second's soup of fillets of perch; but for the receipt of this and of other curiosities of gastronomic art, we must refer the reader to a work which distances all competitors, and is the most comprehensive treatise on the science of cookery that has yet appeared in this country.

* THE PRACTICAL COOK, English and Foreign; containing a great variety of old receipts, improved and re-modelled; and many original receipts in English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Polish, Dutch, American, Swiss, and Indian cookery: with copious directions for the choice of all provisions, the laying out a table, giving small and large dinners, and the management of a cellar. By Joseph Bregion, formerly cook to H. E. Prince Ransmonski, &c.; and Anne Miller, cook in several English Families of distinction. 1 Vol. Chapman and Hall, London.

GOLDSMITH ILLUSTRATED *.

LITTLE did Goldsmith, wandering

> "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow—
> Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wand'ring Po,"

earning an occasional welcome by playing on the flute, anticipate the time when the art of England would be engaged in illustrating his simply sweet and affecting poetry. Yet that art cannot be more creditably employed than in contributing embellishments, the artistic pretensions of which may, in some degree, compete with the subject, to writings which will last as long, probably, as the English language itself. Such a combination renders the illustrated Goldsmith the most valuable of annuals, and a present best calculated to survive when charms of a more ephemeral character shall have passed away. Here, the eye may rejoice over Mrs. Blaise, or the mirthful maze; contemplation may be awakened by sweet Auburn, or Creation's mildest charms; the spirit roused by a Swiss tumult, or a struggling savage; or soothed to melancholy by the bed of parting life, or the still more affecting houseless and imploring poor. Beauty in design and refinement of the art of engraving conjoin in these long-familiar and ever-welcome pages, to render them, in so charming a garb, the present we would choose first, of all competitors, for the one we most respected and loved.

THE ROSE GARDEN OF PERSIA †.

> "Nature made me love the Rose."
> *'Umar Khiyan.*

TRULY the Rose is the emblem of Persian poetry. Full of beauty and sweetness, it embodies the Persian's idea of his art. It is also his most favourite hyperbole. Its lustre gladdens every bower, and

> "If no rose bloom for me,
> Thorns my only flowers must be."

The colours of the rose are pale compared to the loved one's cheeks; and the same cheeks shame the rose in Muasi, Khakani, and Hafiz. The roses give their essence to the waters that flow through the gardens of Afrasiyab; and in Kashmir the poet sings that the nightingale pours its melody from its branches, and builds its bark-like nest amidst its leaves. Hafiz wrote the "Season of the Rose;" and Sadi called his chef-d'œuvre, Gulistan, or the "Land of Roses." We have now the "Rose Garden." A lustrous one it is, too, containing the choicest specimens, incomplete as they are, of the art of setting jewels as practised by the orientals. The above being in that country's familiar expression for poetic composition.

"Atkinson, Chézè, and Von Hammer have, in England, France, and Germany," says Miss Costello, "done much towards rendering the greatest Persian poets known; but a less learned hand may, perhaps,

* The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., and Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy of Arts. Illustrated by Wood Engravings, from the Designs of C. W. Cope, A.R.A., Thomas Creswick, A.R.A., J. C. Horsley, R. Redgrave, A.R.A., and Frederick Tayler, Members of the Etching Club. With a Biographical Memoir, and Notes on the Poems. Edited by Bolton Corney, Esq. Longman and Co., London.

† The Rose Garden of Persia. By Louisa Stuart Costello. One Vol. Longman and Co.

succeed in making them familiar, and by collecting a great number of poets together, enable the reader to judge and compare at leisure." This is truly opening a new and beautiful source at which to drink of that draught of poetic life which belongs to all nations, and to humanity in every situation. That England should have nothing to learn from the land of the sun, and the home of the fire-worshippers—the rival of Rome in its palmiest days—would be absurd to suppose. The principles of Suffiism, or the mystic relation of intellect and feeling with the Divine Essence, is one of the most beautiful philosophies ever embodied; from its extreme simplicity it is at once easy of acceptance to untutored minds, and admirably adapted to the yearnings of the poetic temperament. Miss Costello may truly congratulate herself at having placed a new mine of intellectual wealth within the reach of every educated person. And that the graceful in form and appearance might not be wanting where the beautiful in intellect is so redolent, the "Rose Garden of Persia" comes to us in a noble type, on fine paper, and with marginal ornaments, exquisite arabesque illuminations, and every roseate luxury of binding that is calculated to delight a sultana, or woo an English maiden from her habitual fastidiousness and *insouciance*, to the charms of Persian poetry and romance.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE*.

THIS superb volume certainly indicates both taste, industry, and liberality on the part of the management of the British and Foreign Institute. Professedly a popular institution, this record of its transactions is not composed of elaborate and recondite essays, or of contributions to science and philosophy; but it contains papers of a more general and literary character, accounts of the evening meetings and conversations, reports of lectures, and sketches of travel and reviews of books, in both which latter departments the resident director, Mr. Buckingham, is the master-spirit. Dr. Grant has delivered lectures on Zoology; Dr. Camps, some admirable lectures on Physiology; Mr. Brayley, on the Progress of Physical Science; Dr. Lancaster, an excellent lecture on the Relations between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms; and we were also much pleased with a learned essay on the Character of Cromwell, by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, in sequence to an essay of opposite tendency, by Mr. W. H. Leatham. It is altogether a very complete and interesting volume. It gives an ample narrative of the foundation and progress of a society which now numbers more than a thousand members, and promises to flourish in proportion as its objects are praiseworthy and admirable; and what purposes can be more so, than the diffusion of knowledge among the higher classes, the foundation of intercourse between the noble and the intellectual of the land, and the establishment of international friendship? It is just such an institution as the metropolis of Great Britain was in want of; and it is to be anxiously hoped that it may continue to thrive and prosper as it has begun.

* Transactions of the British and Foreign Institute. 4to. Fisher and Son.

G. Woodfall and Son, Printers, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.